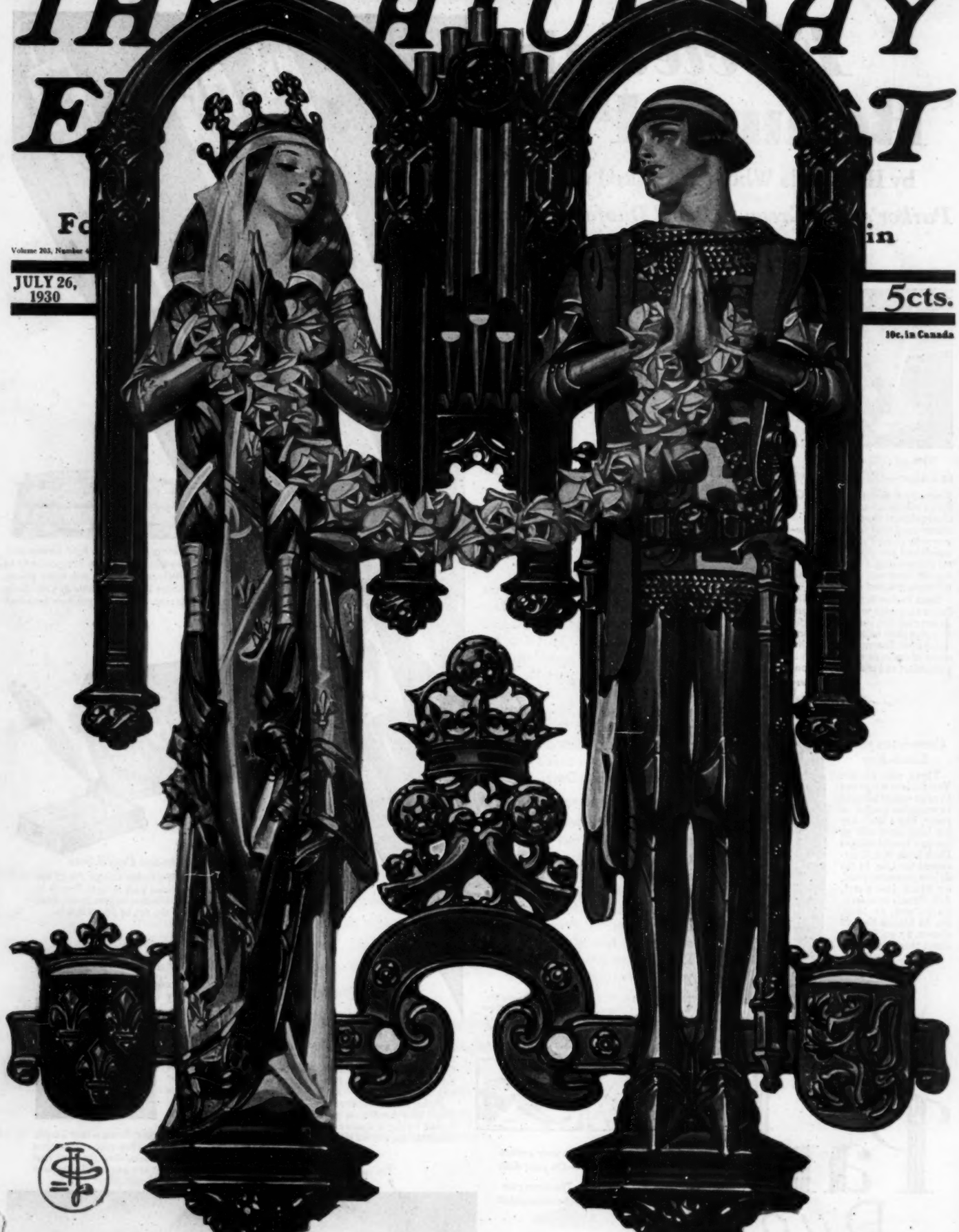
# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 203, Number 4

JULY 26, 1930

5cts.

10c. in Canada



Joseph Hergesheimer—Theodore Von Ziekursch—Kenneth L. Roberts
Nunnally Johnson—Bernard DeVoto—Vincent Sheean—Henry C. Rowland

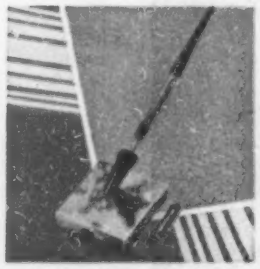
# *Elected* the "Beauty-Pen"

## by Hundreds Whom We Asked to Vote

### *Parker's New Green & Pearl Duofold de Luxe*

**PEN GUARANTEED FOR LIFE**

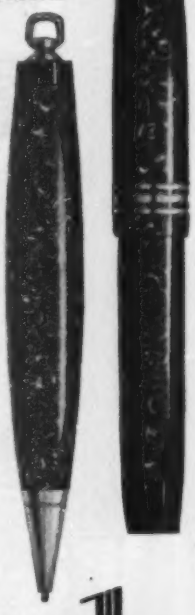
**$7.50 $8.50 $10**



*70% of Office Expense is Labor — This Saves 6%*

Extensive research by Edwin G. Booz efficiency engineers, discloses clerical workers can do 6% more—and with far greater accuracy—by using Parker Desk Sets which end pen dipping and pencil sharpening. Sixteen people can do more work than 17 with old-style pen and ink.

Thus Parker Sets for an office force this size will save from $1200 to $1800 yearly. Of course, this pays their original cost many times over. Executives should inquire of dealer or write us for full particulars and trial proposition.



*Compact as your Latch-Key*

These new Midget Vest-Parkers weigh but ¼ of an ounce! Snuggle in waistcoat pocket or purse, like a latch-key yet both *convertible* to use in a special Midget Desk Base. Pen, Guaranteed for Life, $5 (in deluxe green-and-pearl, or black-and-pearl, $6), Pencil to match, $2.50 and, de luxe, $3. In Duette Sets, as shown, $7.50. Double Bases from $7.50 up.

Most original of all *moderne* color effects is Parker's new green-and-pearl.

This striking iridescent combination is now on exhibition at all dealers in the new streamlined Parker Duofold Pens and Pencils, Senior, Junior, Lady Duofold and new Vest-Parkers.

Don't fail to see it before buying any pen or pencil.

### *Like 2 for the Price of One*

All Parker streamlined Pens and Pencils are *convertible* for pocket and Desk Set use . . . they are *double-duty* writing tools.

That means that the Pen you buy for your pocket transforms instantly into a Pen for your Desk Set by simply slipping on its tapered tip. So with the Parker Pencils.



No need to buy a second Pen or Pencil to have a Desk Set—buy only the Base to hold the Parker you have. This can be done at any time. Tapered tip free.

Or, if you first buy a Desk Set complete, you get in addition the pocket cap with clip to convert your desk Pen or Pencil into a pocket model. Thus one Parker serves as two—that's Parker Duofold Double-Duty.

### *Pen Guaranteed for Life*

See the new Green-and-Pearl and Black-and-Pearl Parkers at the nearest pen counter. Try writing with Pressureless Touch, with the Pen that is Guaranteed for Life. Have the *double-duty* feature of both Pens and Pencils demonstrated. See how this gives you a Desk Set for about half the price you'd ordinarily pay.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, Janesville, Wisconsin. Offices and Subsidiaries: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Buffalo, Dallas, San Francisco; Toronto, Canada; London, England; Berlin, Germany.

Above, Parker's de luxe Green-and-Pearl Jr. Duette Set, $12.50. Same in Black-and-Pearl at the same prices. Senior Duofold Duette $15.00; Lady, $11.00. Attractive gift box included.



*The Latest—Bridge Pencil Sets*

Every hostess should have a Parker Bridge Pencil Set—attractive new scoring bases with Midget Pencils in black and lacquer red. Be the first to give them. Four bases make a set, $24 for the set, or $6.50 singly.

Green-and-Pearl Duofold Pens; Senior, $10; Junior, $8.50; Lady, $7.50. Pencils to match, $5, $4 and $3.50. Other Duofold Pens in flashing colors, $5 to $10. Pencils, $2.50 to $5.

Parker's beautiful streamlined non-breakable pen barrels hold 17.4% more ink than average, size for size.

### We Pay a Bonus

### *For These Pressureless Writing Points*

Every Parker Duofold Point is hand ground by a graduate pen maker.

It must pass 11 inspections before we accept it. Then we pay a reward to the pen grinder. If it fails to win all inspectors' O.K.'s, the pen grinder pays a forfeit. Thus every Duofold Point is as good as the best. And all are Bonus points, that write with Parker's Pressureless Touch.

There is nothing like them. They cost us extra, but you pay no more, and often less, than for pens that can't compare. Don't accept any pen until you have tried them. Any dealer will demonstrate.

# Parker Duofold

**PEN GUARANTEED FOR LIFE**

*In your pocket —On your desk*

*The same pen —the same point*

727

# The Cheery Call... that never fails

LEAVE it to Big Ben to wake you right on the dot! He will do it, morning after morning, and whenever you say. You can depend on him; millions do and have for years.

Big Ben stands firm and secure on his artistic felt cushioned base... and a mere touch silences the cheery call that never fails.

Strictly modern in design and finish... sturdy Big Ben carries a definite two year guarantee. He lives long. Serves you faithfully. High quality and thorough dependability make him the most economical alarm clock... the most satisfactory in every way. A better alarm clock, worth his price.

There are many other Westclox, alarms, pocket watches, auto clocks. Some with plain dials, others with dials that tell time in the dark. They are all reliable and you can identify them by the well-known Westclox trade-mark.

*Big Ben* base model in nickel finish or in beautiful colors, $3.50... with luminous dial a dollar more. Other Westclox alarms as low as $1.50. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

Westclox

ALARMS — POCKET WATCHES — AUTO CLOCKS

# Fair and Cooler!

When it's too hot to stir and your skin seems to ooze and your clothes feel too tight and your feet fit no shoes—

Then steer for the nearest bathtub! Disengage yourself from every clammy stitch of this summer's fashions. Renounce all worldly possessions except the purest thing you know—it's white and it's big and it always floats!

For immediate relief, go right into a heart-to-heart consultation with Ivory Soap. Spread a snowdrift of Ivory foam richly over your entire architecture. You will instantly feel as cool as a sprig of mint in a tinkling glass of iced tea! Then duck your shoulders under the water as a hint for every Ivory bubble to rinse away.

And then, take your choice . . . stretch out for a 10-minute rest cure . . . or splash about as if the tub were your old swimming hole. In either case the results are the same—a completely revived American!

And when you have swished your towel for the last time over your dry shoulders, how cheerful and smooth-tempered and refreshed your skin feels! That's because Ivory's par is always the same—99$^{44}/_{100}$ % Pure!

. . . kind to everything it touches · 99$^{44}/_{100}$ % Pure · "It floats"

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

George H. Lorimer, First Vice-President

John B. Williams, Second Vice-President
Walter D. Fuller, Second Vice-President and Secretary. Philip S. Collins, Second Vice-President and Treasurer
Fred A. Healy, Second Vice-President and Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1930, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain. Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Can.

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Thomas B. Costain, A. W. Neall, Wesley Stout, B. Y. Riddell, Merritt Hulburd, W. Thornton Martin,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., and Los Angeles, Cal.

Volume 203 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., JULY 26, 1930 — $2.00 By Subscription (52 Issues) — Number 4

# THE GOLDEN LITTORAL

## By Joseph Hergesheimer

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

THROUGHOUT life, where the generality of people is concerned, there is a preference for legend rather than for reality. Almost everything that remains in the public consciousness about celebrated individuals is, at best, a sentimentally false or, preferably, scandalous version of fact. The reasons for that are deeply situated in the nature of men—they must, by purely romantic conceptions, supply the lack of romance in the difficult monotony of commonplace existence, and they must support their own self-esteem by a certain emphasis upon the follies of those who are obviously superior to them. All this, in precisely the same manner and for the same reasons, has happened to a place—to Palm Beach. It is the center of an enormous curiosity, of envy and of hope, and, actually, completely different from all the descriptions, the legends, in the most active circulation. It is very widely supposed to be more corrupt than Babylon, more extravagant than Egypt and less human even than Rome. Palm Beach, as well, is conceived to be the winter embodiment of Newport; and, in itself, that is a total misconception.

Newport is a place of tradition, of memories; its houses, its characteristic figures, belong to the past—to a past not remote and yet utterly gone. The present, the present young, are incongruous at Newport. Their clothes and manner, their voices, show very badly against the tranquil green lawns meeting the restless, cold sea. The great traditional houses, the immense halls and solemn reception rooms, the announced names by butlers lingering, melancholy and severe, from different, more ceremonious, times make inappropriate settings for the dinners and dancing of today. Newport cannot be changed; either it must vanish completely, deserted by all the elements that made it notable, or the people, the life that will fill it must return to a quieter formality, a larger simplicity of mind.

There is, however, no tradition, there are no memories, in Palm Beach. The dignified personages of Newport are, perhaps, more out of place on that select Florida sand than the modern spirit is beside the most exclusive rocks in Rhode Island. The veritable air, the treacherous and seductive breath of the tropics is, in a secretive manner, the principal element of Palm Beach. At times—but not in winter—there are the circular black storms of the equator; hot, strange days when even the most orderly gardens are like the jungle and the screams of caged parrots tropically wild and disturbing; often the sea, meeting the deeper indigo of the Gulf Stream, is like a viscid expanse of brilliant blue oil; again, under the swift northeast wind, it is leaden and drawn with white ribbands, the horizon scored by waves. The effect, the constant muted danger of the tropics is not easily visible; it isn't a perceptible affair of storms and color; it operates, at once vague and definite, upon the spirit and mind—the tropics destroy the integrity of the mind and the peacefulness of the spirit.

### *When it is Cold in Palm Beach*

THIS is too obvious to need proof. There are certain stolid individuals impervious to climate; there are, or, rather, there used to be, simple or savage tribes developed by the tropics to meet its torrential rains and immobile heat; I am concerned only with the pressures low latitudes exert upon the Northern temperament. That, as I have asserted, is incalculable, especially where women are concerned. Women have a vitality at once more fundamental and natural than the vitality of men. The secret, the origin, of life is closer to them; women, like the tropics, actually bring forth life; and, in the fecund heat, the violent sun of Palm Beach, they are more unaccountable than when they are surrounded, for example, by the cool green meadows of Long Island. They are, at Palm Beach, like its flowers, almost harshly brilliant. Women, brilliant and hard and definite; cruel rather than not.

Yes, the climate—although its power is scarcely ever referred to or recognized—is the dominant element in Palm Beach existence. It can be cold—cold, that is, by contrast with its palms and hedges of hibiscus—then an utter wretchedness settles over everything; all gayety and color vanish in a gray world of rain blown in frigid sheets by a shrill, continuous wind. All that, inescapably, affects—in reality, it forms—the elaborate architecture of Palm Beach. Addison Mizner, in the main, is responsible for the uncommon beauty, the almost local and personal manner, of the houses

there. It was inevitable, with that situation and foliage, that a Spanish influence would inform the best dwellings. It was, however, not practicable to build Spanish houses in Palm Beach; they, largely, were the result of a climate where the nights were cool; it was possible to close their exterior walls against the heat of day; and, in Southern Florida, both the night and day were hot. There had to be windows, free passages of air. The patios could not be closed and intimate places of tiles and musical fountains and galleries; the patios, the truth is, were courtyards, gardens, with wide fountains, open to the prevailing winds.

In Mr. Mizner's houses there was a complete recognition of this; they were built with courtyards on different levels, with open Moorish galleries in stone, casements broken into stucco walls that, in Spain, would show no openings on their blank, actinic surfaces. It was a style borrowed from Castile and from the villas of the Ligurian Coast in Italy, with even at times the motives, the designs and blond coloring of Scandinavian rafters and vaulted ceilings. It was all, however, combined in a happy singleness of effect, a propriety of purpose, missing in the purely Italian or French houses decorating the most impressive places. The French houses were alien; the formal gardens, bands and squares of severe planting, arbitrary. They were flat and unimpressive under the vertical Palm Beach sun. There was, there, no repose or beauty in open space; the light was too blinding and the heat too intense. There must always be cast shadows and shaded walks. The sound rather than the appearance of fountains.

But, like the climate, the appearance of Palm Beach was not an effect easy to measure or to define. In addition to Italy and Spain and Scandinavia, there was an elusive air of the Victorian Age in the prim avenues of royal palms, more than a suggestion of Pompeii about the tiled pools and marble galleries. There were, as well, tremendous, fantastic houses, not so happy, with onyx columns, vermilion and gilt, and dining rooms like endless Corinthian chambers for the dead. But they, too, were part of the extravagant spectacle of Palm Beach. Their absurdity was converted by the tropics into amazing rococo theaters for entertainment through nights of portentous beauty. Small and elaborate bars were vividly painted and tiled, with quattrocento medallions from Siena and modern designs in perverse color, intricate little chairs and tables and, everywhere, champagne bottles and backgammon boards. Backgammon and champagne.

*A Patio Gateway Showing the Walk to a Swimming Pool Beyond*

### *A Perfection of Artificiality*

THERE was a sort of impersonal and empty perfection in the great houses of Palm Beach; they showed, most of them, the presence of a flood of servants rather than an occupation by individuals. The sheer space of the rooms, the elaboration of ornament and correct impressive furniture, exhibited an architectural ideal and not the persons of the women and men who possessed them. Women who casually owned national systems of stores, men with stupendous financial resources and power, lived, with scarcely a conscious glance, among the loveliest fabrics and surfaces, the most perfectly wrought objects and illusions, the world has produced. There was only the connection of ownership between them and their houses; they—the people in them—were perpetually leaving for the Bath and Tennis Club; for golf at the Gulf Stream Club or the Seminole Club; at night, at dinner, the tables were laid in the courtyards, and after dinner everyone, practically, went to the Embassy Club, to the Colony, to the Beach Club, or sat in the galleries, the domed drawing-rooms, intent upon contract bridge. Contract bridge in the formality of the drawing-rooms, and backgammon informal at the bars. There were no classic, no symmetrical and appropriate, architectural orders for human beings.

At Palm Beach my appearance was inconspicuous enough—I had a room at the Everglades Club, or, rather, in a green cottage attached to the club. I arrived in a sudden and curiously crystalline rain, the sky was heavy with purple cloud, and when the rain stopped it was hot. My appearance and situation were modest, yet, characteristic of Palm Beach, I was at once asked to a dinner—by someone who knew me and the people having the dinner—and past nine o'clock that first evening I was part of a throng filling a long room, under a high ceiling, at the Everglades Club, occupied with the preliminaries, and fresh caviar on minute hotcakes, of a number of dinners. There were, perhaps, thirty people at the table where I sat; it was by a wall, with everyone seated on the inner side; and the emptiness beneath the table, facing the room, was filled by an elaborate miniature landscape with castles and rivers and gardens, all brilliant with minute electric lights.

The patio outside had an orchestra in a canvas hood; it was surrounded by small tables and banked with flowering tropical bushes; and the smooth trunks of royal palm trees, like pewter, the trunks of coconut palms, bore their segregated, whispering foliage high into the night. The fronds of the palm trees were cunningly illuminated, vividly green, strangely blue, against the soft blackness of a sky burning with stars. The floor was crowded with dancers; they revolved slowly, the somberly dressed men, and women arrogant in emeralds, in frosty diamonds and pearls, with delicate floating dresses of chiffon and sheaths of color as arbitrary and severe as tulips. They danced and returned to smaller tables for coffee and little glasses filled, it appeared, with liquid rubies and emeralds, dissolved diamonds.

It was a spectacle, bright in subdued light, of extraordinary artificial charm. The charm lay precisely in the artifices, the artificiality, that created it. The fronds of palm trees are never, in nature, radiantly blue; their green is never like the shower of a skyrocket against the night; at the Everglades Club they were both vividly blue and a fire of green, and they were wholly admirable. My room looked down upon the patio and, very much later—the dancing showed no sign of reaching an end—I stood at a window and it resembled the changing illuminated design of a kaleidoscope. The music came up to me in an insistent monotony of emphasized rhythm. It was so insistent and so prolonged that I began to wonder how a multiplication of such nights would affect the unfortunate fact that, during the day, it would be necessary for me to work. I had come to Palm Beach to work! Its effect, finally, was so persuasive, so pervading, that I left the Everglades Club and took a house.

### *A Small House on Major Alley*

I RENTED a small house on Major Alley for the remainder of the season—that was then almost over—and immediately fell into a magical existence made, it seemed, in every particular for my especial requirement. My house was neither Italian nor French, nor impressive in the manner of Addison Mizner; it was, in reality, a Bermuda house, white with a whitewashed roof and green jalousies, a tray ceiling in the drawing-room; and, totally other than Bermuda, a stone-paved patio with two great coconut palms, a corner planted with tall bamboo, and a fountain with a rill of water falling perpetually from the bill of a leaden pelican. There were bright potted flowers about the fountain, flowers in narrow beds along the walls. On one side the patio was closed by a high white picket fence, and, beyond, there was an immense dark green hibiscus starred with scarlet flowers.

The interior was irregular; the door from the street opened into a hall only large enough to permit passage; it

*A Wrought-Iron Gateway Framing Sunshine and Greenery*

faced a bedroom hung with red toile de Jouy, with two windows directly on the patio; at the left the drawing-room filled all the space that reached to Major Alley. It owned a stone floor; the curtains and walls, the tray ceiling, were white; palms filled the far corners; and a gas log occupied the fireplace. I did not like, I had never possessed, a gas log, but in the long drawing-room at Major Alley—although complained of freely by others—a gas log did not disturb me. The whole interior was strangely engaging; it, too, I thought, was furnished in the Pompeian taste. An immense painting of a scene in Rome almost obliterated one wall. It was at once realistic and filled with a classic gloom; there were great buildings with columned porticos, strolling Romans among the shadows, and, through a long, dark perspective of pillars and walls, a somber and pastoral land.

The furniture—a moderate word—was bizarre: old French chairs in faded silver gilt; it might be with a square of silver brocade hiding a worn upholstery, unsafe for use; chairs in a cloth-of-gold thread; painted Directory chairs with reed seats; a tall escritoire with decorations after the school of Nattier in china blues and pinks; and a Directory couch with a pale green cushion, round cushions at either end; one with a long, engaging tassel and the other without. There was a vermilion card table and a small walnut table, at once Spanish and Victorian, where I wrote. In detail the furniture of my drawing-room was, well, bizarre; yet, viewed as a whole, its air was not inharmonious. It was like a drawing-room in a dream where extravagant and long-neglected civilizations were hopelessly confounded and charged with the East. Byzantine. That interior subdued even the gas log to a romantic aspect.

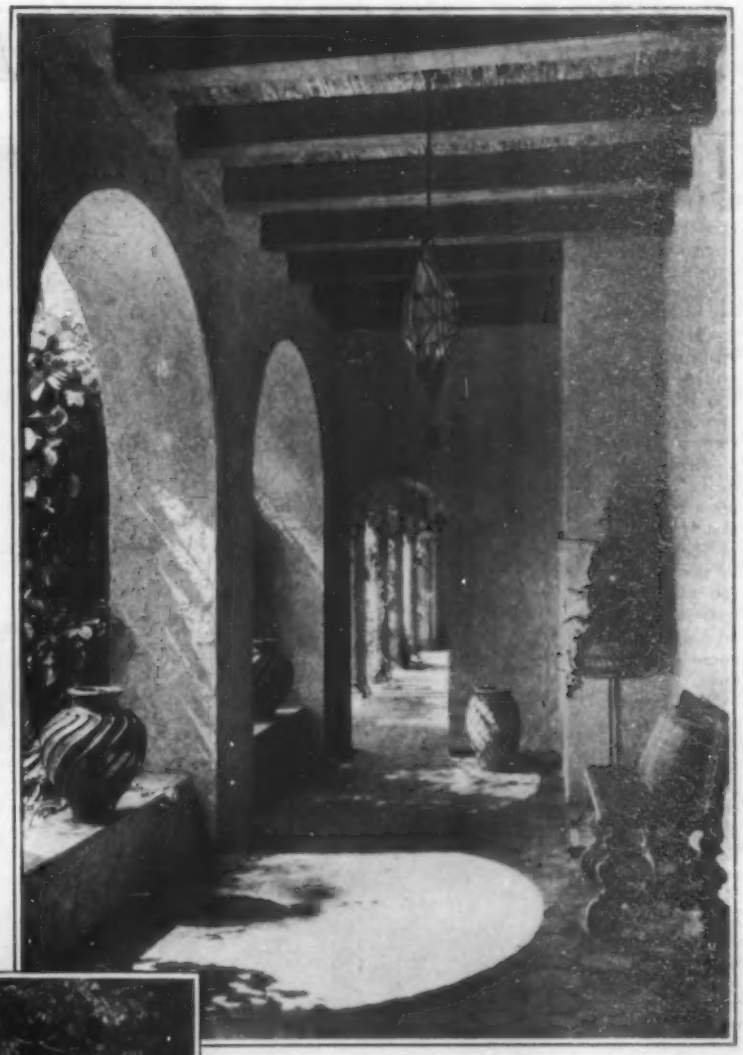
### *Far From the Madding Crowd*

A DOOR with glass—it was never closed—led into the patio and, on the left, to an open gallery set in red brick and a table covered in sharp yellow; the bar filled one end—an affair of blue tiles, cupboards and a draining board, a zinc basin and water taps. A small kitchen was succeeded by a storeroom, a maid's room; and, beyond, a narrow, turning stair led up to a bedroom and a vivid blue bath draped in uncompromising red. There was a gallery above from the stair to the bedroom door; it was narrow, with a floor of yellow tiles, and, on the left, closed with green-painted wooden jalousies. The slats of the jalousies moved and, tilted at the right angle, the patio appeared with its flowers, its palms and bamboo, in horizontal strips. A narrower gallery, yellow-tiled, and with jalousies, was parallel to it, and between them, in a room paneled with glazed white pine, I lived and slept in an utterly relieving and single seclusion.

It occurred to me, inspecting a house that was only and completely mine, that a peaceful seclusion was perhaps the rarest, and certainly one of the most desirable, states in the crowded noise of the present. I couldn't remember when, before, I had been so happily alone. There was no one to consider; no one had the difficult necessity of considering me. I could go upstairs or stay down; I could sleep when I wanted; stay awake when I chose. Nothing, except perhaps to myself, needed explanation. I was free from all compulsory speech, from the unending useless comments that ordinarily occupied my days. I had escaped from all necessity of conciliation. People, I discovered, lived at the price of eternal verbal reassurances; words, dishonest or cheap or optimistic, distributed everywhere. When I had said good morning to the maid who served my breakfast on the yellow-covered table in the lower gallery, I was, if I liked, through with conversation for the day. No one appeared, none called, until six of the afternoon. I wore canvas espadrilles, linen trousers with a handkerchief tied through the loops, and—at times, at times—a shirt. No lunch. Lunch would have been a nuisance.

I was working on the last part of a book, a very long book, about Kentucky; and, writing in an atmosphere of great quiet, I was at times lost in the blue grass and then conscious of the Byzantine drawing-room of my Bermuda house. Suddenly the book, The Limestone Tree, was finished. There it was—the last written page, the last line—before me. A bewildering sense of freedom took its place. I could go bathing when I wished; I could stay out on the indigo Gulf Stream, trolling for sailfish, as long as I cared to; go to ornamental places—the Patio Lamaze—with ornamental girls and eat cold pompano with mustard sauce.

At six, people appeared—perhaps two, perhaps ten—and there was gin with French vermuth and fresh lemon peel in small glasses, or gin in large glasses with half a green lime and ginger beer. Or Scotch whisky. It was all exceedingly informal, especially the clothes. The men—they had, usually, been fishing in the Gulf Stream or playing tennis—wore the white linen trousers of their active engagements, bright-colored canvas espadrilles and, at times, socks. The rest was usually a sweater. The girls, the women, had on almost precisely the same things. Their pantaloons, white or dark blue jersey cloth, were very wide at the bottoms and correspondingly tight above, mostly fastened at either side with large pearl buttons; they wore sandals and no stockings on legs the color of bronze, and their sweaters—in reality polo shirts—were as severe in line, as gay in color, as could be managed. They sat around in positions of extreme, relaxed ease and commented in no uncertain manner on the incidents and people that made up, or merely surrounded, their especial world.



*A Loggia Opening Off a Patio*

PHOTOS. FROM MATTIE EDWARDS HEWITT

*Florida Moss and Baskets of Growing Orchids Hanging From the Trees*

### *Hospitalities of the Dinner Table*

THEY were all, in the main, untroubled by doubt; they knew certain things, the same things, perfectly; and, since their attention was invariably centered upon what they did understand, they could well afford to be explicit. They were not, it might even be, entirely innocent of arrogance. The talk, the positive tones, and the drinking—everyone, practically, drank very well indeed, with great common sense—proceeded until long after seven, commonly until past eight, and then the question of dinner grew imminent. There were, every night, dinners—large dinners at the largest, most impressive, houses, and small dinners in small, but no less assured, dwellings. The same people almost invariably went to the same parties; when others arrived—if a strange individual appeared—they were almost invariably made over the identical pattern of the rest. Small differences existed between different houses; at one, almost certainly as beautiful as any in existence, there was a continual gayety of spirit. The long, paved courtyard, surrounded by galleries and palms, with tiled walls and terraces and fountains and, literally, banks and masses of cut flowers, a constant silent passage of servants in white and silver, was usually filled with the murmur of amused voices and the sound of music. Three Negroes, commonly, with romantic voices and a portable piano, moved about

(Continued on Page 110)

# THE BELL BIRD

## By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

*"Motion Made and Seconded That We Offer a Vote of Thanks to That A-1 at Lloyd's, Seagoing Sportsman, Hapgood Standish"*

IT WAS the uncertainty of just how far he might have gone that troubled Hapgood Standish when he awoke that lovely morning in late June. Youth, vigorous health and, except on rare occasions like this, good habits saved him from worse than a slight queasiness. But his mind was immediately distressed by the idea that in the course of the past night's festivities he had let himself in for some sort of a mess.

Then, as memory reluctantly shed stronger light, like the sun rising on a stricken field the day after the battle, a horrid chill swept through Hapgood. He knew the feelings of the merry little fly that is one moment wing-free and buzzing, and the next finds itself on the fly paper.

He had invited the whole of that gay but select house party to make the voyage to the Mediterranean aboard his three-masted schooner auxiliary yacht Democracy, on which he was to sail the following day with a single guest, his most intimate friend, Dr. Samuel Smalley.

Hapgood knew what alleged alcohol had done to him on rare occasions. His particular reaction was such as might be expected of a nature constitutionally reserved and a little shy. He became genial, expansive, princely. He could now visualize himself proposing to that jolly crowd: "Let's all go aboard Democracy tomorrow and sail for the Mediterranean."

He had issued this sweeping invitation much as a man in his exalted mood might have said: "Let's all go aboard my twelve-passenger plane and make a voyage to Mars." The man would not have owned a twelve-passenger plane, and even if he had owned one, the voyage would not have been feasible; whereas they all knew that Hapgood did own the schooner yacht Democracy, and that he was about to shove off for the Mediterranean with a single guest.

The enthusiastic clamor of acceptance had staggered Hapgood, even in his exalted frame of mind. It was, of course, to be expected that such a party of idlers, who had been merrymaking for two days, would scarcely throw cold water on his suggestion. But he had not expected to be taken up so quickly that scarcely were the words out of his mouth before the brother of the strange girl he was dancing with went to the telephone and canceled an engagement with somebody somewhere. He explained in Hapgood's hearing that he and his sister had just been asked to sail for the Mediterranean with a yachting party.

This speed in clinching the nail of opportunity had struck a chill through Hapgood, but it passed quickly when he went out onto the loggia with the strange girl and kissed her. This gallantry seemed warranted, on her telling him that she had heard about American princes, but thought they belonged only to fiction and drama, and that she wondered if he were real.

Hapgood then proved that he was at least tangible. Avis smelled like cinnamon and other spices, with an elusive jasmine or stephanotis, or something tropical. She was lovely as a wood nymph—a mountain one whose habitat was the high places. But there was nothing furtive about her. She was a friendly nymph who came to meet him with rank liking and admiration and trust. Her eyes were full of heliotrope and a soft shade of gray—too light in shade for candor, Hapgood felt, though their gaze was direct, like her speech.

They had danced together a good deal, and Hapgood had done most of the talking. This was unusual for him, but so was this sort of evening. He now reflected bitterly that he might be likened to the lobster that sheds its shell once a year and becomes for a brief interlude defenseless. At such periods instinct warns the crustacean to seek safe retreat from its natural enemies until its new carapace hardens. But instinct had been off duty with Hapgood that night, or he would have been wary of this girl and her brother, whose name was Ralph. There was a hard-bitted quality under Ralph's brusque but well-bred gayety. He looked at least fifteen years the senior of his sister, who resembled him. Ralph was entirely too handsome in a sort of false, youthful way, with classic features and eyes like a sea gull. His profile was fine, ancient Greek, but there was something modern Greek about the speed with which he had snapped Hapgood's invitation out of the frothy conversation. Before the rash young plutocrat had time to hedge, Ralph had gone to the telephone, to return a few moments later with a brisk "So that's all right."

Ralph was the only one of the party on whom the alleged prewar spirits appeared to have no effect at all. He was paler, if anything, and his speech, that had a sort of high-bred indifference to exact syntax, was neither blurred at the edges nor voluble nor confidential. Hapgood's host had told him that the brother and sister were Americans who had lived abroad since the war and had been given a letter of introduction to him.

The others had followed the lead of Ralph's opportunism in grabbing at this chance of a voyage de luxe, but in a jollier and semiserious way that might or might not be ratified on further and more sober considerations. Still, several of them were idlers with no definite plans for the summer that could not be set aside for a more attractive one. Hapgood reflected with an inward groan that here was his own project of a quiet, restful voyage with one good friend shot all to pieces through his own rotten folly, because he had failed to realize that the shotgun of his hospitality was loaded and pointed at a crowd that was in his own reckless mood.

With another groan, Hapgood got out of bed and went to the telephone. Doctor Smalley, the close friend who had agreed to make the voyage with him, was a specialist in nervous disorders and the proprietor of a small but very profitable sanitarium, where all this grief had happened. A conscientious, if high-priced, psychiatrist, Doctor Smalley had himself been suffering from nerves, the result of overwork and assuming much of the mental burden of his patients. He had been glad to accept Hapgood's invitation on the assurance that there were to be no other guests, and now that this condition had been violated it was possible that he might repudiate the planned seagoing rest cure.

It was nearly ten o'clock, and Hapgood got his friend immediately. "Sam," he said, "something terrible has happened."

"Of course," the doctor answered pessimistically. "I expected it when you told me you were going to spend the week's end at Billy Brown's. Have you asked some girl to share your life and liberty and pursuit of happiness?"

"Worse. I've invited a crowd to sail across with us, and they've gobbled it."

"Oh, poison! Who?"

"I don't remember all their names. What are we to do?"

"Where do you get that 'we'?"

"Don't turn me down. This is more than I can bear."

"Who's who in your Democracy packet?"

"Well, a girl named Avis and her brother, Ralph."

"Hold it. That's enough. All is over between us."

"Do you know them?"

"I met Avis yesterday. She and a rest cure would work together like yeast and malt."

"You simply can't walk out on me like that!" Hapgood wailed.

"You've crowded me out. This was to have been a seagoing *dolce far niente*, and you've turned your ship into a Noah's Ark. I couldn't stand that. Barring one new case,

I'm the only nervous wreck in my repair shop. Who else swallowed your hook, line and sinker?"

"Payson and his bride."

"Not so troublesome. Bridge addicts. And then ——"

"Edna Worden, official chaperon."

"Official is right. Edna will not need blinders and a bell. But you might need a barbed-wire entanglement round yourself. Go on, and group them to save time."

"Professor Bates and his sweet-girl-graduate daughter, Sally. She did handsprings ——"

"This is better, Happy. Sally would be a grand young trainer. Keep me from getting fat. Are my foils and things aboard? She wins fencing tournaments. Well, I don't know ——"

"So that's all right," Hapgood said hurriedly. "I knew you weren't the sort to let me down, Sam. Those I've listed are the only entries not apt to be scratched, I should say. Billy and Edith are tied to the kids and golf. The others can't leave their jobs. . . . What do you know about this Ralph Croydon?"

"Ralph what?" Sam's voice was sharp.

"Croydon. Same as the English airport. The brother of this Avis girl."

There was a moment's silence; then: "I didn't even know that was his name. Well, all this is your burial at sea, Happy. It may do you good. Up to now, your life has been too much of a primrose path. Are you all set to sail?"

"Only got to sign a million checks and cast off. Day will have them all drawn."

"Chief Steward Day?"

"I've promoted him and changed his rating. He is now Mr. Day, ship's husband."

"What's that? Acting assistant husband as *locum tenens* for any of those things that have to stop ashore?"

"No. The husband of the ship. Sea and shore going fixer. Does all the buying for the ship and her crowd, and keeps accounts and things. I can't be bothered and the skipper hates that stuff and gets stung. It is just Day's dish. Democracy will need a husband more than ever now."

"Well, let's hope you don't have to get her a divorce. I'll tip Day off to protect you from Ralph Croydon. You might offer your guests the vessel and Ralph get a transfer signed before you could say knife. When dealing with gentlemen you can't be too careful."

"I'm more apt to need protection from his sister Avis. I think she really started all this, though I don't seem to remember how. She's one of those subtle poisons that leaves no trace. I wish you'd psychoanalyze her for me. Her signals don't decode."

"All right. Tell Edith I'll be over for a lunch, and like caviar. Tell Avis I'm going to make a culture of her and smear her on a glass slide."

He hung up, and Hapgood lay down again, for the talk had both relieved his mind and wearied him. After all, perhaps it was not so bad. Alone, he and Doctor Smalley might have got strabismus from chess playing. The thirty-year-old-plus chaperon, Mrs. Edna Worden, was gay and pretty, all healed up from her divorce. She impressed Hapgood as being a good shipmate, strong and willing, knowing all the ropes, but not designing. The bride, Natalie Payson, was sweet. Sally Bates, the professor's daughter, was pretty as a new roadster and her engines turned over just as fast.

But nobody Hapgood had ever seen was as pretty as Avis—what was her name? Ah, yes—Croydon. Avis with her heliotrope eyes had a poignant allure that made a man's only safe course to keep with the crowd. The urge to caress her was as strong as that of a little girl to pet a Persian pussycat, but different. Hapgood had wanted to kiss her again, if only for analysis, but that seemed a little raw in his quality of prospective host.

He bathed and dressed and went down, to be affectionately greeted by his fellow guests. As he had expected, his list of guests was what he had given Doctor Smalley. Except for Ralph, even these demurred a little at accepting so impromptu an invitation. Hapgood now backed up manfully what he had proposed.

Avis gave him the frank, level look that he had not been so sure about at first, and asked, "Are you sure you want us, Mr. Standish?"

"Of course. And it was 'Happy' last night."

"We were all happy last night."

"I'm always happy," he said. "Especially when privileged to make others so. No reason why we shouldn't have a grand sail, even if we don't kill any whales."

"Think of all the time we've got to kill," Edna Worden said.

"Well, that's sport when you do it in a sporting way," Hapgood assured her. "Each day at noon we shoot the sun and kill a minute of time for every fifteen miles we make due east."

"How exciting," Edna said dryly.

Professor Bates, a quiet but cheerful man of fifty, said frankly: "You've solved my daughter's and my problem, Mr. Standish. We wanted to go to the Mediterranean, but didn't feel that we could afford it."

"Especially the Riviera, French and Italian," Sally said. "I want to get sun-kissed at Juan-les-Pins."

"You may find it hard to confine the treatment to the sun, Sally," Mrs. Worden said. "But that's what I'm for."

"Other kissings?" Payson asked. "Or a sort of moral spectrum to filter out the right rays?"

"I don't know what a moral spectrum is, but it sounds discerning. Of course, if anybody should get the Mare Nostrum blues ——"

"We'll ring for you," Ralph said. "A bit of spoiling is very pepping when one has a down. Why doesn't some Freudian start a sanitarium for that treatment?"

"He'd get raided," Payson said, "and then railroaded for twenty years. Still, if you had a doctor's prescription ——"

"Nobody gets a down aboard Democracy," Hapgood said. "What with cards and the radio and my ship's husband ——"

"What's that? Is your yacht married? Who is her husband, and what does he do?"

"Pays her bills, like any other husband. Keeps her happy and smiling. Mr. Day is the name of that good provider. He's a whole show—vaudeville and movies—and on Sundays he holds service and puts up a stirring

(Continued on Page 60)

*She Had Heard About American Princes, But Thought They Belonged Only to Fiction and Drama, and She Wondered if He Were Real*

# THE PRECARIOUS ATTITUDES OF ROBESON BALLOU

*"Good-by, Sylvia," He Said. "You Were the Loveliest of My Fictions"*

## By Bernard DeVoto

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE scene, Robeson Ballou generously admitted, was well composed. A second-floor library overlooking the Charles River Basin, tempered May sunlight on admirable prints, Sylvia Benson resting her chin on locked hands, with sleeves of yellow shot with lavender falling away from slender forearms—all this was technically flawless. But, disastrously, the technic wasn't his; it was Sylvia's. At twenty-three, six weeks short of graduating from Harvard, Robeson Ballou had experienced a defeat in strategy.

She was a credit to him. She would have been incapable of the yellow-and-lavender frock a year ago, when she ran to crudities called sports suits. Her eyebrows were thinly sketched and the forehead beneath ash-gold hair was innocent of tan. A year ago her hair had been shingled and that exquisite skin had been browned and freckled by athletic exercise. She would be among the more distinguished alumnæ of Robeson Ballou. Even—even if she were joining them of her own initiative.

But he must save the scene. The self-possession of a Harvard man and the dignity of an artist were in jeopardy. The test of a system was its behavior in emergency.

He chose a corner of the fireplace to lean against, suggesting graceful detachment. "Good-by, Sylvia," he said. "You were the loveliest of my fictions."

The beautiful forehead wrinkled a little. She would always be troubled by a meaning that was not phrased in the idiom of golf scores. Though she had fallen out of love with Robeson Ballou, she remained inexpert in the English language.

She came toward him. "What do you mean, Bob? How am I a fiction? Oh, dear! I hope you aren't being—bitter?"

The scent of mimosa, which he had taught her to wear, was faintly perceptible, and her hands went to his arm. Actually, she was being compassionate to Robeson Ballou! He took her hands, kissed them lightly and moved away.

"Bitter? My dear child! One may feel regret when another illusion joins the rest of them, but one isn't bitter. You were a quite lovely illusion, Sylvia."

Puzzled, she leaned against a table. It was a tribute to the art of Robeson Ballou that she instinctively contrived a decorative line of thigh and calf, completed by the yellow frock.

He nodded appreciation; the posture would have been ridiculous in short skirts. Her forehead was now deeply troubled. Had she expected him to protest, perhaps to entreat and reproach her? Unquestionably, she had. His nostrils quivered disdainfully. She had an athlete's mind. Oh, crass, crass!

"There's such wholesome earth in both of you," he said. "There'll be so many triumphs for you and Anthony Hollister. Think how the world is full of tennis cups and golf plaques. Scores of mountains to climb, thousands of birds to shoot. You'll carry the ski jump to undreamed-of records, and the Red Cross will exhibit your little ones to the slums."

She twisted the ring on her finger. The stone was too apparent, and a scroll wandered obtrusively about the platinum. Anthony Hollister had vulgar ideas. "We're going sailing off the Maine coast," she said. Her gaze became preoccupied, filled, no doubt, with the vision of windy inlets and of Anthony Hollister furling sail.

"Good-by," he said.

She was startled from her reverie. "It's getting toward examinations, isn't it?"

He glanced at her quickly. Was she, then, capable of satire? Obviously, no. Her question was honest; she had completely reverted to the commonplace.

"I never discuss classes," he announced aloofly.

She came toward him again. "We were happy, weren't we, Bob?" Unsteadiness in her voice became, as her arms went behind his head, a downright sob.

"Happy? I?" He kissed her lips with a light irony and disengaged her arms. "Good-by, phantom."

He went to his roadster, confident that she was watching from a second-story window, and drove away. He had saved the scene, he had emerged composed and baffling. But the incident remained a savage shock. A girl had relinquished Robeson Ballou before he had arranged for her to do so. In simple words, he had been thrown over—and for such a primitive type as Anthony Hollister. Had the whole career of a Harvard man been mismanaged? A bitter lesson. There was now no further step in disillusionment. He was old—aged, weary and stale.

At the Harvard bridge traffic swirled, extemporizing a jam, and he brooded across the blue water. Two cars ahead, Virginia Suydam leaned out and smiled at him, pleasantly clad in green and white. He discovered that he had lost the ability to respond to women. Youth was gone from him forever. He nodded distantly and looked away. Traffic moved again. The Basin was flecked with shells making homeward.

In the varsity, at No. 3, would be Anthony Hollister, honestly sweating for Harvard and for Sylvia, mistaking perspiration for the emotion of love.

Yellow and lavender glowed suddenly in his mind. He brought the roadster to a stop and sat trembling. Why, he had been in love with Sylvia Benson! He tried to repudiate the knowledge, but the remembered perfume of mimosa was too strong, and he sat there stunned. He had wholly lost. An attitude had betrayed him into an emotion, and the emotion had defeated him. He had let Sylvia escape from him; not realizing her preciousness, he had thrown her away. This was complete ruin. There was now nothing left to him.

No, one thing was left. He could preserve dignity.

At the entrance of his dormitory he paused. In four years his roommates had found nothing that endangered the legend of the invulnerable Ballou. How should he inform them? He sighed and perceived that he had grown truly old. Pretense was unworthy of him; he would be honest and very cold.

Twelve quart bottles on the library table meant that Cletus Murphy, that loyal public servant from South Boston, had made a profitable call. Jim Wick was sprawled in a chair, wearily contemplating them.

Jim was a senior and a roommate of Robeson Ballou; hence immeasurably tired.

"Something has upset Ballou," he called to Ted Harrod in his bedroom.

"Get his third in cash," Ted's voice drifted back.

"Gin?" Bob asked, superfluously.

"At Harvard, *vin du pays*. Six dollars more, please, toward a bottle of absinth—we're to follow the mode in cocktails. Cletus didn't like to get it. He thought it might be against the law. And, oh, yes"—Jim's eyelids were weary—"your personal florist, Mr. Corcoran, called up. You hadn't given him instructions about the Dobree brawl tonight; so he begged leave to deliver orchids to Miss Sylvia Benson as usual. I praised him for thoughtful service."

The probable size of Corcoran's bill set up a small shudder. He had bestowed a ghastly amount of flowers on Sylvia, and this year all bills had to be paid by June. He moved toward the telephone to annul the orchids. But no! Let them be a graceful ending, since only dignity was

left to him. And unquestionably Anthony Hollister would be sending her pink rosebuds.

"I'm not taking Sylvia to the Dobrees," he announced bleakly.

"What upset him was a heartbreak," Jim informed the bedroom. "He's had to discard another woman. Wouldn't it have been kind to let her remember the Dobree festival, Bob? But since you didn't ——"

He slouched to the telephone and requested a Back Bay number. "Give me the pup. . . . This is Jim. Listen, Joana, heaven has been very kind to you. Bob Ballou will cart you to the Dobrees. Try to make him realize you've been to Paris."

Jim explained apologetically: "I lunched with the family—a financial endeavor. Joana landed yesterday. She wants to observe a function. I said I'd see what I could do."

"What about the knees?" Bob asked apprehensively. Two years ago, at sixteen, Jim's sister had been awkward and leggy and vehement. He recalled, too, that she had dumbly adored him.

"You don't see them now," Jim assured him. "Paris has helped her. She'll be a ghastly bore, of course, but give her a break. Dance with her some and let people see you. We'll go to the Maison Bleue for dinner. She can have one of the family's cars. I tell you," he proposed: "send her flowers. I'll pay for them."

Bob made a reproving gesture. "Nobody pays for my flowers. I least of all." He reached for the telephone and called Corcoran: "Deliver orchids to Miss Joana Wick with Robeson Ballou's card. . . . No, don't interfere with those you're sending to Miss Benson. . . . Aren't you being impertinent, Corcoran?" He hung up. "Corcoran mentioned his bill. There's a lot of social unrest in this country." He became gracious: "It will charm me to take Joana to the Dobrees."

Jim was grateful. "It won't. But it's decent of you."

This was prophetic of his future. Having missed his chance, Robeson Ballou would become a sort of tutor of debutantes, a school for young girls. Year by year he would guide the more fortunate, while he grew old in an impersonal, light tenderness toward youth. The world offered no other possibility. Except the remembrance of mimosa and the vision of Sylvia scorching that perfect forehead while she lovingly smashed tennis balls at Anthony Hollister.

Ted Harrod came out of his bedroom with a suitcase and reminded him of a simple happiness he could never attain. The suitcase held evening clothes, and Ted would drive to Salem, where Priscilla Lowe would welcome him without subtleties. That romance was an assured future, empty of half lights, forthright, secure. He had never expected to envy the simple-hearted.

"I've let you down dreadfully," he told the two of them. "It was Sylvia who cast me off."

Jim nodded approval. "Good management. It's the graceful way, and it saves a lot of emotion."

Ted said negligently, "I never understood what you found attractive in sweet dullness. The exterior was picturesque, but the mind—oh, appalling. She added a new horror to the word 'moron.'"

He persisted: "She did it herself. She gave me the gate."

Incredulity came to their faces, but faded as they realized that this was not jesting. They could perceive a disaster beyond comment. Jim Wick moved to blend lime juice and gin—an instinctive answer.

Bob waved him quiet. "You haven't heard the worst. The trophy goes to Tony Hollister."

Jim laid down the lemon squeezer and made a movement of shocked distress. "That—that boy scout?"

He pushed on: "Worse still. My emotions were involved."

There was a silence while they contemplated wreckage. This was a dénouement possible to the undistinguished, the inferior, but not to Robeson Ballou. The whole value of Harvard was called in question.

There was a knock at the door and Anthony Hollister entered. He had stepped out of an advertising poster, superbly tall, his hair slick from a shower, his face crudely healthy, his very eyes eloquent of muscle tone. Bob shuddered.

"Give the guest a drink, Jim. Hollister, is it true you make uplifting sermons to the crew before each race?"

The oarsman refused the glass. "I haven't had a drink since February," he proclaimed. "Say, Bob, did Sylvia tell you?"

"Sylvia?" Bob pondered. "Oh, you mean Sylvia Benson. Let's see. You're taking her to the Dobrees tonight, I think."

"I mean ——"

"Ah, I remember—she's marrying you. It's a generous impulse, Hollister, and you should be very grateful." He turned to Jim Wick. "The unpredictable benevolence of debutantes!"

Hollister boomed manfully, "No hard feelings, then?"

Spirals of cigarette smoke curled languidly from Bob's lips. He drooped wearily in his chair. "Against you, Hollister? Dear youth, why should you ask me if I have hard feelings?"

"Why indeed?" Jim Wick censored.

"Is there," Ted inquired, "some idea that Mr. Ballou is competing?"

(Continued on Page 135)

"I'm Another Entrant," Joana Explained. "My Eligibility Was Passed on About Ten Minutes Ago"

# BEFORE THE BARRIER

## By Theodore Von Ziekursch

A SCREAM broke the silence of the stables. It held an awesome note of animal ferocity, the battle challenge of the stallion willing to fight to the last ditch. It was followed by a roaring sound, more terrible than the scream, a bellow of defiance. Iron-shod hoofs smashed against the walls of the huge box stall. In the other stalls wild-eyed horses, with nostrils distended and ears thrust forward, whinnied nervously as the great, red stallion roared his fury. A man ran from the entrance to the stall. Another man fled. Death might be the outcome of that rage. A moment before, they had been admiring his sleek beauty, his highly held head, his arching, powerful neck, like that of the true Arab stock. Terror was abroad, for this was no ordinary horse. Animal and man alike seemed to sense the menace. A wild thrashing followed, an unmistakable sound. The great horse was rolling and pawing. The thump of his hoofs told that he was up again. Silence settled—a momentary silence, boding evil.

In the box stall with the great red stallion was one man who remained through it all, one little mite of a man fighting the duel for mastery. To lose would be to pay a ghastly price beneath those plunging hoofs and mighty teeth, for a maddened stallion is deadly. To win, and win without breaking or hurting that superb spirit, might mean the making of a great race horse. The owner of this gorgeous stallion, Samuel D. Riddle, wealthy Philadelphian, had paid $5000 for him and thought a lot of the colt. It was named Man o' War, and well named, that colt, majestic as any ship of the line, proud, born to conquer. Now those few who had come to look in at the box stall upon the first stage of the breaking process sought safety from the angry beast into which the beloved and gentle young stallion had been transformed by the first rider who ever climbed atop his back.

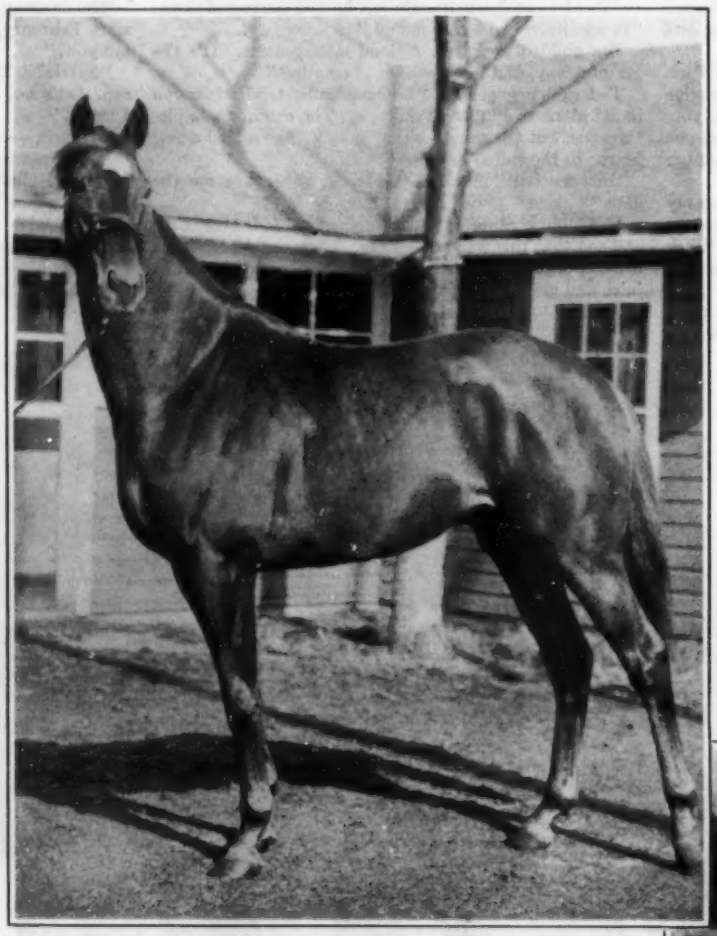
Afterward the name of Man o' War was to go around the world. Many turf experts were to rate him the wonder horse of race-track history. He was to face the starting barrier twenty-one times and be defeated only once—that when Johnny Loftus, one of the greatest jockeys of his time, rode a very poor race. The other jockeys who rode him were to be carried to fame on the bursting speed of those mighty thighs. He was to win $249,465 and smash world's records. An offer of $500,000 was to be refused for him—an offer that unquestionably was only a feeler and would have been increased to $1,000,000 or more, but for the fact that Riddle announced he was not for sale at any price.

### An Expert at Twelve, and Ever Since

ALL these became well-known facts in the racing world and far beyond it, for the fame of Man o' War extended past those places where the names of great race horses are usually known. But in the background, unknown except to the inner circles of turfdom, was the little mite of a man who sat in the saddle on the young stallion in the box stall of the sales stables at Saratoga, that day in August, 1918. His task was to earn him no plaudits from the crowds in the stands. It would not get his picture in the newspapers. The public might never learn of him. Yet he was carefully chosen for the most difficult part of all—to break this magnificent horse to the saddle, to make it possible for the trainers to handle him and for the little jockeys to ride him without breaking that invaluable asset, the stallion's spirit.

Behind the scenes in the history of Man o' War and in the histories of many other famous horses stands the slender figure of Harry Vititoe. In the inner circles of turfdom he is almost as famous as Man o' War. Beyond those circles few know him. A few old trappers in the Ozarks or in Canada with whom he consorts, on vacations spent at hunting or fishing; a few ancient followers of the race track who recall his name as one of the most noted jockeys of a generation back. Those are his friends. His story, and that of his profession, are among the little-known romances of the track.

Today Harry Vititoe, born in old Kentucky forty-five years ago, is a specialist, a breaker of race horses, which is a profession vastly different from that of the breaker of range horses. Nearly thirty-five years ago he ran away from home and ended up on a cattle ranch at the edge of the Black Hills, in North Dakota, a ranch sixty-five miles from the nearest railroad. At the mature age of twelve he was an expert on horses. In 1902 he rode John Ruskin to victory in the last running of the Queen's Plate at Toronto. That year he rode 1252 races and booted home 262 winners. The competent American jockey was a prize sought eagerly throughout the world in those days. Vititoe literally rode around the world. The race tracks in India, Russia and throughout many other parts of Europe knew him. For twelve years he wore the colors of the Hitchcock stables in France. At Budapest, Hungary, he brought home Uncle Fritz the day that rank outsider paid $834 to $1.



*War Eagle, One of Man o' War's Noted Sons*

Uncle Fritz was owned by a small English merchant who induced Vititoe to ride him. Before the race he warned Vititoe that Uncle Fritz was a lazy horse with plenty of speed he would not use unless he was driven to it by the whip.

The veteran laughs as he describes it.

"I think there were twenty-eight horses in the field. At the gate I shut off ten by cutting Uncle Fritz over in front of them. All the favorites were in those ten. You know, when you cut them off like that, it throws them off their stride and costs them anywhere from five to ten lengths. Then I gave it to Uncle Fritz. I hit him everywhere but on the bottom of his feet with that whip. If he was a lazy horse, he certainly never had a chance to think about it. The only person besides the owner who bet on Uncle Fritz, so far as I know, was a woman. She fainted and had to be carried out of the stands. They always called me Uncle Fritz in Austria and Hungary after that. There may have been some winners paying bigger odds than that, but I never heard of them."

Singularly enough, Vititoe's great longing was never to ride the finished product, but to have in his hands the breaking of the fleet Thoroughbreds for others to ride. After a fashion, the breaking and training of the temperamental Thoroughbred are the breaking and training of a wild animal. To amuse himself at various times, Vititoe has trained timber wolves and bears acquired during his hunting jaunts. He possesses that elusive quality of the person who understands animals. He broke Nellie Morse, the brilliant filly which won the Preakness and the Oaks for Bud Fisher, the cartoonist, and captured two other stakes—all four of them within fifteen days—at the Pimlico track, for a total winning of $79,000. Some of the most famous bits of horseflesh that ever carried the silk of Harry Payne Whitney, of Gifford Cochran, the late Sam Hildreth and the Riddle stable knew the mastery of this little man's hand on the bridle before any other dared mount them. One winner of the French Grand Prix is on his list. Now he is with the Foxcatcher Farm of William du Pont at Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, helping Coulton Utz, who is rated by many the most promising trainer in the United States today.

### Beware of Pete the Gander

HIS especial cronies are a couple of exercise boys, mere shavers fourteen and fifteen years old, he is coaching for the rôle of jockeys. Another of his pals is a huge white goose, Pete the Gander. Pete is a fixture at Foxcatcher Farms and boss of the stables—mascot and watchdog all in one. Let a stranger invade the stables and Pete declares war, coming to the

*Harry Vititoe, the Man Who Broke Man o' War*

attack with wings and beak to protect his charges in their stalls from any harm, until Vititoe or one of the exercise boys arrives to call him off and vouch for the stranger. Even then Pete the Gander is suspicious and remains on the job to see that all is well.

Under questioning, Vititoe will talk of some others among the famous Thoroughbreds he put through the kindergarten stages of their careers, but Man o' War is the great love. That is obvious when you talk to him. His conversation is not of what he has done, but of what Man o' War did. He named the great stallion Red, and Red it is to this day.

### *Man o' War Decides to be Good*

WHEN the others left him that day to fight it out to a finish with Red in the box stall, an affection and respect were kindled that neither man nor horse has ever dropped.

"Red has never forgotten, and I'll never forget," Vititoe says. "I've had most every bone in my body broken by horses during the past thirty-five years. I've been bitten and kicked, but I never knew what a fight was until I got on that big red devil.

"He was regarded as the best-behaved horse on the turf afterward. He was all business. You could run him in a halter, and the smallest jockey could handle him with the bridle wound round one finger unless another horse tried to pass him. But that day—whew! Well, I just knew I had to conquer him or I'd never get out of that stall alive. He is sixteen hands two and a half inches tall and he weighed 1180 pounds, which is mighty big for a Thoroughbred colt. And I'm going to tell you every ounce of that was dynamite. When he came up off the floor I'm there like a cat, ready for him, right on his back, and him screaming like a runaway engine. No man had ever sat on his back, and no man ever was going to, if he could help it. Up he came on his back feet, and I brought him down with that little trick of knowing how to twist his head and my own legs to prevent his flopping over backward on top of me.

"Then he roared once and walked out of that stall into the yard, as though he needed plenty of room where he could have it out all even and with no favors. The way he acted won my heart. He was going to fight, but he did it all fair and aboveboard. He was going to kill me if he could, but he wasn't going to smash me up against the posts in the stable. Once we got outside, he stood still a minute, and I'll swear it seemed he was giving me a chance to get ready. Then he went up again and came down. You've seen him. You know how he carried his head high and proud on that thick, curving neck. That saved me. I've ridden about every kind you can mention in my thirty-five years of breaking horses. I've taken mustangs that never had leather on them, and mules, too, and the real bucking broncs that they use in the rodeos. Say, they were all amateurs compared to Red. I thought I could stick in the saddle on anything that breathed, but when he went up and came down in that yard, I left the leather as if I'd been kicked out of it. I had one hand wrapped in his mane, and there I was, upon his ears, draped over his neck, and if it hadn't been for that proud way he held his head, I'd have been on my own neck in the dirt, with him jumping up and down on top of me, for he wasn't fooling.

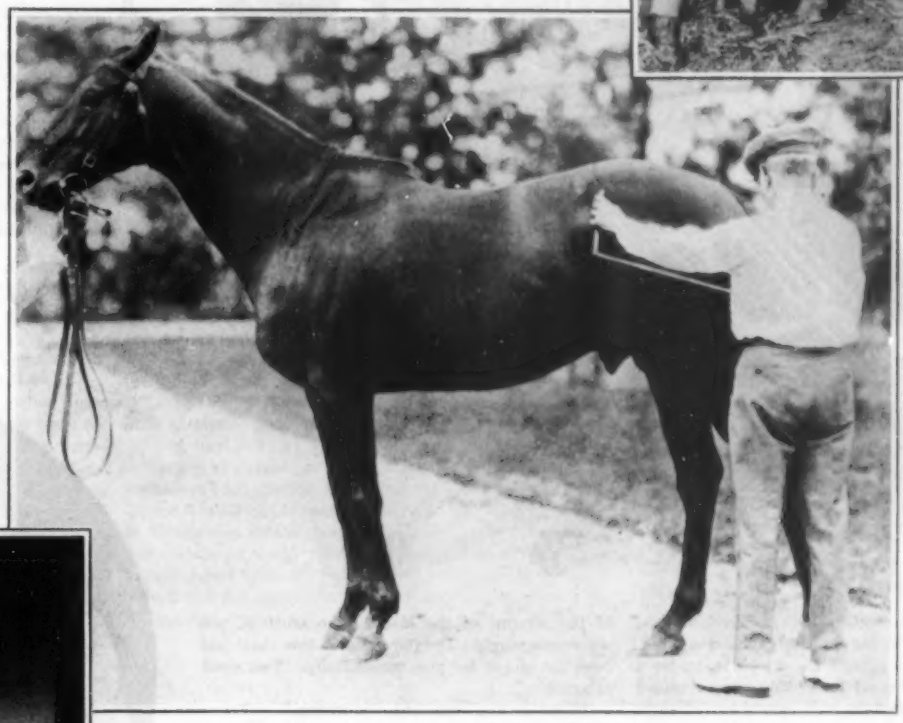
"When he came up again on his hind feet and neighed, I just slid back down his neck into the saddle, and there I was, ready for more, but sort of wondering. I'll say this for him: He fought on the level. I've broken a lot that were meaner, that had more tricks, because he never used a trick. But I never broke one that came closer to licking me honestly in a square fight. When I slid back into the saddle, he didn't make any move. He actually waited until I got set with my feet in the stirrups, as if he wanted me to be all ready. Then he shook his head and the fun began. Man, how I loved that horse for the way he fought! I can feel the wind going past my face yet and the thump of my body going on and off that saddle. He wanted to throw me worse than anything in the world, but it was all straight. Never a dirty trick.

"All of a sudden he stopped. I turned him, brought him back, made him canter and walk, made him stop and go, and he never even trembled. He was licked and he took it like a gentleman. Back at the stables, we put Johnny Loftus, a great jock, up on him. He threw Loftus thirty-five feet and I'm not telling you a bit of a lie. But then he stood still while I got right back up on him. He snorted once, looked around at me and was quiet. That was the last bad move Man o' War ever made."

Vititoe, like all others who have been connected with the most famous horse in modern turf annals, does not like to talk about the one defeat he suffered in his career, the time he finished second to Upset in the running of the Sanford Memorial at Saratoga. I mentioned it repeatedly to this veteran. Finally he showed me two small teeth he carries in a locket.

"Those are Red's wolf teeth," he said, "and I like to think it was them and not the poor ride he got that day that beat him."

*Willie Hileman and Fred Hahn, Two Future Jockeys, With Coulton Utz*



*Man o' War Today, at the Farm of Miss Elizabeth Daingerfield, in Kentucky*

*Coulton Utz, Who Helped Train Man o' War*

Wolf teeth is the definition for two very small teeth that grow directly in front of the molars of horses. They evidently mean nothing in the ordinary horse, but in the high-strung Thoroughbred they are dangerous and are usually extracted. The bit fits against them and causes irritation. Some Thoroughbreds have been known to go blind from their effects. They had been extracted from Man o' War just previous to his defeat in the Sanford Memorial.

As Vititoe explains it, "Red had taken to pulling at the bit, sort of thrusting his head because his mouth annoyed him. When the barrier went up that day he had his head stuck through the fence at the side of the track. By the time Johnny Loftus pulled his head up and got him started, the field was far off—all except Mrs. Jefford's Golden Broom, which got in Red's way. Well, you know the rest. Upset just about nosed him out at the finish, and never would have beaten him if he hadn't been ridden into three pockets formed by other horses that were bunched ahead of him. He could give Upset ten lengths any day in the week and beat him in a mile, and he showed it four days after the Sanford by running away from Upset and winning eased up."

### *He Shall Not Pass!*

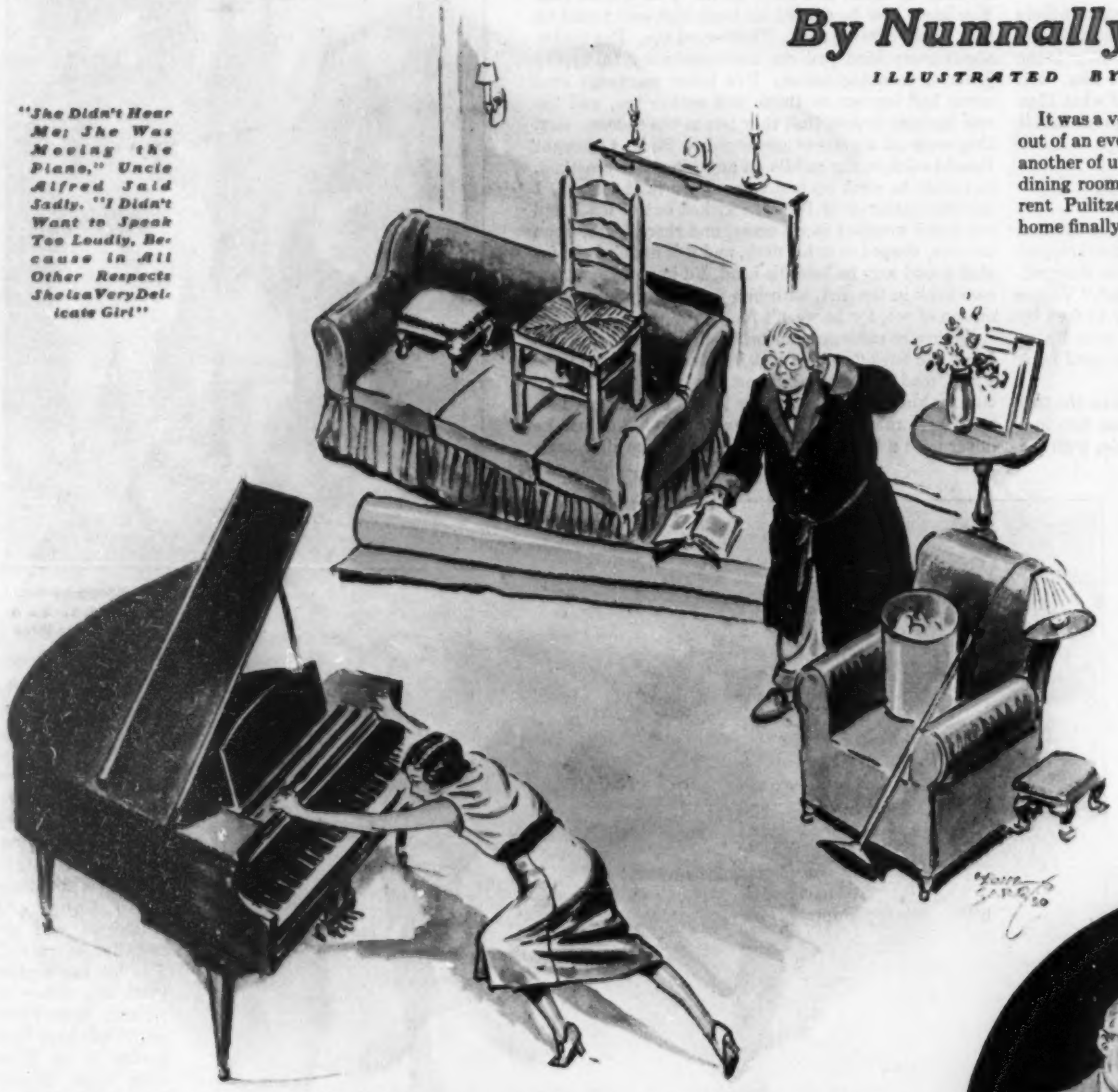
"I'LL tell you something about Man o' War and race horses. You think they're just dumb animals. Do you know he broke the hearts of a dozen great horses? I said the littlest jockey could handle him with one finger. They could, too, unless another horse tried to buckle in with him. Then nothing could hold him. He'd run until the other horse curled up. One day during the exercising at Saratoga a horse named Bully Boy tried to pass him. Somebody thought a lot of Bully Boy and wanted to see how he'd stack up against Red without letting on what they was at. The boy couldn't hold Red and we timed him. He ran five-eighths of a mile in fifty-eight seconds flat, and that was the last we heard of Bully Boy. Old Red ran a lot

(Continued on Page 149)

# THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW

## By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



*"She Didn't Hear Me; She Was Moving the Piano," Uncle Alfred Said Sadly. "I Didn't Want to Speak Too Loudly, Because in All Other Respects She Is a Very Delicate Girl"*

I'D SAID there wasn't a comfortable chair in the house, so Margaret had got this one, precisely what I wanted. Placing it on the right side of the fireplace, under a good reading lamp, she shoved its predecessor, a rather smaller armchair, back against the wall, moved two straight chairs upstairs, pushed the love seat toward the radiator, the divan farther out into the room, a chair from the sun parlor into the living room, and rehung three pictures.

"That's fine," I said. "Now we're settled."

Five days later she moved the new chair over to the left side of the fireplace, swapped the reading lamp for one in a guest room, brought the two straight chairs back downstairs, switched the divan and the love seat, and rehung five pictures.

"That's better," I said. "Now we're set."

Exactly a week later, in the evening, I was sitting in the new chair in its new position and reading a very gripping novel, when suddenly a cold chill swept over me, followed by such a shudder as one is said to experience when somebody walks over one's future grave. I looked up, frightened. Margaret stood in the center of the room, a thoughtful hand to her mouth; she was studying the arrangement of the furniture.

"Darling," I said.

"That divan," she said, as though to herself, "is wrong. It ought to be over there. We could put it over there, swap that butterfly table and that arm table, push that large chair over there ——"

"I know," I said wearily, "and rehang eight pictures."

"What?"

"Listen, honey," I said, feeling that matters were beginning to call for a bit of talking over. "Why don't you just sit down and relax for a moment?"

"Relax?"

"Just relax. Let the muscles sag naturally. Let the hands droop over the arms of the chair, like little lilies, as it were. Let the head fall back against the pillow. Let all of the air out of the lungs. The truth is, you are overwrought; the purchase of this chair has been too much for you emotionally. You need relaxation."

"That divan," she said, "is wrong."

"Wrong? What's wrong with it?"

"It's in the wrong place."

"It's in practically the only place it hasn't been in this room. But we might try it out in the kitchen, or even in the garage. How would that suit you?"

"I believe it belongs back where it was."

"Look, darling," I said; "did I ever tell you the story of my Uncle Alfred, somewhat along these same lines?"

"Is that the barmy one?"

"I wish you wouldn't keep referring to my relatives as barmy," I protested. "Every time I mention somebody related to me, up you pop with that same question. Do I ever say anything about that half-witted cousin of yours—the one in Sing Sing?"

"The love seat's not right there either."

"What do you say we put it on the roof?"

"What?"

"Sit down, dear," I repeated. "We've reached the point now where we'll have to speak plainly, with frankness on both sides. Things can go on no longer as they are. We are face to face with a problem—one that's got to be solved immediately. And it may be that Uncle Alfred's experience can help us."

"That spindle-leg table ——"

My Uncle Alfred—I insisted firmly—did not marry until late in life—that is, late in life as marriage is figured in our family. At thirty-two he was still single, apparently a confirmed bachelor, and living in a comfortable parlor-bedroom-and-bath in the Murray Hill district, where he'd moved ten years before.

It was a very quiet life that he led. Occasionally he went out of an evening; generally in the company of one lady or another of unquestioned propriety. They had dinner in the dining room of a proper hotel and then attended the current Pulitzer-Prize-winning play or its equivalent. At home finally, after seeing her to her door, he smoked a last pipe, crawled into bed and was almost instantly asleep with a clean, clear conscience.

Other evenings he escorted this young lady or that to the apartment of married friends, where bridge was played; or else, in an old dressing gown and pajamas, his feet in felt slippers, he sat beside his fire and read a good book, or just sat and thought out big problems which presented themselves in the editorial pages of newspapers.

Quiet it was, but comfortable, and himself as even-tempered and serene a man as I've ever known. We—the rest of the family—saw him regularly every Sunday afternoon, when he called on grandmother, and on grandmother's birthday, Thanksgiving and Christmas, when we all sat down to dinner together. Sometimes we wondered, naturally, about his marrying, but as the years passed and nothing happened, we finally gave in to the inevitable conclusion that he was too happy in his present state to risk himself in another.

We had just about settled this point to our own satisfaction when Uncle Alfred

*There Was a Faint, Hunted Look in His Eyes*

walked in with his bride. They had met quietly, courted quietly and wedded quietly, as was Uncle Alfred's way. Her name, he said, was Victorine, and as soon as they got settled in a new apartment he'd leased, he hoped we'd all call on them.

At first glance she was just the girl for him—sweet, gentle of manner, pretty in a demure fashion, and with none of this vo-de-odo-boop-adoop-doop stuff about her. Grandmother and the girls, Uncle Alfred's sisters, took to her on the spot. "A womanly woman," they said. "She'll make a home for Alfred."

I liked her, too, but it seemed to me there was something a little odd there. Nothing you could place your finger on, but a nervous eye—an eye that shifted uncertainly from divan to chair, chair to table, table to picture—and hands that opened and shut eagerly, as though aching to be at something whereof I knew nothing. Too, she licked her lips with her tongue wickedly, once when her eyes rested on

a hassock which grandmother had by her chair. But, as I say, nothing you could place definitely; just a suggestion of something a trifle queer.

They were happy, very happy, that six months. I rarely saw them myself, but the reports were good. The apartment had been found and furnished, the happy couple had adjusted themselves to their new mode of life, and the goose hung high. We were all quite pleased.

Then, one morning, Uncle Alfred called up George, my brother, who also worked downtown, and they had lunch together. It puzzled George, because it was so unheard of; Uncle Alfred wasn't the lunching-together kind. And the lunch itself was just as queer. It apparently had no point whatever; Uncle Alfred, seemingly somehow worried, just sat and ate and stared thoughtfully at George.

"You and Julie all right?" he asked finally.

"Couldn't be better," George told him.

"That's fine," Uncle Alfred said. Then he sighed deeply. "All—all settled now?"

"Oh, sure." Since George and Julie had been married for four years, the question did not seem to have much sense to it. "We're settled all right."

"That's fine," Uncle Alfred said again. "That's mighty fine." Once more he sighed. "I was just thinking of your furniture. Is that all settled too?"

"Of course. Why?"

"Oh, nothing! Nothing at all!" Uncle Alfred hastened to explain. "Just interested, you know—about how you were getting on, and your furniture, and everything. Just wanted to know."

"Yes," George said, "we're all set, I suppose."

"That's fine. That's mighty fine. That's mighty fine indeed."

He started to say something else, George said, but after some form of spiritual struggle, he decided not to. But George noticed, he told me, that Uncle Alfred wasn't quite his old serene self; there was a faint, hunted look in his eyes. He was nervous, too, and at the passing of every female, clutched his chair and the table desperately, one with each hand.

"Mighty queer," George added.

"Mighty queer indeed," I agreed.

"Not like the old Uncle Alfred."

"A world of difference."

Silence settled down then over the little love nest, as silence can settle down over a love nest only in New York, and we heard no more from it for three weeks, when once more Uncle Alfred emerged from the murk, this time to confer with his brother, my Uncle Frank. And now there was no getting away from it: Uncle Alfred was suffering. Something terrible was obviously gnawing at his vitals.

"Frank," he said, "how do you get along with Madge?"

"Madge who?" asked Uncle Frank, who was absent-minded.

*"I'd Like to Bet You Ten Thousand Dollars," the Cop Said to Uncle Alfred, "That This Ain't the First Time That Mrs. Parker Has Moved Things Around a Little"*

"Madge, your wife."

"Oh, her!" Relieved, Uncle Frank laughed. "Why, we get along first-rate. Why? Is there talk?"

"I mean about furniture," Uncle Alfred insisted. "Does she worry you much about furniture?"

"Furniture!" Uncle Frank was naturally astonished. "Why should she worry me about furniture?"

For a minute Uncle Alfred said nothing, but just bit his lower lip. Then: "Frank," he said, "under ordinary circumstances I'd be the last man to utter a word about my wife. Under ordinary circumstances a man who did that would be a cad and a bounder. But these are not ordinary circumstances, and there is no use trying to blind myself to the fact any longer: Victorine, Frank, moves furniture!"

"For a living?" exclaimed Uncle Frank, who was also a little slow on the uptake.

"No, no! For fun, I suppose."

Then it all came out. Uncle Alfred had married a living-room-furniture motorman, a divan-and-chair manipulator. Under this surface of sweetness and gentleness there lurked in Victorine a demon that just couldn't bear to see a table not on the go daily. Her eyes had glittered, her palms itched, when first she entered the new apartment Uncle Alfred had got, and from that day on, he explained sadly, he had had no peace.

"We've all but got the furniture on wheels," he said moodily. "The living room has got ruts and grooves in it like a railroad freight yard, and all day and half the night there is a steady rumble of heavy pieces of furniture being shoved from this place to that. That's the kind of thing that upsets a man."

Never having noticed his own furniture for some years, Uncle Frank did not know exactly what to say.

"The way I like a piece of furniture," Uncle Alfred went on, "is that when you leave it on a spot in the morning, it is still there on that spot when you get home that evening, not up in the attic or out in the nasturtium bed, or somewhere like that. That big chair of mine that I had before I was married was never moved two inches during the whole ten years I had it; about the only way I can sit in it now is sort of hop it as it goes by, hoping it won't be carried up or down any steps."

"Well," Uncle Frank said uncertainly, "did you ever mention it to her? I mean about not shoving the hell out of the furniture?"

"Once I said something."

"Well?"

"She didn't hear me; she was moving the piano," Uncle Alfred said sadly. "I didn't want to speak too loudly, because in all other respects she is a very delicate girl."

"Myself," Uncle Frank said, "I'd say something to her, and I'd say it good and loud."

"You would?"

"I wouldn't hesitate a second."

"If Madge was that way, would you say something to her?"

"Madge who?"

"Madge, your wife."

"Oh, her! Sure I'd say it to Madge. Why not?"

When these accounts were brought to the family there developed, I was interested to note, two schools of thought, male and female. The uncles and nephews were with Uncle Alfred to a man; the girls, the aunts and nieces, on the other hand, claimed to be able to see eye to eye with Victorine. "The child," they said, "is simply trying to make a home for a man who has become self-centered and cranky through living alone so long. How on earth can one tell how things are going to look until you try them out a bit! Land sakes alive!"

Grandmother alone took no side, having for years been too weak for such jolly fun as pushing beds about the house. "But when I was a girl!" she hinted darkly.

*(Continued on Page 99)*

*Uncle Alfred Had Victorine by the Throat With One Hand and Was Pointing Violently to the Spot*

# DETECTIVES IN THE HOUSE

*"And Wot of 'Is Grace?" Captain Peabody Asked Solemnly*

## By Vincent Sheean

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

THE Hepplewhite drawing-room seemed hateful to Mrs. Osgood in this moment, as she contemplated the ruin which had been wrought in it. She had paid entirely too much for the house in the first place, she saw now, and if she were to add any further sums to the total already extracted from poor George, it would have to be after a very long interval indeed. George's patience had given out. In time, she supposed, he might become docile again, but at the moment there was no hope. She was sorry she had bought the house, sorry she had given the dinner, sorry she was alive. Tears of self-pity had already exhausted three handkerchiefs, and as she fished wearily in her hand bag for another, she reflected that she must be rather a sight. It didn't matter, of course, since there was nobody in the house but detectives—detectives and servants, who probably spied more, but mattered even less, and who certainly would never notice one red nose the more in this vale of sorrow.

There was no handkerchief in the hand bag. Was ever woman so put upon by fate? She had, then, either to climb all those dismal stairs to her dismal Marie Antoinette bedroom—why on earth she had let herself be persuaded into buying so many mauve curtains, she could not conceive—or else, yielding all pride, to ring for the new butler and ask him to ask her maid to get her a handkerchief.

And that, she confessed to herself, she did not dare. It would be too weak. She ought to have more stamina. The new butler, whose name was Higgins, had spent his life running the households of various horse-faced, ash-blond women of the aristocracy. Higgins' former mistresses—she ran them over in her mind, savoring each syllable as it caressed her imagination—would never have allowed the loss of a few emeralds to disturb them. They would have made a joke of it, borne up, carried on. But then, again, the loss of a few emeralds would not have been catastrophe to them, except perhaps financially. They would not have faced Mrs. Osgood's dreadful alternatives.

She sighed and reached for a cigarette. The parade of Higgins' former mistresses through her mind had soothed her a little. She lit the cigarette, straightened up, took a deep breath. For a moment she could almost fancy herself in the rôle of one of those iron-fibered women of Higgins' past. She rang the bell and he came in.

"Have the detectives gone?" she asked. It wasn't a success, she could tell at once; Higgins had seen through her; there was a slightly contemptuous look on his gray old face.

"They have, madam," he said conclusively.

"There's one more coming," she said for the third or fourth time. "Show him in at once, but I'm not at home to anybody else."

"Very well, ma'am."

There was composure for you, she reflected bitterly. Two full days since the emeralds had vanished, and in all that time Higgins had done nothing but say, "Very well, madam," and open and close doors. And this in spite of the fact that the detectives—stupid creatures—insisted on regarding him as the chief suspect. She knew well enough who had taken the emeralds, and so, probably, did Higgins, but there was nothing to equal the stupidity of detectives. Knowing what she did, she had been silly to call them in at all. Nobody could help her; it was a situation she must face alone.

"Captain Peabody," said Higgins, and went out.

Well, this was the last of them. She rose to greet him listlessly. He would be of no more use to her than the others, but at least she would be able to report to George that she had tried everything. She was aroused to closer attention when the full import of Captain Peabody became clear to her vision.

"Dear me," she said aloud, in dismay. And then, hastily: "Oh, I'm so glad you've come, Captain Peabody. Perhaps you'll be able to help me."

She had been startled, shaken out of herself, at the sight of the man. Large, overdressed, red-faced, he looked like something one sees at the races. It was inconceivable that this portentous creature should be a detective. "I do believe," she said to herself, "that he is going to hold my hand forever, and I'm sure there'll be oil on it afterward." She struggled with the impulse to send him away at once. He had an enormous diamond on the little finger of his enormous left hand. Where under heaven, she wondered, do detectives come from?—so odd they are, no two alike, all shapes and sizes, and not a brain among the lot of them. She became aware that Captain Peabody was speaking, had been speaking, in a low, vibrant, histrionic voice which somehow, by its very absurdity, was solace to her nerves.

"I do beg your pardon," she said, sitting down. "Will you repeat that? Or does it matter? Will you have a whisky-and-soda, or shall I ring for fresh tea?"

Captain Peabody would have a whisky-and-soda, and poured it himself from the decanter. He had been honored by her call, and would do anything in his power to help her. He had had the pleasure of counting her husband among his clients in a little business matter some few months ago.

This aroused her from the contemplation of his checked trousers and his round, friendly face.

"My husband?" she said blankly. "But he's in America."

"I know," said Captain Peabody in his rich, friendly, cockney voice. His tone was almost affectionate toward her already. She wanted, even in the depths of her woe, to laugh; he would be patting her hand and calling her his dear in a moment. "But absence only makes the 'eart grow fonder, they sye," he added confidentially.

*The Chief Suspect*

"Really," she thought, "if this man can ever have been a captain, with an accent like that, he must have performed prodigies of valor." She liked his voice and that moon-red face, now that the original shock was over, but she was glad she had told Higgins not to let anybody else in. He made rather a splotch on her drawing-room.

"I wonder if you know why I've called you in, Captain Peabody," she said. It was an opening, merely; she had not expected him to reply, and was pondering her next words when he broke in.

"About that little matter o' the hemeralds, I expect," he said soothingly, reaching for his whisky.

"But how ——" She stared at him. "Don't tell me," she whispered, suddenly chilled with fear—"don't tell me that the loss of those emeralds is known?"

The captain sipped his whisky appreciatively. Something very like a wink obscured one of his sharp little blue eyes for a moment.

"Well, not precisely known, as you might say," he said. "There's been nothink in the papers abaht it, and I dare say Scotland Yard doesn't know it yet, but you can't 'ave private inquiry agents and jewelers and a hinsurance company all interested in a matter without 'aving a little somethink whispered rahnd abaht. Wot Peabody knows is not, 'owever, wot the general public knows. Peabody 'as 'is own sources of information at all times."

She kept her eyes gratefully on him. He was so large, so warm, so comforting. He was the sort of person described as jovial, or jolly, and under ordinary circumstances Mrs. Osgood would have taken steps to get him out of the house with the greatest feasible speed. At present, however, his rotund and decorated intrusion sustained her like a pontoon over treacherous waters.

"I didn't know," she said helplessly. "I suppose I was foolish to think it could be kept secret."

"Wot's more," said Captain Peabody, "it'll be a rare treat to the newspapers when they get 'old of it."

"Oh, no," she moaned, "for heaven's sake don't speak of the newspapers. I am ready to do anything to stop it before it goes to the newspapers. I couldn't endure that."

"There's no way to keep it out of the papers," said the captain, finishing his whisky. "Once the police are called in, it's a public matter."

"They'll never be called in," she said. "I'll pay for the emeralds first."

It was the captain who stared now. "Pay for them?" he said. "But aren't they paid for? And insured?"

"Insured, but not paid for," she said. "I thought you knew that. You seemed to know. The emeralds belonged to Holderness & Smith, the jewelers in Regent Street. They were insured for a hundred thousand pounds—that is, these four that were taken. I paid the premiums, and the insurance money will be paid to Holderness & Smith."

"Then," said the captain practically, "it'd do no good for you to pay for them. The insurance company would still want to know where they were, if there's a policy on them. So might the jewelers."

Mrs. Osgood had not thought of this aspect of the matter, and she sighed again.

"Besides," he pursued, "one 'undred thousand pounds is a great deal of money."

"Don't you suppose I know it?" she said. "Oh, I beg your pardon. I don't mean to be rude, but I've been through two days of this, and it's made me infinitely nervous and wretched." She paused, dabbed a bit at one eye with her handkerchief, and faced him resolutely. "I'm half inclined to tell you all about it," she said.

"If you want me to find your emeralds for you, you'd better," he said, smiling broadly. "And if you do tell me," he added, "I'll guarantee to find the hemeralds."

The vagaries of his accent pleased her. Suddenly she smiled and put out her hand. "Captain Peabody," she said gently, rivaling, in her way, the almost affectionate tones of his cockney voice, "I think I know where the emeralds are. I know, at least, who took them."

The captain was all smiles.

"There, now," he said admiringly. "So wot's the good of a lot of detectives anyhow? 'Oo is the custodian of the hemeralds? Don't tell me it's yourself!"

He was positively skittish. She was sorry for him, but she would have to tell him; she had told none of the others, but there was no time to be lost now.

"It's ——"

She stopped and looked round the room, then leaned over and whispered a name to him.

"Madam!" he said, outraged. "Madam! You mean that 'Is Grace the Dook of ——"

She nodded her head slowly.

"It's impossible!" he exploded. "It can't be! Think—reflect!" He seemed wounded in some concealed but vital loyalty. For a moment he glared at her. Then he burst into laughter. "Oh, that's rich!" he bellowed, slapping his knee and rocking back and forth. "My eye, that's rich!"

She perceived that he would have to be recalled to the realities of the situation.

"It may be rich, as you say, Captain Peabody," she remarked frigidly, "but it is quite true. And it places me in what I may describe as an utterly false position. I have either to pay for the wretched emeralds, which is practically impossible, or else accuse His Grace of theft, which is worse. I need not remind you that I have called you here to help me avoid these very disagreeable alternatives."

The captain was himself again in a moment—sympathetic, attentive.

"I know," he said in sudden gloom. "I know." He became businesslike and hitched at his chair. "Suppose you tell me the 'ole story," he suggested, "and then I can ask questions. Begin at the beginning."

"Very well," she said. "Ten days ago I went in to Holderness & Smith, in Regent Street, and asked to see some large emeralds, both cut and uncut."

"If you will forgive me, Mrs. Osgood, I shall ask you to begin a little farther back," the captain said smoothly. "Why were you in need of these emeralds?"

She had the feeling that he had changed his identity. His eyes had become keener and shrewder, his voice less unctuous. There would be no point in concealing anything, she thought.

"To show to the Duke," she said. "He has a passion for emeralds." She looked into the fire and decided to tell this baroque creature the whole story. "The night before last," she said, "His Grace was here for dinner. You may or may not be aware that he is the most difficult man in London. He has not gone to half a dozen dinner parties since he was old enough to be asked. His acceptance of my invitation was ——" She waved her hand hopelessly in the air. "You see what it was," she said. "Stupid of me, no doubt, but I regarded it as a—as a sort of achievement."

"What were the circumstances of the invitation?" the captain asked. "And of the acceptance?" he added softly, as if talking to himself.

She darted a glance at him, but he was not being impertinent. No doubt he had to know everything.

"I simply asked him to come," she said a trifle defiantly. "This house once belonged to him—he lived in it as a child—and I determined that my first dinner party in it should be for him. There were several obstacles. One was that I did not know him. The second was that he never accepts invitations."

She passed her hand over her brow, got a cigarette, and stood by the fire with her back turned to Captain Peabody, smoking.

"I made inquiries," she went on, "and found that the Duke's one passion was for emeralds. He collects them. He sometimes travels great distances just to see and examine celebrated emeralds. I went to Holderness & Smith and said that I wanted six or eight very beautiful, perfect emeralds, of good weight, for use on one evening only. Then, when the arrangements had been made, I wrote to His Grace and asked him to dine here and see some emeralds which I considered worthy of his examination."

She turned back from the fireplace and looked at Captain Peabody again. "That's the part of my story that's hardest for me to tell," she said, "and I've told it to nobody else." Her face was a little flushed, and her hand fluttered nervously with her handkerchief.

*"He Did a Great Deal of Handling of Them—Turning Them Over in His Fingers, Holding Them to His Cheek"*

"It was courageous of you to tell me," the captain said with utter gravity; and even if he did pronounce it "courigeous," the word seemed to convey an authentic admiration for which she was, at the moment, grateful.

"That's kind," she said. "Thank you. As a matter of fact, it is rather courageous of me. No woman ever likes to admit a thing like that. But you must know the whole story if you are to help me. . . . Holderness & Smith had only two or three of the sort of emeralds I wanted—really remarkable stones, museum pieces. They sent a man to Amsterdam and Paris to collect the others. I paid all those expenses, besides a large fee to them for their work. When the jewelers had finished they had a suite of eight very large, beautiful emeralds, of which each one was separately categoried and insured for its full value. Each stone was a fortune in itself. The insurance people made difficulties when they learned the nature of the risk, and the premiums were colossal. I paid them, however, before the jewels left Holderness & Smith's shop."

"And wot of 'Is Grace?" Captain Peabody asked solemnly. He had been examining, with intense interest, the insurance papers which Mrs. Osgood had handed him. He still held them in his hands and read them as she spoke.

"I wrote to His Grace a week ago," said Mrs. Osgood. "That was on the tenth. On the twelfth I received a reply from his secretary, saying that His Grace disliked large dinner parties, but that if there would be no more than ten people present he would consent to dine here on the seventeenth and examine the emerald pieces I had written to him about. I had, of course, asked him to fix the date himself."

"Of course," said Captain Peabody with reverence.

"I then wrote," Mrs. Osgood said, making a supreme effort of heroism, "to a number of people whom I did not know, or whom I knew very slightly, and asked them to dine to meet His Grace."

Captain Peabody nodded his head slowly. He looked as if he might begin to whistle at any moment.

"They all accepted," Mrs. Osgood pursued. "Four of them had refused every invitation they'd previously received from me," she added bitterly. "Only one was a friend of mine. The others I scarcely knew, or didn't know at all. The diagram of the table is here; I have it ready for you."

She went over to a desk at the other side of the room and brought a long sheet of paper back to him.

"There," she said, not without a trace of pride. She found it surprisingly easy to lay herself bare like this to Captain Peabody; as a cockney, she thought sourly, he would be sure to understand the imperious and unreasonable nature of one's desire to give dinner to duchesses. She was loathing herself at the moment, and stood over by the fire to do it in privacy. One of her handkerchiefs was almost dry again.

Captain Peabody examined the diagram with great care, his eyes and lips round. By now the whistle was almost bursting from him. Every name on the list was known to him—and not only to him. There was scarcely a name written there which did not set up reverberations in the mind, of battles fought centuries ago, of courts and pageantries, of innumerable stories told. Captain Peabody's look wandered from square to square of the diagram and back again to the head. It was inconceivable that any of those ten people could have stolen Mrs. Osgood's emeralds.

"At what time were the emeralds delivered to you?" he asked. "And please tell me exactly what happened to them afterward, in chronological order."

"They were brought to me at six o'clock on the evening of the seventeenth, the night before last," she said, arousing herself. "That's just two days ago. It seems years. I was in this room. I signed a receipt for them and gave the insurance papers to the jewelers' agent. I put the emeralds in a hand bag on that desk. When I went to my room half an hour later, I took the bag with me. I left my room at about ten minutes past eight, came down here and put

*(Continued on Page 128)*

# England's War on Ugliness

## By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

ENGLISHMEN of a certain station in life are apt to be hedged about by various fixed beliefs, such as, that it is next to impossible for an Englishman to be a statesman unless he is a graduate of Eton College, which is not a college at all; that one cannot sit in the orchestra of a London theater at night unless one is wearing evening clothes; that boiled mutton must be eaten at least once a week; that there is nothing in England to compare with the commercial-mindedness of Americans; that England is not only more beautiful than any other country but that it has always been more beautiful and must always remain so; that all Americans speak English badly, whereas all Englishmen speak it well; and that the verb "to hunt" can only mean to hunt foxes on horseback with the assistance of hounds.

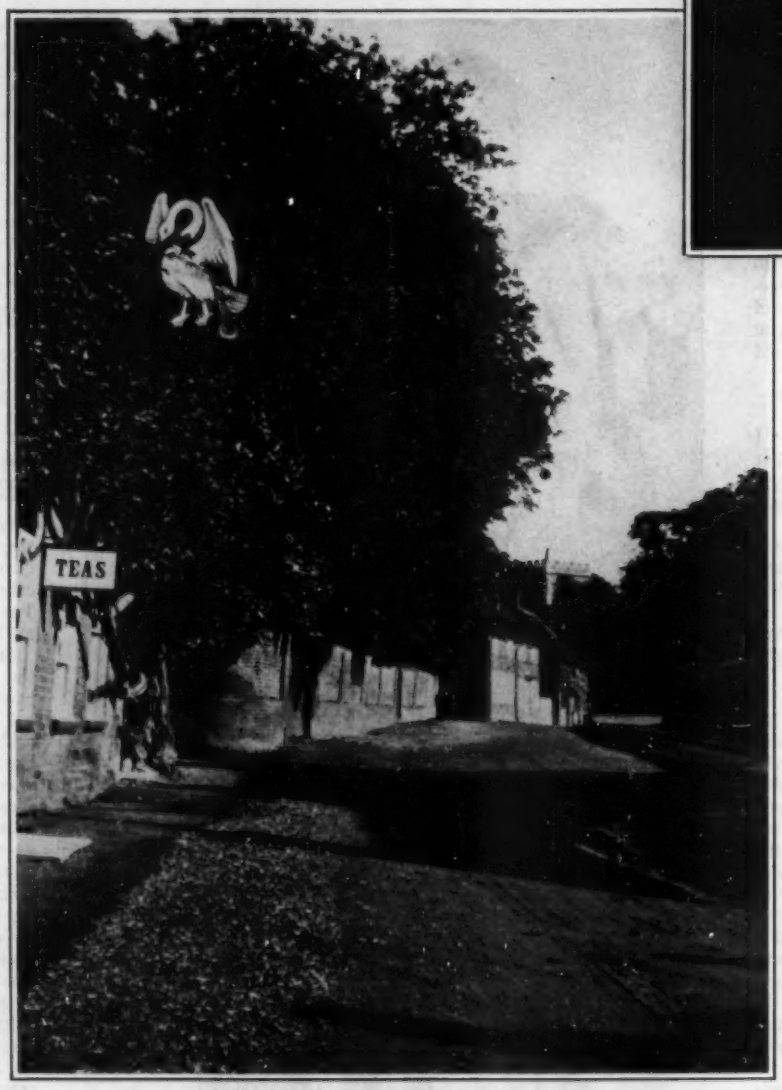
Most of the fixed beliefs peculiar to Englishmen are harmless, and, on the whole, they are nothing to worry about and not worth changing. It is, however, a fact that most of them would be well-nigh unchangeable, even though a change should be urgently needed. There are many Englishmen who know that the fixed beliefs held by their fellow countrymen are erroneous; who know, for example, that a few Englishmen have become statesmen in spite of going to Harrow instead of to Eton; that no public riot will result from the appearance in an orchestra stall, after dark, of a person in a sack suit; and that there are sections of Devonshire and Cornwall where an Englishman from other parts of England cannot make himself understood without the assistance of an interpreter. Yet these more enlightened Englishmen have found, from long experience, that when an Englishman has a fixed and erroneous belief, it can only be argued out of him with a club, or through years of patient and persistent endeavor.

### A Law to Pass a Law

IT WAS so in the days of King John, when the barons were obliged to use a club in order to persuade the king that they had a few rights; it was so in the days of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, when Pitt and his followers were unable to convince the fixed-belief Englishmen that Americans had any rights at all; and it is so today, when millions of Englishmen, because of their pathetically fixed belief in the imperishable beauty of England, stare unseeingly at the ever-rising flood of advertising signs, cheap and unsightly dwellings, and messy filling stations that are threatening to inundate the countryside, and carefully close their ears to the anguished screams of those who see things as they are. Fortunately for England, there is another peculiarity that seems to be possessed in common by most Englishmen, and that is the habit of raising a loud and disagreeable uproar over any meddling with their property rights. It is the nature of Englishmen to be careful about their belongings, just as it is the nature of Americans to be careless. These national traits may be clearly observed in European tourist circles, where it is notorious that at an overcharge of a few dollars, an American will shrug his shoulders uncomfortably and vanish uncomplainingly from the scene; whereas an Englishman, at an overcharge or a fancied overcharge, will become as argumentative as though an attempt had been made to remove his right arm.

Thus there was trouble when the fields of Kent and Surrey and Sussex, the thatched cottages of Devonshire and the picturesque outskirts of scores upon scores of pleasant English villages began to be swallowed up by standardized slums and to disappear behind a welter of billboards.

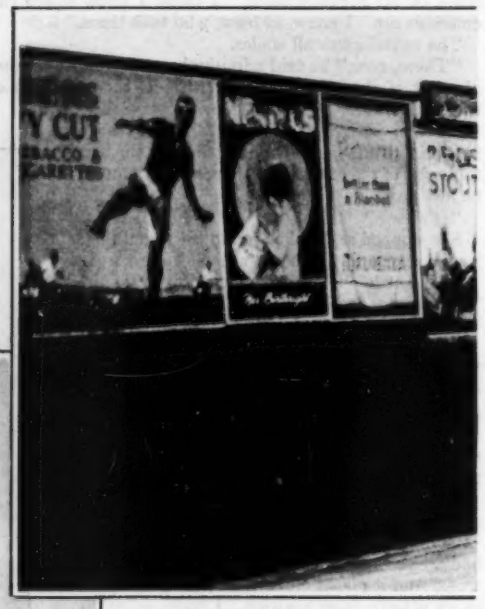
Enlightened Englishmen saw at once that they were being robbed of the peace and serenity of rural England, which had been established and improved and defended against invasion by generation upon generation of their forefathers. Therefore, they demanded in no uncertain terms, as is the custom of Englishmen, that their rights in the English landscape be protected by laws. As a result of their demands, they eventually hounded Parliament into passing a law permitting towns and counties to make laws that would give them the protection they needed. The British Parliament is conservative, however, and it would not pass a law saying: "The scenery of England is hereby protected from such-and-such eyesores." All it would do was to say: "The scenery of England needs protection, and towns and counties are hereby given the right to pass laws that will protect them from such-and-such eyesores."




*Good Advertising in a Buckingham Village*

This was something, but it was by no means everything, for the bulk of the persons residing in English towns and counties are fixed-belief Englishmen—Englishmen, in short, who believe, among other things, that England is not only more beautiful than any other country but that it has always been more beautiful and must always remain so. These Englishmen were blissfully unaware of the fact that the enterprising billboard advertisers were robbing them of anything at all; and until they could be argued out of their lethargy and freed from this particular fixed belief, they could not see the need of passing laws to protect their scenery.

Consequently, England, for the past few years, has been divided into two camps. On one side are arrayed the enlightened Englishmen, eternally persisting in their efforts to make unenlightened Englishmen protect themselves against the encroachments of manufacturing and advertising interests; and on the other side are drawn up the ignorant Englishmen, who are largely devoid of good taste, of æsthetic appreciation, of a knowledge of what constitutes beauty, charm or picturesqueness.



*On the Outskirts of a Village Before*

### Good Taste Begins at Home

AND it may be remarked in passing that the American public, from time to time, has taken a number of beatings from the tongues and pens of English lecturers and novelists because of the lack of culture and good taste that, to hear the critics tell it, universally characterizes American life; but it is my impression that no such charges will ever be made by any Englishman who has fruitlessly attempted to force a glimmering of good taste into the head of the average middle-class Briton, or has looked beneath the picturesque exteriors of English villages and found the filth and ignorance that so often exist beneath them.

It is not my intention to speak pettishly of our English cousins, and to avoid any such accusation I might mention here a book of photographs published in 1929 by the Design and Industries Association of England. This book was recommended to all Britishers by the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, "because it is necessary to impress upon everyone that, collectively and individually, English people are doing to England what would infuriate them if it was done to their own homes and gardens. They are making England untidy, dirty, shabby, unfit for decent people. A few photographs in this book are of England as she was in the past and as she worthily can be in the future. The majority are photographs of England as she is—of almost incredible untidiness, dirt and shabbiness brought about by carelessness, ignorance and—this is the worst of all causes—by a mistaken notion of what business is."

In the middle of May, 1930, the English Minister of Health, Mr. Greenwood, traveled down into the beautiful Cotswold Hills in the western midlands of England. Artists haunt the Cotswold Hills, because of the views to be had from them into the valleys of Evesham, Gloucester and Berkeley, into the valleys of the upper Thames and the Avon, and across the distant hills of Herefordshire and the

Forest of Dean; and because of the picturesque Cotswold cottages that are sprinkled through them.

Mr. Greenwood had traveled to the Cotswold Hills for the purpose of opening four Cotswold cottages—four new ones—that had been built for the Witney Rural District

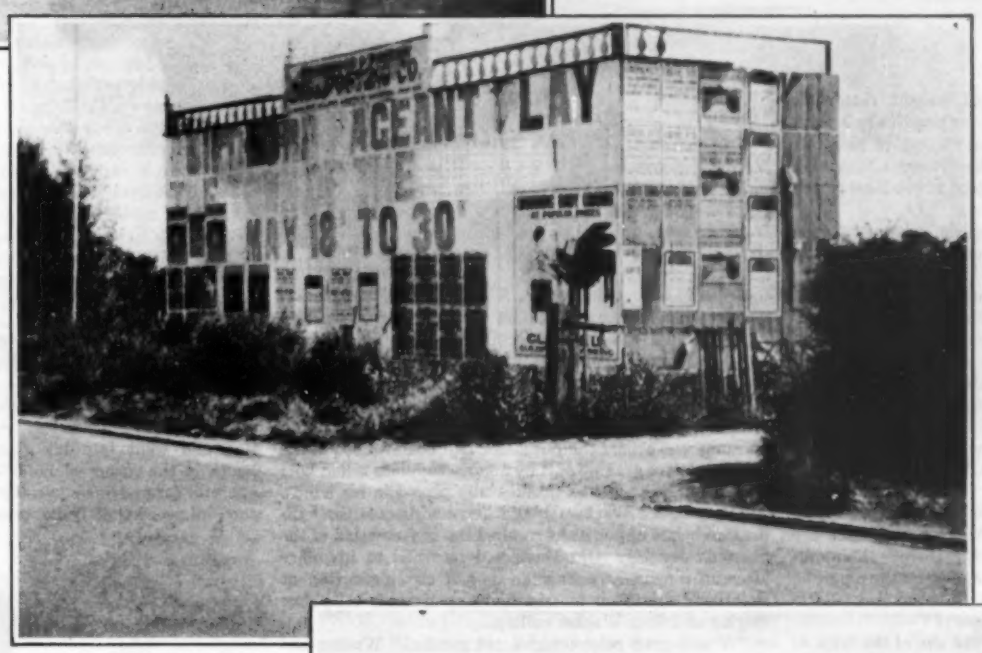
*the Anti-Billboard Law*

Council by Mr. Stafford Cripps, a wealthy landowner of the neighborhood. Mr. Cripps had built the cottages because the Witney Rural District Council, wishing to build four cottages, had decided to build four nice modern brick cottages like the brick cottages that are built in lots of two or three thousand at a time in the suburbs of English cities. Mr. Cripps then stepped to the front and said he wished to preserve the traditional beauty of the Cotswolds, and that if the Rural District Council would give him the money they proposed to spend on the four brick cottages, he would build them four traditional Cotswold cottages that would be in perfect harmony with their surroundings. The Rural District Council did this, and Mr. Cripps built the four cottages for £444 10s. 9d. apiece, or about $2200 a cottage.

### *The Council to Preserve Rural England*

AT THE opening of these four cottages, which will be rented to workmen by the Witney Rural District Council at six shillings a week, exclusive of taxes, Mr. Greenwood made a speech in which he said that the housing conditions in many of the rural areas of England are a disgrace. There are houses in the Cotswolds with beautiful exteriors, he said, but with interiors that are unworthy of present-day Englishmen. "Many of us," Mr. Greenwood declared, "are ashamed of what the generation before us has done and what, indeed, people of this generation are doing to defile the countryside." There is no reason, he added, why they should invade the countryside with structures that are foreign to it; and there is not much to be gained by imitating some of the dreary streets of London or Birmingham. In closing he remarked, with more than a touch of acrimony, that England would never be a self-respecting nation so long as she permitted—as she is permitting—families to dwell under conditions which are not merely depressing but are unhealthy and demoralizing as well.

The chief weapons of the enlightened Englishmen who are struggling, as so many hundreds of thousands of Americans are struggling, to put an end to what Mr. Greenwood called the defiling of the countryside, are various private organizations and a few laws. Most powerful of the organizations is the Council for the Preservation of Rural England. This organization is powerful because it is a union, effected in 1926, of all the different societies which have been working, for varying lengths of time and with varying degrees of success, to put an end to different phases of the ugliness which has been spreading through the fields, villages and towns of England. It is made up of a number of constituent bodies—the Royal Institute of British Architects, for example, the Scapa Society, the Town-Planning Institute, the Royal Automobile Club, the National Federation of Women's Institutes, the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, the Royal Society of Arts, the Institute of Builders, the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, the Institution of Electrical Engineers, and so on. With it are affiliated a large number of local societies, such as the Ardingly Countryside Protection League, the Cambridge Preservation Society, the Conservators of Ashdown Forest, the Design and Industries Association, the Federation of Rambling Clubs, the Oxford Preservation Trust, the Royal Victorian Association of Architects, the Society for Safeguarding the Natural Beauty of the Lake District, the Surrey Anti-Litter League and scores of others.




*Signs That Were Abolished Under the Anti-Billboard Law*

### *A Memorandum the Prime Minister Heeds*

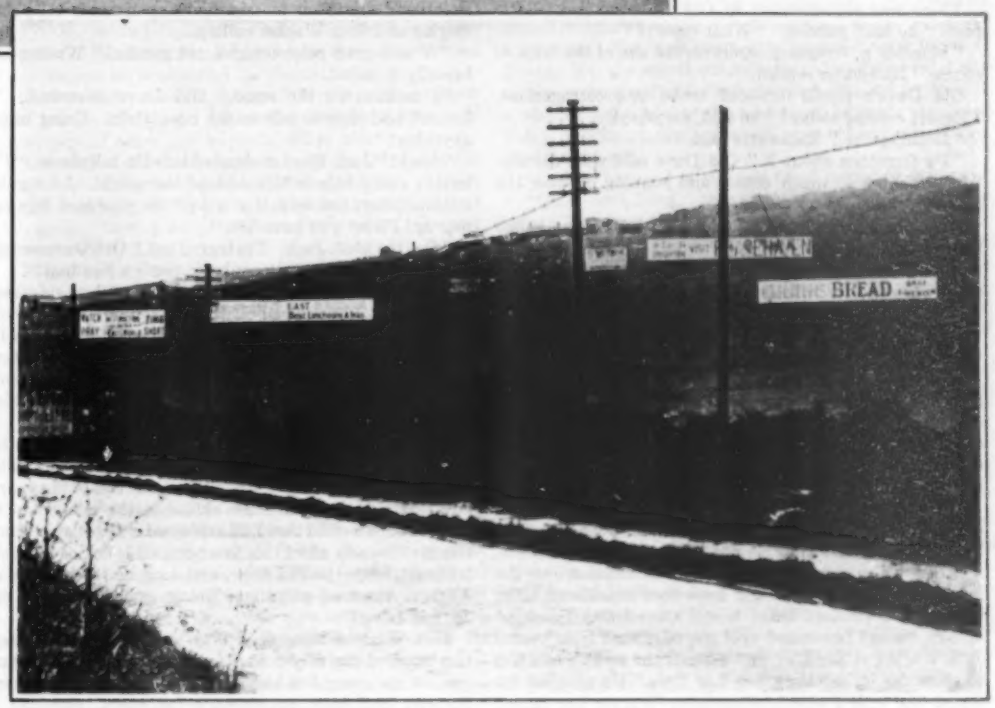
THUS the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, having the full strength of many influential societies and names behind it, is able to enlist more support in Parliament, with high government officials and in the newspapers than would be possible if the societies were not united. When the Council for the Preservation of Rural England sends—as it recently did—a memorandum to the Prime Minister of England suggesting the proper method of road design, the most advisable treatment of overhead electric-power lines, the advisability of transforming dumps into playing fields, the need of establishing national parks and the need of wider use of town-planning powers in rural areas, the Prime Minister gives the matter immediate and careful attention, and is very likely to act favorably on the council's suggestions.

Of all the constituent bodies which make up the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, the most persistent and the most effective in the fighting of disfigurement is the Scapa Society, which for many years played a lone hand against the determination on the part of so many Englishmen to make their country—in the words of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England—"unfit for decent people."

England's two chief laws against ugliness are the Advertisements Regulation Act, 1925, and the Petroleum—Consolidation—Act, 1928. The Scapa Society was largely responsible for the passage of the Advertisements Regulation Act.

The Scapa Society was formed in 1893, when the roof billboards,

*(Continued on Page 88)*




*All These Billboards Were Removed From a Hill Under the English Anti-Billboard Law*

# COTTON HONOR

## By Kenneth Foree, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY LU KIMMEL

*"This Cotton is Not Going to be Shipped to D. O. Hord & Co., or Anyone Else Just Now," the Banker Stated Positively*

OLD DAVE BEACH, who had bought cotton for D. O. Hord & Co., of Dallas, for practically a quarter of a century, almost missed a step in his tired, waddling gait when he rounded the Wilton Courthouse square and saw a crowd of men in front of the local cotton exchange.

"Something's up," he ejaculated, knowing that men crowded around cotton exchanges only when the market was fluctuating wildly.

The steady gait of his tired and pudgy figure accelerated somewhat as he approached the gathering of cotton buyers in shirt sleeves, overalled farmers with white samples of their bales under their arms, and a scattering of business men at the door of the exchange. Men were gathered in knots, but no samples were being turned over to the buyers and no checks were being written.

As Old Dave neared the throng he heard the bull voice of the hulkish Rainwater, a local f. o. b. buyer, rumbling to a group of farmers at the curb.

"I've got all the cotton I want to gamble on, and then some," Rainwater was saying. "And you can take the chance as well as I can. . . . Hello, Dave"—he recognized the new arrival. "What's your guess on the report?"

There was apprehension in Old Dave's voice. "Report?" he said, puzzled. "What report?"

"Monthly government report on the size of the crop, of course," Rainwater replied.

Old Dave's placid forehead broke into corrugations. "Report coming today?" he said, surprised.

"Nothing else," Rainwater said.

"I'd forgotten about it," Old Dave said with dismay. "Been buying so much cotton and running all over the country, it slipped up on me."

Rainwater grinned wryly. "I wish I had known it last night," he declared. "I'd have unloaded on you. I wanted to sell a hundred and twenty-five last night, but every big shipper I called said, 'Sorry, but out of the market until after the report.' Afraid to buy, and now I've got to ride my cotton over. Did you buy much over the country last night?" he inquired.

"A little," Old Dave answered in a weary manner, and passed to a combination news stand and shine parlor in a niche adjoining the cotton exchange, where bottled soft drinks were for sale. Old Dave opened the top of the steel cooler, extracted a bottle and flipped a coin to the proprietor.

"A little," he echoed, as a few cold swallows ran down his dry throat. Minute drops of perspiration popped out on his placid forehead as he thought of last night's purchase. A little? Twenty-five bales as an accommodation over the report to a local buyer would have been considered little, but the five hundred bales, worth around fifty thousand dollars, he had purchased over the telephone from breezy Jack Wacker at Big Elm, and without the scratch of a pen to show for it, certainly was not little. He mopped his round face with a wide handkerchief. Wacker had caused him to violate an unwritten rule of D. O. Hord & Co.; for Hord, like practically all other shippers, did not countenance buying over a report, as there was no forecasting the consequences. Fluctuations in the market usually attended the crop estimate; sometimes the market hit the ceiling—the legal limit of ten dollars a bale for the day—and it was a good policy not to have much undelivered cotton purchased. On some occasions, when the market skyrocketed, cotton had not been delivered on the contract at all, the buyer taking a staggering loss, and on numerous others the purchaser had been robbed in the argumentative grading of it by an unscrupulous seller, who used, effectively, the ax accidentally placed in his hands.

"Damn Jack Wacker!" Old Dave addressed the half-drained bottle of pop as he recalled the conversation of the previous evening. Old Dave had returned to his office after an unusually worrisome day of classing cotton at Point and Jimtown, to find his long-distance telephone ringing and Jack Wacker calling.

"What's your price tonight, old gander?" Wacker had breezily inquired.

"I reckon it's the same," Old Dave answered. "I haven't had time to talk to the boss lately. Going to sell anything?"

"Am I?" Jack Wacker shouted into the telephone. "I'm buying every bale in this neck of the woods. I bought a million today, and now, if you'll get on your hind legs and pay up, I'll let you have 'em."

"Cut the bluff, Jack. I'm fagged out," Old Dave wearily told Wacker. "How many have you—a hundred?"

"A measly hundred?" Wacker echoed. "Say, old-timer, I'm doing a cotton business. If I keep on I'll take over your old D. O. Hord & Co. before the year's over, but I'll give you a good job. I bought out two or three minnows around here tonight, and, Dave"—his tone became confidential—"I'm going to sell five hundred bales. Now squeeze your price a little and I'll let you have 'em."

Old Dave demurred. "Jack, five hundred bales is a big jolt from you. Two hundred is about your financial limit."

"I'm not going to give you a job at the end of the year if you talk like that," Wacker chided in the manner of an elder toward a child that had expressed a disbelief in Santa Claus. "Nearly all of this five hundred is out of the river bottoms, heavy-bodied fiber, and long as the hair on an Angora—the kind you like. Better grab it before I call Jimmie Lang."

Five hundred bales on a fifty-cent commission meant two hundred and fifty dollars for the day's work, and there are not too many five-hundred-bale days. Jack Wacker's business had been satisfactory for years, although it usually came in hundred-bale lots about twice a week. Furthermore, Old Dave didn't want Jimmie Lang breaking into his business with Wacker.

"All right, Jack," Old Dave wearily agreed. "I'll take it. I'll report five hundred bales from you at even October New York, on the basis of middling grade. October closed at nineteen and a half cents; strict middling at half a cent premium, or twenty cents; strict low middling at a cent discount under middling, or eighteen and a half cents. Now, I don't want you to argue with me about the grade of each bale, like you did last week."

"Fair enough, Dave. I won't whisper."

Fair enough it had appeared then, but now, in less than an hour, would come that nightmare of a government report. Old Dave drained the last swallow from the bottle and placed the latter in an empty box at the side of the cooler. He waddled out of the establishment, not hearing the question of the black boy concerning the dust on his comfortable shoes. Instead of joining the noisy crowd in the exchange, Old Dave plodded up the walk, unheeding the greetings of acquaintances, past the stores that circled the courthouse square. Better call Hord. He sweated up the stairway over the Wilton National Bank. As he entered his office his huge Negro sampler and handy man, Gus, appeared from the sample room.

"Mawnin', Mistuh Dave," the big black greeted his employer.

"Morning, Gus," Old Dave returned moodily.

"Long distunce been callin' you, Mistuh Dave," the Negro informed him.

Hord had already caught the error and was on the warpath, Old Dave decided as he acknowledged the information and went into his glassed long-distance-telephone booth in the corner of his office. He was chided by the operator for arriving so tardily at his place of business and then informed that Dallas was calling.

*As He Entered His Office His Huge Sampler and Handy Man, Gus, Appeared From the Sample Room*

When the connection was completed, Hord pleasantly said, "Dave, you seem to have bought the whole Big Elm crop yesterday, but I'm glad you did. I sold five hundred bales to Liverpool and that Big Elm cotton is just what they like. How did it grade?"

"I haven't seen the cotton yet, D. O.," Old Dave replied. "I reckon I slipped a cog last night. I forgot that the Government ever issued reports, and booked it over the telephone, to be graded and shipped later. I reckon I was so tired I couldn't think."

Surprise crept into Hord's voice: "That so? I imagined that you had seen the cotton before you bought it, and had it shipped out yesterday, so there wouldn't be any danger over the report. Well, that's different. I don't know what to think, not knowing Wacker. Of course a man working as hard as you have for the last month is likely to slip up, but that does not help the situation. I don't like it. How about that fellow Wacker?" he demanded. "Is he all right?"

"He's a breezy sort, D. O., and a little irresponsible, but I think he'll stand hitched, I've traded with him for a long time. He just sold me too much cotton last night, considering his financial condition, which isn't too good."

"Well, you know the danger of buying over a report as well as I do. You had better get over there and start taking up that list before the report comes in," Hord instructed. "No, it's 9:40 now. You won't have time to get there before the report. Perhaps the market will break. It has been going up too fast lately and I wouldn't be surprised to see October close under nineteen cents today. What I called you about, Dave, was that I wanted to see that this list isn't delayed in being shipped. I want it to reach Port Estes in plenty of time to catch the boat. Now, don't let that fellow Wacker crowd you in grading it and cause you to take a loss."

Old Dave waddled down the stairway with the intention of leaving at once for Big Elm, but he glanced at his watch and saw that the report would be due shortly, and retraced his steps to the exchange. He pushed his way through a crowd of overalled farmers who, with white samples under their arms, were standing just inside the entrance of the long twenty-five-foot-wide room. The rows of comfortable chairs backed to the north wall had long been filled and in front of them stood a buzzing throng of cotton buyers and local business men that extended to the rail dividing the operator and his blackboards from the audience. Old Dave caught sight of several of the local cotton men in close conversation, as if contemplating a flyer over the report. The telegraph sounder, amplified by the inevitable red tobacco tin, was clicking noisily, and the nimble operator was skipping nervously from New York to New Orleans blackboards and scribbling quotations hurriedly in response to the rapid trading on the big exchanges. Old Dave made his way to the blackboards and gazed at the most recent quotations. October New York was down nearly half a cent—being 19.03—practically two dollars and fifty cents on the five-hundred-pound bale. Old Dave breathed a temporary sigh of relief.

*"Morning, Gus," Old Dave Said*

*Old Dave Made His Way to the Blackboards and Gazed at the Most Recent Quotations*

"That's good," he murmured, and received hard glances from a pair of business men.

"Yes, but when it goes down before a report, it usually jumps afterward," Old Dave heard a voice behind him. It was Montgomery Hunter, who had the largest-sized head in Wilton—around eight and a half. Hunter was a wise one. If the market skyrocketed he was long spot cotton; if it collapsed he proclaimed his shorts.

Rainwater was working through the crowd with an open cigar box in his hand. Inside the box were numerous folded slips of paper and as many dollar bills.

"Guessing at the Government's guess on the size of the crop, Dave," Rainwater said, exhibiting the box. "Costs a dollar to get in, and I've got nineteen already. Write out your guess. Twenty dollars or more to the smart man, and the pot's growing."

"Nope," Old Dave refused. "Twenty to one is poor gambling."

"I know what it's going to be," Montgomery Hunter declined when it was presented to him, "but I don't want to take the boys' money."

Rainwater passed on, promoting the pot. The operator stopped in his dashing to confer with two cotton buyers, accepted checks and then sped to his sending instrument, and an order went over the wire. Hedging unsold spot cotton or taking a flyer—probably the latter—Old Dave thought. Several other times the operator neglected his chalk marking to send orders. Two large planters bought more cotton over the report instead of selling futures to hedge the price of what they were raising on their land. Several others conferred eagerly, sought advice, lost enthusiasm and kept their money in their pockets. The zero hour of ten o'clock was approaching. At 9:55 the operator ceased his acrobatics as the instrument overhead became quiet, slapped his chamois skin noisily against the wall, and a cloud of white, powdered chalk erasings rose. The five minutes passed on leaden wheels. Small bets were made around Old Dave on what the government crop-reporting board would estimate the change in the crop since the last monthly report. Final predictions were sustained with arguments. The late boll-weevil damage from excessive rainfall across the Mississippi would shoot the market up. Yes, and there was drought here in parts of Texas. No, the weevil was killed by the severe winter and a representative of a big, unmentioned firm had confided in a relative that a bale to the acre would be made across the river. The instrument overhead sounded tentatively into the tobacco can.

"Sh-h-h," several of those in front passed back.

"Quiet now, boys," the operator said. "New Orleans says it'll be here in thirty seconds."

The crowd hunched forward a little closer to the rail surrounding the blackboards. Whispers prevailed, then ceased. The silence became heavy. The operator poised his chalk. With a frenzied chatter the telegraph sounder broke the silence. The operator carefully wrote down the estimate of the crop as necks craned to see the figures.

"Wow!" roared Rainwater, who had crowded into an advantageous position. "Half a million bales short from the last report! Up she goes!"

The hubbub resumed:

"She'll hit the ceiling today."

"Bet a dollar she opens up the limit."

"Don't care if she does."

Congratulations were tendered and received. Smiles were broad on the faces of all the farmers and business men and the majority of the cotton buyers. A few cotton buyers, evidently short the future market or spot cotton, did not smile. Neither did Old Dave. Montgomery Hunter, who was never wrong, had carried two hundred bales over the report. Rainwater checked the guesses and turned over the pot to a lucky out-of-town buyer, who

*(Continued on Page 105)*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions: Five Cents the Copy, $2.00 the Year ($2 weekly issues), Two Years for $3.50, Three Years for $5.00. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check.

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador): Ten Cents the Copy, $3.50 the Year, Two Years for $6.00, Three Years for $8.00, in Canadian or United States Funds.

In Argentina, Bahama Islands, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay and Venezuela: Ten Cents the Copy, $4.00 the Year. No reduction for longer periods.

In Continental Europe and the British Isles: $4.00 the Year. No reduction for longer periods.

In all other localities: $10.00 the Year. No reduction for longer periods.

Remittances from outside the United States and Canada by Postal or Express Money Order or by Bank Draft, payable in United States Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 26, 1930


## Open Season for Vandals

THOUGH not confined to any one part of the year, the strange malady which we have in mind is most virulent and destructive in the open season. Reference is made to what is commonly known as vandalism, which the dictionary defines as willful destruction or defacement of things of beauty. But the Vandals were bold and courageous men, even if they did lack a sense of the æsthetic. A Teutonic race which once inhabited the south shores of the Baltic, they could not have ravished and sacked Gaul, Spain, Northern Africa and Rome without fighting the armed forces of those regions. Even if they knocked the heads from marble statues, they first broke up the opposing cavalry.

But the modern vandal has no fighting courage. Unlike his historic predecessor, he unseats no opposing horseman before effecting his depredations; rather, he is a sneak who does his injuries when no other man is around. Moreover, this modern destroyer is so numerous that only a disease of almost pandemic proportions can possibly account for the prevalence of his type.

Yet we sometimes doubt whether people at large quite realize the lengths to which the modern vandal goes. In one city, the American Legion, as a simple tribute to the memory of the local men who made the supreme sacrifice for their country, planted several hundred trees. A small copper shield, bearing the name and service of the dead, was set in concrete and placed at the foot of each tree. A recent inspection showed that eighteen of these shields had been chiseled from their bases. Some were gone and others found near by, battered and twisted by blows from a hammer. One had been shot through, and many broken whisky bottles, evidently thrown at the shields, were found close by.

The first permanent English settlement in America was made at Jamestown, Virginia, by colonists sent out by the London Company, and the first communion service of the Anglican faith in America was held there. To mark the spot, as near as may be, and as a memorial to the first clergyman, a simple open shrine has been built, and at times the communion service is held there. Above the shrine is an effective depiction in bronze of the first service of more than three centuries ago. Yet part of the bronze work has been broken off and carried away, while picnickers have gone so far as to eat their lunches off the very altar itself.

These are extreme cases, although the frequency with which the poor boxes of churches are rifled of petty sums shows that the disease in its most despicable form is all too common. But how to effect a cure? To close places of public interest may serve as protection, but it does not go to the root of the trouble. Moreover, it is impossible to padlock every desirable work of man and Nature. A certain proportion of injury is due to the prankishness of youth, and movements which give an outlet to animal spirits while at the same time building character, such as boy and girl scouting, deserve even more support than they receive. But vandalism is not confined to those who are juvenile in years alone. Apparently multitudes grow into manhood and womanhood, and from there into middle life and old age, without ever learning the meaning of respect, dignity and reverence.

It is only as the supreme value of such qualities of character is emphasized that vandalism will decrease.

## Scrapping Cargo Ships

THE scrapping of old automobiles is finding a counterpart in the scrapping of old ships. World shipping is just now at low ebb; apparently the lowest since 1921. More than four million tons of shipping were reported laid up in April, and good judges estimate the unemployment will reach five million tons before the tide turns. The consequences are much less apparent in the United States than in Europe. Little new tonnage is being laid down, outside of tankers and passenger liners. With shipping at low level, the owners of obsolete boats continue to press them into service.

Not long since, it was sought in Great Britain to bring together shipbuilders, shipowners, ship scrappers and steel manufacturers in an agreement to expand the scrapping of obsolete ships.

The scrap prices were ten dollars a ton, and old second-hand tonnage was being offered for sale at twenty-five dollars a ton. It was sought to check such sales, scrap the vessels concerned, absorb the losses and reduce the redundancy in next-to-obsolete tonnage. The project could not be carried out except through the leadership of the British interests.

The plan has failed for the present as a direct result of an ancient British principle of business. The British Chamber of Shipping has declined to approve the plan, on the ground that free sale of ships and an open market for ships and freights have been and must remain a fundamental principle of British maritime policy. In short, traditional laissez faire, irrespective of exceptional circumstances. Whatever practical alleviation of the distress of shipping that might have been achieved through a rigorous scrapping of old vessels is now relinquished, and the unemployment of ships will have to work its way out along unrestricted lines. The British shipping journal, Fairplay, gives the impression that the year 1930 is destined to make a postwar record for low business in ocean shipping. In this decline the British Empire is more deeply concerned than any other part of the world, or perhaps all other parts.

## Poison-Ivy Securities

THE familiar statement that we are dissipating our national wealth to the extent of a thousand millions a year chargeable to losses on fraudulent securities and financial swindles of one sort and another is going out of date. As the nation has grown the leak has grown. Current estimates—for such figures can be nothing but estimates—put the annual wastage several hundred millions higher. It must amount to nearly one-tenth of what we succeed in saving; and at least one good authority believes it cannot be far from one-half of what we are spending upon education.

It is not reassuring to reflect that one set of persons is virtually throwing away, every twelvemonth, a sum equal to two years' interest on the larger sum earned, saved and more or less wisely invested by another set of better informed and more judicious creators of national wealth.

It is not as if we had done nothing to check this vast squandering of savings. We have done a great deal, and we have been rewarded with some success, but we have not always planned most wisely or executed most adroitly. Upwards of thirty states have enacted blue-sky laws and have set up commissions to enforce compliance with them. Some of these codes are excellently conceived and are excellently administered. Others deserve no such praise.

Much blue-sky legislation is open to the criticism that it attempts the impossible in endeavoring to protect the victim from himself only by diminishing the number and variety of worthless wares which can be offered to him. These protective laws may be amended and improved, or even repealed, but no legislature wields such power over the truth of the old saying that a fool and his money are soon parted.

The saddest feature of the situation is that many of those who are harshly referred to as suckers, or fools, are nothing of the sort except in matters involving the management of money. A substantial portion of them, indeed, are above the average in character, intelligence and general education. They are often members of the learned professions, for physicians and clergymen, schoolmasters, engineers and not a few fairly hard-headed business men are frequently victims of the most barefaced swindles. What wonder that widows with life-insurance money are shining marks for high-pressure stock salesmen!

The trouble with all these persons is not lack of wit, but lack of financial education, and no protective legislation that can be devised by man can take the place of it.

Rather late in the day, we are waking up to the fact that our frontal attack was not the best strategy. Our hindsight tells us that the right thing to do was to attack the problem in the rear and hamstring the fake-stock business by killing its market by force of popular education. The tactics we have been employing are like attempting to destroy all the poison ivy in the land instead of teaching our children to know it at sight and keep away from it.

The latter and wiser course is now being tried out in a small way, and it is not too soon to say that there is every indication that it is just as possible to teach young people to recognize and avoid poison-ivy securities as to fight shy of the three-leaved pest that is the bane of the barefoot boy's vacation. The public schools of Brookline, Massachusetts, Boston's next-door neighbor, have been attempting this very thing with gratifying success. With the coöperation of the Boston Better Business Bureau, these schools have been giving gradually broadening courses in personal economics and finance since 1928, until, at present, they are offering them in all grades above the kindergarten. They not only teach the fundamentals of sound investment but prepare future salary earners to budget their incomes and to manage their personal incomes with thrift and good sense. These courses in money management, as they are called, are as popular as they are useful, and serve to an unusual degree to combine the practical with the theoretical.

Brookline is not alone in this pioneer work. In New York the Education Department is taking a lively interest in what it terms economic citizenship and is giving courses in it, being guided by the axiom that school years are not only preparation for life but are part and parcel of life itself.

Mr. John Richardson, president of the Boston Better Business Bureau, who discusses these movements at length in one of the financial weeklies, seems to be a firm believer in the educational rather than the legislative attack upon poison-ivy securities. He shows that in the cases of two nationwide stock swindles only sixteen per cent of the victims lived in the forty-four large cities having better business bureaus which render service to forty per cent of the entire country. Mr. Richardson would by no means restrict the educational attack to the public schools, but has been glad to invoke the coöperation of organizations like his own, the help of the press, the radio and every other practicable avenue of publicity.

If we are not much mistaken, Brookline has launched a movement which will go a long way and do a lot of good before we hear the last of it.

# THEY TOLD BARRON

## Notes of an American Pepys in Wall Street

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS
*Edward R. Stettinius*

PHOTO, BY BROWN BROTHERS
*Albert Sidney Burleson*

PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., N. Y. C.
*Louis K. Liggett*

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD
*Theodore N. Vail*

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD
*L. G. Kaufman*

## INDUSTRIAL ADVENTURES

### Edited by Arthur Pound and Samuel Taylor Moore

THE rise of the automobile industry, one of the dazzling industrial adventures of modern times, fascinated Mr. Barron, and he prodded an inquiring finger into its history whenever possible.

In this paper also is related, by the actors themselves, the rise of one of the first chain-store systems. The reader will observe George J. Whelan marching up from a hotel cigar counter in Syracuse, New York.

Still another innovation in chain business is disclosed by President Kaufman, of the Chatham and Phenix Bank, in his story of the beginnings of branch banking in New York City.

NEW YORK, January 6, 1922.

Edward R. Stettinius said: "Discussion of change in General Motors capital is premature. The whole structure must be overhauled. We expect sharp competition this year, but have marked everything down to bedrock of present values and below, and I shall be surprised if General Motors does not show capacity to earn $30,000,000 a year.

"I shall be glad if Durant makes some money. Of course, he is a competitor, but we do not care who competes. We know we have got to have competition."

NEW YORK, October 1, 1923.

By appointment, William C. Durant called upon me at nine A.M. and remained nearly three hours. He had a bite of breakfast and read me a long letter he had written to Forbes.

Durant began by asking me if I believed people should buy stocks on margin. I said, "Some people should and some people should not. If it is mere gambling, that is a vice and cannot be regulated by law. But there are people who can legitimately sell commodities in advance of their production; and people whose business it is to overinvest, borrow money on their securities, or carry stocks, bonds or commodities on a margin basis. It all depends upon whether it is business, overinvestment or gambling."

Durant said: "'When I first came to Wall Street I had letters of introduction to Van Emburgh & Atterbury. They were confidential brokers for Morgan.

"They would see Mr. Morgan, one of them would step over to the Stock Exchange, and the whole atmosphere of that Exchange would be changed very quickly and business would go forward. Now short selling is rampant and business and credit are hurt.

"I want you to know that I have no ambitions to make another fortune. I have only the ambition to pay my personal debts and to help others in habits of saving.

"I am opening the Liberty National Bank at West 57th Street, and it will soon have paid in $3,000,000 capital for the 20,000 shares. [This is about 10 per cent of what was proposed.]

"I shall have ten shares of this bank stock as a director, and outside the directors the stock will be held by individuals, one share each.

"If I must answer your questions, I must say that I fixed Mrs. Durant and my children long ago, thank God, when I had the money; but I am trying to sell my place in the country. I was worth $100,000,000 at one time in the General Motors securities, but I have no ambition to get another $100,000,000.

"When they wished me to resign because I disagreed as to policy, they advanced me about $25,000,000 and took over my securities. I was supposed to have $2,500,000 left. In fact, Mr. du Pont loaned me $500,000 to settle my individual affairs, but there were many things I had forgotten; and so, when I really cleaned up and protected everybody else, I had nothing left.

"I returned to business because I could not keep quiet any more than you can. You know what would become of you if you stopped working.

"The Durant companies are now cleaning up for the new models. We have millions in securities, but it is now no time to sell.

"The Studebaker stock was bought by the money paid in for Durant Motors, for which, at first, we had no use. Of course, as we went into

*(Continued on Page 117)*

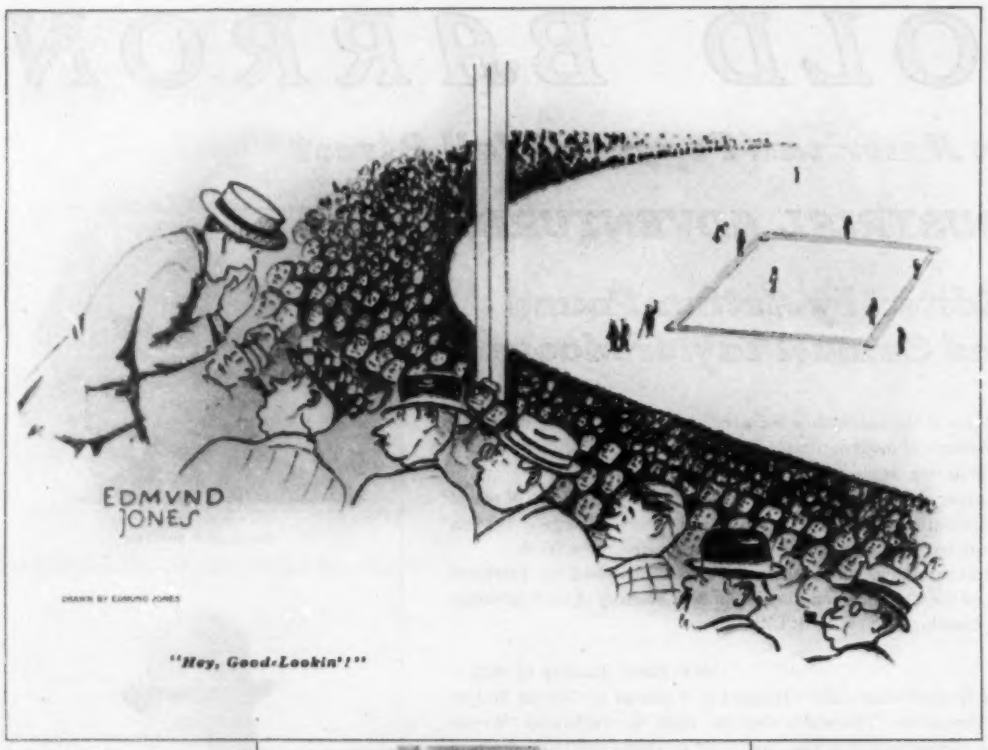
PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS
*Newcomb Carlton*

COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, CHICAGO
*Percy A. Rockefeller*

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS
*John J. Raskob*

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS
*Fred J. Fisher*

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD
*W. C. Durant*




"Hey, Good-Lookin'!"

# POST SCRIPTS

### Pep Meeting in the Home

FATHER glanced hastily around the dinner table to see that all members of the family were present. They were.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we are about to partake of a very excellent meal. It perhaps is no better than many others we have had in the past, and, I believe I am safe in saying, it doubtlessly will be duplicated many times in the future.

"I likewise wish to call attention to the fact that the party who prepared this delightful repast and the many others we have had is right here in our midst. How about a little word of appreciation?"

All leaped to their feet and made the dining room ring:

*"Rah, rah, rah!*
*Rah, rah, rah,!*
*Rah, rah, rah!*
*Mamma! Mamma! Mamma!"*

"That's fine. Now, before we really put on the feed bag—if you will pardon a little slang—there is a matter of some importance ——"

"Pardon a little interruption," put in Junior. "Folks, too much can't be said for mamma at a time like this, but did you ever stop to think that it's teamwork that counts? How do you feel about the party that furnishes the groceries?"

In an instant all were on their feet again, and another mighty yell went up:

*"Rah, rah, rah!*
*Rah, rah, rah!*
*Rah, rah, rah!*
*Papa! Papa! Papa!"*

Father accepted the compliment gracefully. "Now, as I was saying ——"

"Dad, we've forgotten something," interrupted Adelee. "Let's have a verse of the old rallying song. I've got a new idea. Dad, you and mamma sing it to the tune of Old Black Joe. You boys take the tune of London Bridge, and Lucile and I will use Yankee Doodle. Let's go."

(Continued on Page 82)

### Thinking it Over

NO, I'M just going to take it easy this summer, and look for a job in the fall. Don't need a rest? Say, don't kid yourself. If you think those final exams were a pipe, you ought to take some. Say, I was talking to a fellow that got out three years ago, and he said you never work half as hard in business as at college. And then another thing—that commencement racket left me limp, trying to get enough tickets for the family and my friends for the spreads and ball game and things, and working like a dog to give Marjorie a good time. No, sir, I'm just going to visit round and not think of work until September.

"Then? Well, I'm not decided. Of course, Marjorie's father would probably give me a swell job in his firm, but I'm not so keen on it. Suppose I do get to be a member of the firm and have a seat on the Stock Exchange in a couple of years—or supposing it takes me four or five? Well, I've always said money isn't everything. I'd rather be poor and have a job that's congenial than be a billionaire and have to work at something I hated.

"Advertising? Well, I was thinking of taking a job in one of the big firms—I guess you can get one as long as you've got a dip—but, after all, I don't think that's in my line. I'd want my own way in that—I've got some swell new ideas—and I'm afraid I might scrap too much with the guys over me if things didn't go my way. Still, you can't blame me.

"Selling? That would depend on what I sold, of course. You've got to have faith in your product, the way I look at it; and from what I learned in Economics 3, there are an awful lot of things for sale that the world doesn't need.

"Reporting? No, most reporters get too hard-boiled. Insurance? I doubt it. That's really selling again. Law? No, I've seen enough of this place. No three years of law school for mine. Medicine? I'm not cut out for it. Manufacturing? That wouldn't suit my temperament. No, I'm just going to take it easy this summer, and then in the fall, don't you worry, I'll drift into the thing I want."

—PARKE CUMMINGS.

"The Freight Elevator for Packages, Lady!"

### Done to a Turn

*WHEN I was just a callow brat*
*I got my fingers burned, and that*
*Was quite enough. But since the day*
*I sagely swore to keep away*
*From conflagrations, I have found*
*My resolution wasn't sound*
*In view of feminine endurance.*
*So now I'd like some fire insurance.*

*—Margaret Fishback.*

"Mark My Words, Mrs. McDermott, One of These Days Some Big Vital Girl Will Come Along and Just Sweep My Boy Right Off His Feet!"

# This soup-luncheon is such a welcome help in summer!

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

"It isn't the heat . . . it's the housekeeping!" This is the way one woman expressed it. No wonder millions of women so eagerly accept the help of Campbell's Vegetable Soup . . . already cooked . . . a real meal on the table in next to no time.

All the leading garden vegetables . . . 15 of them, are in this one delicious and substantial soup. Just the kind of attractive and satisfying lunch or supper that most appeals to you these summer days.

It's but one of the 21 famous Campbell's Soups . . . a fascinating variety ready to help you every day. Keep a supply in your pantry always. 12 cents a can.

Campbell's Soup forever!
Hail the Red-and-White—
Flag of health and sunshine
O'er the nation bright!

Your choice . . .

Every soup you ever want, at its delicious best—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Asparagus | Chicken | Mock Turtle | Printanier |
| Bean | Chicken-Gumbo (Okra) | Mulligatawny | Tomato |
| Beef | Clam Chowder | Mutton | Vegetable |
| Bouillon | Consommé | Ox Tail | Vegetable-Beef |
| Celery | Julienne | Pea | Vermicelli-Tomato |
| | | Pepper Pot | |

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

# GUNMAN

## By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

*"I'm Tellin' You the Truth, Rosy," Antonio Argued. "None of Us Would Live Over a Month if We Went Back There"*

XIV

MAN has greater fortitude in numbers than in the solitude of his own company. This unsuspected motive directed the steps of Angelo Castagara toward the home of Antonio Scarvak early in the afternoon of the following day. He sought the buoyant courage of company and he was troubled when he found Betzer Hill deserted. He rang clamorously at the doorbell, but could gain no response. He walked about the house, peering at the blank windows. Then, in great perturbation, he climbed into his roadster and drove to the nearest filling station on the boulevard. There he deposited a coin in a telephone box and called Antonio on both the private and the public numbers. Neither responded.

Somewhat panicky, Angelo violated all speed laws in getting to see a friendly police officer. From him he augmented the facts he had discovered by a relation of his own fears and suspicions. By way of response, the officer stalked up and down angrily, and it was evident that his ire sprang primarily from bewilderment.

"This is a tough rap against these guys that are pinched," he said in worried tone. "Naturally all seven of 'em have put the works on me to spring 'em. I went straight to the United States Commissioner himself. I told the commissioner that his bullheadedness was busting up the entire investigation of the Scarvak outrage. I told him there wasn't a chance of these eggs getting away from us and as long as they were locked up, our investigation came to a standstill."

"That was a good angle," Castagara grunted with brightened countenance.

"A good enough angle," was the reply, "but it got us exactly nowhere. This commissioner just about laughed in my face. I told him then, if he'd let us alone, we'd collar these guys for murder inside a week. And once we got them on a capital offense like that, the Federal Government could step aside and let us try them for the major offense."

"Sure," Castagara nodded. "Sure thing. If we can get that across, we're all set." He spoke eagerly and in his newborn interest rose to his feet and rubbed his palms together.

"That's a good angle," he insisted. "It's a perfectly sound and natural procedure."

"Sure, it's a good angle," the officer commented. "Perfect. The only thing the matter with it is that it won't work."

"Why won't it work?" Castagara demanded.

"Because this commissioner just about threw us out of his office. He said the Federal Government had almost two million dollars at stake, and first, last and all the time, he was going to protect that. In fact," he concluded, "he sort of hinted that a lot more guys around this town would pretty soon be up against the same thing."

Castagara dropped back onto his chair, and instead of rubbing his palms, he wrung them. "This thing looks hopeless," he whined. "Who's back of it? What are they doing? What's the end going to be?"

Because he had no answer, the officer attempted none. He took to pacing the floor of his office again, and at last grunted, "You're the legal shark, ain't you? Why come to me?" Silence fell between them.

Several moments elapsed, then Castagara said in hollow tones, "Listen to me. You don't think Tony's really beat it, do you?"

"I don't know whether he's beat it or not," was the answer. "If he has, he's a dirty rat. And if he hasn't, he's a damn fool. That's the way I size it up."

"He must have plenty of dough," Castagara pondered. "Plenty of it. He told me he was going to see his wife to try and keep her from returning here for a while."

"Mebbe that's it," the officer grumbled. "But put yourself in his place, Angie. Tony's smart. He knows how to fight, but he knows when he's licked. This thing don't look any better to him than it does to us." A sneer crept about his lips as he gazed down at the lawyer's bowed head. "Put yourself in his place," he repeated. "Suppose you had a coupla million bucks laid away and this rap came along. What would you do?"

Castagara stood suddenly erect and a righteous light beamed in his eyes. "I'd stick through hell and high water," he swore. "I'd stand by the pals that made me my money."

"You would, eh?" the officer chuckled. "Like merry hell you would! Don't try to kid me, Angie. You'd be the first one to take it on the lam."

"What are you doing?" Castagara asked heatedly. "Trying to start a jam between us?"

*(Continued on Page 26)*

*"Best to buy for bake or fry"*

THEY disappear in a way that staggers you—if you're new at biscuit making. But it's the height of flattery to see them go. Apparently *everyone* nurses a soft spot for little baking powder biscuits. When conversation languishes, simply toss those three words in, and see how people clamor to tell whether they like them best with honey, or jam, or just oozing golden melted butter. Better than talk, get recognition as an adept biscuit maker! A trusty help is the lard you use. With Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard you'll be surprised to see how simple the whole thing is. "Silverleaf" blends so well with other ingredients. It makes the dough roll out in that happy, springy way that means your biscuits will practically waft to the table. Say "Silverleaf" when next you're ordering—then flour your board with a sweep of confidence. It comes in the half, one and two pound self-measuring cartons, all conveniently marked for your scoring, and in the 2, 4 and 8 pound pails.

Swift & Company

# Swift's "Silverleaf" BRAND PURE LARD

(Continued from Page 24)

"I'm not tryin' to start a jam," was the reply. "Not that I'd be afraid of one, Angie. But I can't fall for that bunk of yours. The guy that named you after an angel must of thought they grew horns!"

Castagara laughed. "Let's not fly off the handle," he responded. "This is a time for us to pull together and use the best brains we've got. We'd be fools to fight."

The officer accepted the statement, but continued his own analysis of their situation. "Our biggest danger," he said, "lies with Pino, Mouse and Gyp. We might be able to stall them for two or three days with the idea that Tony is in Washington tryin' to fix the rap against them. But once they get suspicious that he ain't, they're apt to turn plenty state's evidence and make sleepwalkers out of all of us."

Castagara shuddered at the mere idea. "You really think Tony's beat it?" he asked again.

"I know if I was in his shoes I'd beat it," was the answer. "In this racket, Angie, it's every man for himself when you begin to smell smoke."

"What are you going to do?" Castagara asked the officer pointedly.

"Me? Why, I'm goin' to beat it. I ain't got any two million, Angie, but I got a little more than my good health. You see," he continued tauntingly, "I ain't like some of the boys that supported five or six apartments around town. I never was a big shot that gave thousand-dollar dinners and bought chippies sable coats. No, I never was that, Angie. I'm just a common copper that walked himself into fallen arches before my chance came. You ask me what I'm goin' to do. I tell you again. I'm goin' to keep my mouth shut for seventy-two hours. If we don't get a good break within that time, I'm goin' to take it on the lam. Now ask me where I'm goin' and I'll belt you right on the lug. It's nobody's darn business where I'm goin', or how. I went into the racket knowin' just what might happen. Now that it's happened, I'm ready for it. I told you before, it's every man for himself."

"Tell me the truth," Castagara pleaded. "Do you know more than you've told me?"

"Not much," the police officer rejoined. "I happened to discover one thing though."

"What is it?" Castagara insisted.

"Well, this little guy you call a lame and cockeyed yokel ain't nobody in the world but Lemuel Tobias Bekins."

"Yeah?" Castagara sneered. "Well, he looks the part. Who and what is he?"

The officer took to pacing again and chose his words carefully. The result was an enhanced drama when he spoke. "Well," he drawled, "he ain't nobody in the world but the smartest United States secret-service man I ever heard of. He broke up the best gang of counterfeiters the country ever saw. On special assignment he went into the post-office department and railroaded six of the smartest mail workers that ever hit a prison."

"Then he's at the bottom of it!" Castagara cried in sudden understanding. "Just suppose one of the boys was to bump him off. What would that do?"

"Angie, you've blown your top. You ought to know that no single man could do this thing. He wouldn't be powerful enough to grant a change of venue, would he? There's a lot more to it than just Lemuel. It's his brains that figured out the angle, but what's more important is the influence he's got behind him. And take another tip from me. To bump him off would be to turn loose the whole secret service on this town, and that secret-service bunch would wash us up awful fast."

The lawyer once again sank onto his chair, and the posture he assumed was so manifestly one of despair that the officer questioned him about it. "What's wrong, Angie?" he sneered. "You ain't no worse off than I am. I admit I'm goin' to beat it. Why don't you do the same thing? No money, is that it? Too many fur coats and apartments?" He chuckled and took to his pacing again. "Well," he concluded, "you were twenty-one when you kicked that dough away. It's nobody's business but your own."

From police headquarters Castagara went directly to Judge Zatich. He found the judicial one presiding over his court and had to wait almost an hour for an adjournment. Then, in the anteroom, he repeated the message he had taken to the police officer. By this time he had become panic-stricken, and it showed in his manner. Inwardly he was cursing his previous extravagances. Outwardly he posed as the final bulwark of loyalty upon which the others could depend. Zatich, however, seemed as adamant as the officer.

"I intend to stand by my guns, Angie," he said vindictively. "Anything I have ever done has been within the letter of the law. They might impeach me, but they can't jail me. If Antonio's beat it, so much the better for me. The farther he goes, the safer I am. In this racket, it's every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. You're a clever lawyer and a smart fellow. I presume you've taken care of yourself too. Why should we worry about the fools who didn't?"

The thing was so crude, so implacable and so utterly without consideration that Angelo lost his head.

"You can't get away with this," he snarled. "We were all in this thing together. Between us there can be no difference."

"How am I responsible for what you do?" Zatich interrupted. (Continued on Page 141)

*But for the Different Furniture and Faces in the Room, Antonio Might Have Been Back in the Mansion on Betzer Hill*

# PLYMOUTH

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

## NOW...A NEW 2-DOOR SEDAN $565

F.O.B. FACTORY

## A FULL-SIZE 5-PASSENGER SEDAN AT A SENSATIONAL PRICE...*SMART—FAST—POWERFUL*—WITH SAFETY-STEEL BODY

NEW PLYMOUTH 2-DOOR SEDAN, $565

Climaxing its phenomenal achievement of value in the new, finer Plymouth, Chrysler Motors now presents a new 2-door sedan at $565—*the lowest price at which a Chrysler Motors product has ever been offered.*

Here is the biggest, roomiest, most comfortable sedan in motor car history at a price of $565.

Here is the smartest, most beautifully designed and appointed sedan the world has ever seen for $565.

Here is the only 2-door sedan at $565 giving the superior speed, power, smoothness and economy of operation made possible by Chrysler Motors engineering. It far out-performs all other cars in the lowest-price group.

Here, too, is the only sedan at $565 with Safety-Steel Body and the matchless Chrysler-designed weatherproof internal hydraulic brakes.

See how this car meets family needs as no car has ever met them at so low a cost. Compare it for size, for performance, for safety, for smartness and distinction. Consider, also, that it is backed by the service facilities of more than 10,000 Dodge Brothers, Chrysler and De Soto dealers.

You'll agree that Chrysler Motors is today offering you the greatest value ever achieved in the field of lowest-priced cars.

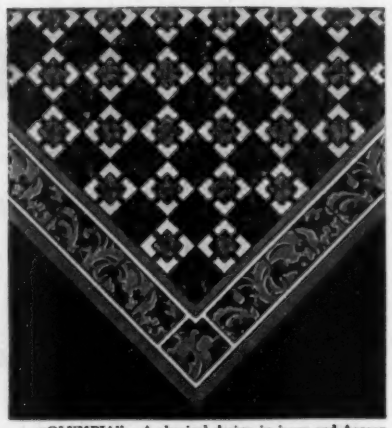
PLYMOUTH FEATURES: *Smart Safety-Steel Bodies of new strength and silence—full-size leg-room, head-room and seat-width—50-horsepower high-compression engine—rubber engine mountings—full-pressure engine lubrication—pump-circulated cooling system—fuel pump and gasoline filter—crankcase ventilator—internal weatherproof hydraulic brakes—four long, shock-absorbing, semi-elliptic springs, laterally mounted—self-adjusting spring shackles—safety gas tank at rear with gauge on dash.*

OTHER PLYMOUTH PRICES

4-door Sedan, 3-window, $625; Convertible Coupe, $695; Coupe *(rumble seat)*, $625; Touring, $625; Roadster *(rumble seat)*, $610; Coupe, $590. *All prices f. o. b. factory.*

## SOLD AND SERVICED BY CHRYSLER, DE SOTO AND DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

# *Your feet will tread on it with satisfaction . . . your eyes dwell on it with pride*



"OLYMPIA"—A classical design in ivory and Aegean green marble with seafoam border, for kitchen, breakfast room or sun porch. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 623.*

"CONCORD"—Revolutionary days furnished the inspiration for this revolutionary "hooked-rug" motif. Delightfully old-fashioned in its charm, so up-to-date in its ease of cleaning—*Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 605.*

"SPARTA"—A new and unusual kitchen design—*Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 624.*

**GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM RUGS**

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

And the first shall *not* be the last. The *first* Congoleum Rug makes the weary hours once spent keeping floors presentable a bad memory. It gets you into the habit of stealing a look at your kitchen as you pass—it *is* so pretty. And long wear shows you how little such convenience can cost. So naturally, you want *more* Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs. Upstairs and down, from guest room to porch. Everywhere, these waterproof, flat-lying, magically cleaned rugs are so practical, so beautiful, so inexpensive.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., KEARNY, N. J.
*In Canada*—Congoleum Canada Ltd., Montreal.

A final proof that you need genuine Congoleum is the number of its imitators. Many have names ending in "oleum" too. None but *the one and only genuine* Gold Seal Congoleum can have the Gold Seal pasted on the face of the rug. Let it save you from regret.

# WHY THE SOCIETY PAGE?

*Society is Composed of Several Different Groups—the Opera Goers, the Hunting Crowd, the Debutante Set, the Patrons of Art and the Newcomers*

## By Elinor P. R. Fergusson

WHAT'S the use of the society page in a newspaper? Who reads it, and who'd care if there wasn't any? Why does a metropolitan paper with a circulation of a million or more use valuable space to print a paragraph something like this:

"Miss Susan Simpkins, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. K. Simpkins, of Westbury, Long Island, and New York, will be introduced to society at a tea to be given by her parents at their country home on September twenty-third. Later in the season, Miss Simpkins will be the guest of honor at a ball which her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Lucius D. Mather, will give for her."

How many of the million readers are vitally affected by that exciting bit of news, and why?

Aside from the strictly personal angle, every note on the society page of a newspaper has a distinct commercial value to someone, including the paper itself. The social news is of vital interest to every caterer, every florist, every large hotel, every jeweler, every gown and hat shop, every stationer in town. It also has much significance for all the travel bureaus, the photographers, dance orchestras, automobile agencies and bond houses. This fact is not recognized by the general public, and so I am going to take a typical page of society notes and analyze it to illustrate my point.

The leading note—that is, the first paragraph in the first column—announces the engagement of a well-known member of the New York Junior League. This simple announcement means more and better business to jewelers and florists in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Wilmington—in every city where this popular and attractive young person has danced and dined in the past three years, since she made a spectacular debut at an enormous ball, where the guests represented almost every important city in the United States, as well as many of the capitals of Europe. She will immediately be showered with gifts, ranging from gold vanity cases to pedigreed Airedales.

Just here I may say in the strictest confidence—I wouldn't want it repeated—that this engagement was placed ahead of all the other notes on account of the damsel's social prominence and family background, not on account of her parents' wealth. Generally speaking, if the family had not been in the Social Register, the engagement would have appeared farther down in the column. There is no democracy about a society page. A smart engagement will always take precedence over everything else. Next in order of importance is a wedding date, and then the date for the debut of some young thing who is soon to burst forth from finishing school and be presented during the approaching season.

After these notes come the announcements of fashionable balls, dinners, luncheons, teas, lists of patronesses for this and that, and births. Then the "comings and goings." These contain the information that the So-and-Sos will sail for Europe on the fifteenth of July, to be gone until late October; that someone else is departing on Friday to open her house at Bar Harbor or Newport; that the Blanks, with their two daughters, have just returned from Italy, where the girls have been studying singing in Milan for the past six months.

"All right," you say, "who cares whether the So-and-Sos are going to Europe a month or two from now, and how long they are going to be gone, except their immediate circle of intimate friends? And what is it to anyone whether Mrs. Somebody is about to open her summer cottage—a cozy little palace of forty or fifty rooms, set in a 400-acre lot on Mt. Desert? And why should I worry because the Blank girls have had their voices cultivated in Milan and have now recovered sufficiently to revisit their native shores?"

It may be nothing in your life, but every transatlantic steamship line is keenly interested to know that the So-and-Sos are going abroad in the near future, because they will spend thousands of dollars for their passage. They go across every year, always on the largest boats, with the most luxurious accommodations, and each line would like very much indeed to have their patronage. Until this item appeared in the paper, the steamship agents did not know whether they would go this year or not and it was silly to keep on sending sailing lists for the So-and-Sos' private secretaries to throw in the wastebasket. Now there is a definite date to work on. If they are to return in October, there is not a moment to be lost in impressing on them, for the twentieth time, the fact that the boats are crowded to capacity at that time, and it would be wise to reserve the best staterooms for the westward passage without delay.

You know right well that you will never be urged to spend a week-end at Mrs. Somebody's summer home, but the interior decorators and landscape gardeners know that she may make a few changes and improvements on her place. Possibly her business alone will carry them along for weeks, and will enable them to retain trained employes who might have been dropped from the pay roll if the season had looked too dull. Each firm will now make a colossal effort to get in touch with her and find out what is to be done.

Mrs. Somebody's summer plans are of importance to the employment bureaus, for she will require a staff of well-trained servants, many of whom are in need of situations this year. The lady in question spends her winters either abroad or in a fashionable hotel, so she has no retinue

(Continued on Page 122)

LOOK TO THE BODY!

BODY by FISHER

THOSE WHO OWN Fisher Body cars know from their own experience the supreme satisfaction that is derived from the extra values of Body by Fisher ✦ ✦ ✦ They take a justifiable pride in the beautiful body lines and finish of their cars. They are well aware of the quietness and durability assured by the Fisher wood-and-steel type of construction, the finer and more luxurious upholstery, the restful ease of the form-fitting cushions ✦ ✦ ✦ They appreciate, too, the adjustable driver's seat, Protectalock door handles, the Fisher non-glare vision and ventilating windshield, and many other Fisher features for greater comfort, convenience and safety ✦ ✦ ✦ These extra values need not be sacrificed by *any* motorist, because they are available in General Motors cars in every price field—the *only* cars with Body by Fisher.

*CADILLAC • LASALLE • BUICK • VIKING • OAKLAND • MARQUETTE*
*OLDSMOBILE • PONTIAC • CHEVROLET*
GENERAL MOTORS

# The Miracles at Hornby Corners

"Chris Darling, it Wasn't Your Fault. You Did What You Could"

## By SUSAN ERTZ

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

II

ZETA and Emily put the vicar to bed, and she then sent Emily to the post office to telephone to Mr. Hawksley, at Allerford, that the vicar would not be able to preach the Sunday sermon or take any services. Chris did not come home till the evening, and, when he did, was deeply concerned at the news, and the knowledge that he was, however innocently, partly responsible for his father's breakdown did not help matters. Doctor Ludlow came, a tired, overworked country practitioner, and said that the vicar's heart was far from satisfactory and that he had influenza as well, though so far it was a mild attack. He must be kept in bed, kept warm, and above all, kept quiet. Worry would undoubtedly complicate matters. He asked to see Christopher, and Zeta, reluctantly, called Christopher to him in the study.

"Well, young man, what's this nonsense I hear?"

"What nonsense, Doctor Ludlow?"

"Pretending to perform miraculous cures, getting the whole countryside excited about nothing and getting into the papers. Haven't you outgrown the practical-joke stage yet? Come, come, this won't do, my boy."

"What makes you think I'm a practical joker?" Christopher asked quietly.

"Take that Stebbings lad. I understand his condition thoroughly. As long as he's the center of interest he'll be better. Excitement will buoy him up. The moment people forget about him he'll be just as he was before. All you've done is to produce in the boy an abnormal excitement that will have a temporarily beneficial effect on his health. The same applies to Swane. Paralytics have been known to run from burning houses, but they soon relapse again into the old condition. An abnormal situation occasionally produces an abnormal effort of the will. That's perfectly well known to the medical profession. And my advice to you, young man, is to stop tampering with things you know nothing about. That's friendly advice, too, and you'd better take it while you can get it. And I don't mind telling you that I expected better than this from your father's son."

Christopher made no sign of being hurt or irritated.

"Why haven't you made Swane walk?" he asked quietly, helping the doctor into his coat.

"What's the good of it? In a day or two he'll be back in his chair again, and worse than before. In fact, it's quite probable that the tremendous effort he's made will have really serious consequences."

"He walked again today," said Christopher.

"Spectacular, but exceedingly dangerous. Now, young man, you leave these things alone, do you hear? Or you may find yourself in trouble. As it is, you've upset your father and brought on what may be a serious illness. Now I must be off. I'll look in tomorrow morning. Think over what I've said. Good evening."

Chris watched the bearded, bustling little man depart, and then went to find Zeta.

"He's very angry," he told her. "It's as though I'd done harm instead of good. They dislike the means so much that they believe the results must be bad."

"Sir John's on our side," she said. "If father's better tomorrow we'll go up to the Hall and talk to him. But I'm awfully afraid he's going to be really ill, Chris."

"If he is, we'd better get someone from Dorminster Doctor Ludlow's only an old bungler."

The vicar was worse the next day, and neither Zeta nor Chris left the house. At three in the afternoon the doorbell rang loudly and Emily admitted a young man whose face was entirely strange to her. He was wearing a raincoat and a bowler hat, and holding a bit of pasteboard in his hand.

"Good afternoon," the young man said, lifting his hat. "Is Mr. Christopher Gradely at home?"

Emily was unaccustomed to visitors from other parts, and had never told a lie in her life.

"Yes, sir, he's in, but I don't know as you can see him."

"Perhaps I could see the Reverend Mr. Gradely, in that case."

"No, sir, the vicar's ill in bed. He was took bad yesterday."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that." The young man advanced a foot or two and stood in the hall. "Then will you tell Mr. Christopher Gradely that Mr. Cranbrook has called to see him?"

He proffered his card, but Emily took it without looking at it.

"If you'll just sit down in the hall, please, sir, I'll go and see where Mr. Christopher is."

"Thank you very much," said Mr. Cranbrook, seating himself on the one hall chair. "Please tell him it's important, even urgent, will you?"

She found Christopher writing in his room:

"Alfred Swane told me today that the numbness was gradually going. He could move the toes of his right foot this morning, and by holding on to chairs, walk across the room. He says he has no recollection of actually walking that first day. He remembers finding himself standing up about six paces from the chair, and then feeling terrified and nearly falling. I think ——" He broke off as old Emily knocked.

"Please, sir, there's a strange gentleman downstairs. He gave me this." She put the card on his writing table. "He says it's important."

Christopher looked at it and read:

MR. ROBERT CRANBROOK
REPRESENTING THE MORNING PRESS, LONDON

London! It was bad enough seeing his name in print in the Dorminster Gazette. This was awful! He'd have to stop it somehow. He'd better go down and see this person, though the thought of matching himself against some clever, quick-witted London reporter frightened him. Yes, decidedly, he'd have to go down and see this man. He put his notebook into a drawer and ran downstairs. Mr. Cranbrook got up and advanced toward him with an outstretched hand, which Christopher shook. After that, Mr. Cranbrook took entire control of the proceedings.

"I'm very glad indeed to see you, Mr. Gradely. Now, where can we go and have a little quiet talk? There are quite a lot of things I'd like to discuss with you in connection with the recent happenings here. As you see, I represent the Morning Press, and I believe I'm the first on the spot. . . . Isn't that so? Well, I usually am; there's nothing new in that. Now if we could just slip into this room, and if you'd allow me to shut the door so we won't be disturbed—thank you." He whipped out a notebook and pencil. "I spotted that story in the Dorminster Gazette, Mr. Gradely, and I said to myself: 'This is the goods.' Now just when and how did you first discover you possessed this power? I may as well admit that I've already been to see Mr. Swane—a nice chap, who did well in the war, I understand. Ought to have had the V. C., his sister told me. I met the daughter, too—a nice girl. Then I went to the Stebbingses' and found the boy at home alone—had a nice chat with him—bright little fellow. He was in the garden, feeding his rabbits. Thinks the world of you, Mr. Gradely—and well he might. Now, ever since you were a boy, I understand, you felt you wanted to heal the sick."

At last Christopher made himself heard:

"I made both Mrs. Stebbings and the Swanes promise they wouldn't talk about it," he said, "but I suppose I was foolish to expect them to keep their promises. Mr. Cranbrook, this must not appear in the London papers, please. My father is very ill and—well, he hates what I've done, and it would only make him worse. We don't agree about these things; he doesn't believe in my power, as you call it ——"

"Well, what do you call it?" interrupted Mr. Cranbrook, fixing Christopher with his hard, bright eyes.

"I don't know. I believe I can heal the sick, that's all. It's a sort of gift, I suppose, like anything else. Perhaps a lot of us have got it, if we only knew it. Anyway I've only just begun, and I don't want it talked about. I don't want anything said in the newspapers. So please don't write anything."

Mr. Cranbrook laughed good-naturedly.

"Now, look here, Mr. Gradely; we boys have our livings to earn. What do you suppose I came all the way down here for? My health? I've got two superb stories already, from the kid and Swane, and I've seen you, and I've seen the vicarage and photographed it, and I've talked to people in the village, and I've photographed Swane's home and the Stebbings home. Why, I've got enough dope already to put this thing over big. Now I'd like to have your story, and as soon as I've got that I'll be off back to London again. But if you don't choose to give it, why, I'll just do without it. You're about twenty years old, the postmistress said, and educated locally. Interested in birds, flowers, et cetera. An adopted sister, Miss Trueman, about the same age, also lives here. Father killed in the war ——"

"Well, you seem to know almost everything," Christopher said. "But do you really mean you'll put it in the papers whether I want you to or not?"

"I hate to be disobliging, Mr. Gradely, but this means a lot to me. And if I don't write it up the other papers will, so what's the good? The Evening Echo has already taken that bit straight out of the Dorminster Gazette—it was in last night—but that isn't good enough for a big, important daily like ours, so down I came. Now, do I go back with your story or don't I?"

"If my father sees it I think it will kill him," said Chris.

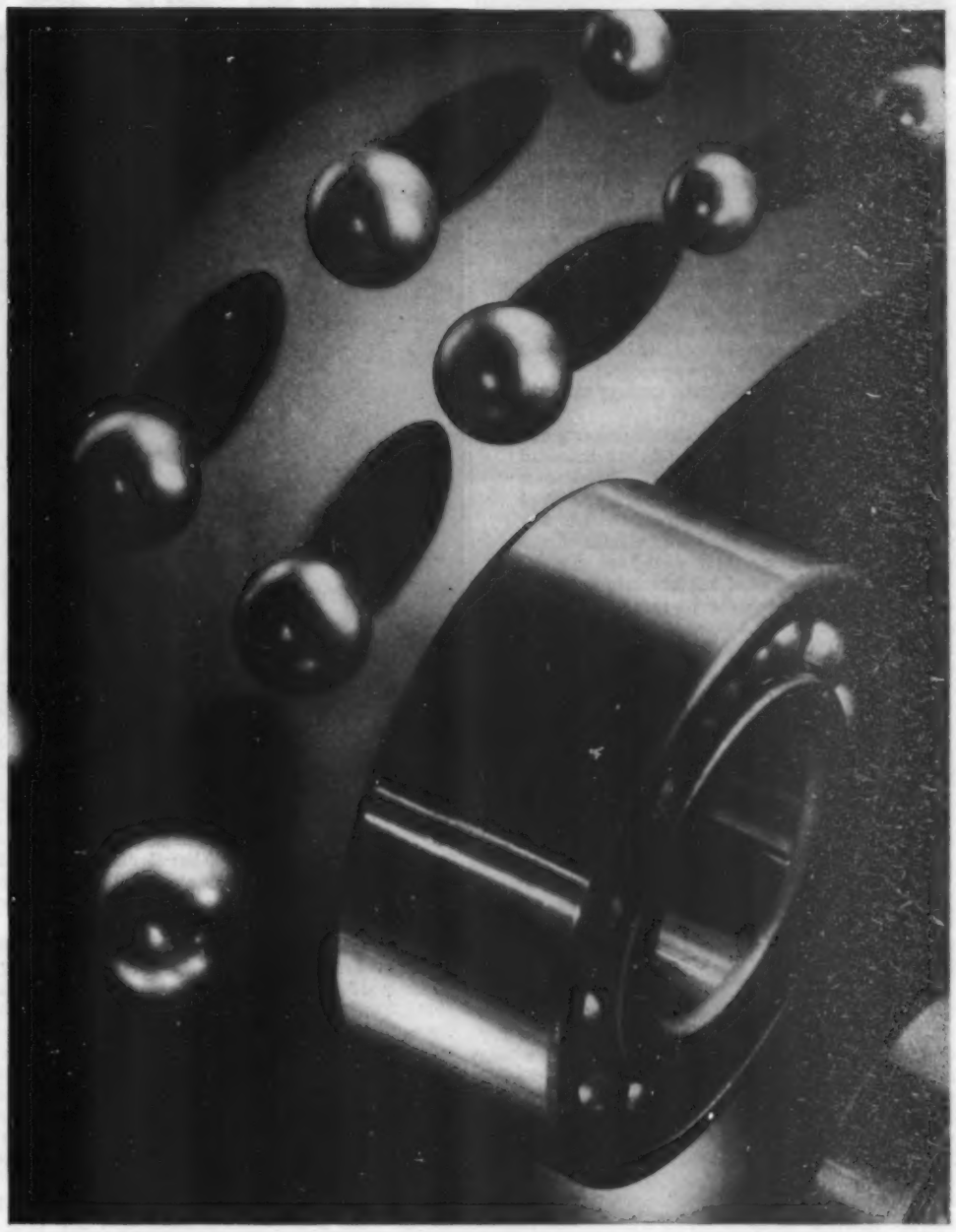
"Well, surely, if he's ill you can keep the papers away from him. And it's better to get the story straight, isn't it? Mind you, I'm sorry about your father. I've got a great respect for the cloth, and I've got an uncle myself who's a curate in Surrey. But there you are. . . . Now, when was it you first discovered ——"

In the end he got out of the reluctant and inexperienced Christopher all he wanted to know and departed. And an hour later a reporter from the London Dispatch was knocking on the door, but by that time Emily had had her instructions and he was not admitted. That night the vicar became delirious and Doctor Ludlow had to be sent for again. It was perfectly plain to both Zeta and Chris that the vicar was getting rapidly worse. Timidly Zeta broached the idea of a consultation. Wouldn't Doctor Ludlow like them to send to Dorminster for another opinion? Doctor Ludlow would not. He would take no advice from these young people, and Mr. Gradely, in all the years he had been his patient, had never shown the slightest desire to seek other medical aid.

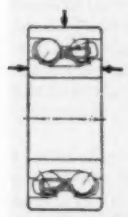
(Continued on Page 72)

He Knelt Beside Her, Murmuring Softly to Her, "My Darling, My Little Zeta, You'll Sleep Now"

# NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS



NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL



**The perfection of specific types of ball bearings for specific purposes is an important part of the broad service New Departure is rendering to industrial America. The New Departure Double Row ball bearing is one of these special types. Entirely self-contained, with twin rows of sturdy steel balls and raceways of polished steel, this bearing is so designed that the angular contact of balls and raceways permits tremendous radial and even greater thrust loads to be sustained simultaneously. Used on the pinions of modern motor cars, in machine tools, and in other applications, this bearing has shown exceptional ability to assimilate the gruelling punishment imposed by heavy loads, hard thrust, and high speeds . . . proving, like all other New Departures, the indisputable advantages of fine workmanship, fine materials, and the scientific truth that . . . Nothing Rolls Like a Ball.**

**NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY** BRISTOL CONN.

# American Business and Business Men—By David Lawrence

THERE has always been something romantic about the oil business—its risks and hazards, its disappointments, the fortunes it has made and lost, and the element of sheer luck and experiment which so often determines its eccentric curves on the chart of economic progress. Paradoxes and contradictions are the rule rather than the exception. In what business, for instance, do competitors fight one another all day in rough-and-tumble fashion, only to sit down at night over the poker table with all the camaraderie of unbroken friendship? In what business do the bitterest rivals lend one another apparatus, tools and devices, aye, even money? The late George H. Jones, chairman of the board of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, once told me a story illustrative of this about Henry L. Doherty.

"Doherty came to us with a proposition to borrow some money on oil property he had," related Mr. Jones. "We lent him the money and he made good his promise and we got the oil we needed."

Just the other day I asked Mr. Doherty about it. He corroborated the incident.

"You see," he said, "I had the oil property and needed money to develop it, while the Standard wanted the oil. I borrowed $2,500,000 from them once, and later $6,000,000, after that $10,000,000. I suppose people on the outside don't understand why this happened, but, you see, I wasn't refining oil and they were not producing; so it worked out all right.

"But there is a spirit of helpfulness in the oil industry in spite of the fact that we are often in vigorous competition with one another. Oil is a peculiar business, in that it has always had to find a solution to its own problems by coöperation from within. Years ago wildcatting started, and the risks to the individual were incalculable. It occurred to me that it was just as possible to diversify the risk as it has been in banking or in insurance. Ultimately we did work out the problem of diversification.

"Nowadays we are trying to find ways of developing common pools. All our laws have been made on the theory of individual operation, but we have discovered that oil is now a matter of joint rather than individual ownership. We have been draining one another's pools and wasting gas. It has been war all along the line, but if we coöperate we shall develop greater than any other business. As I say, it has not been merely simple competition; it has been war.

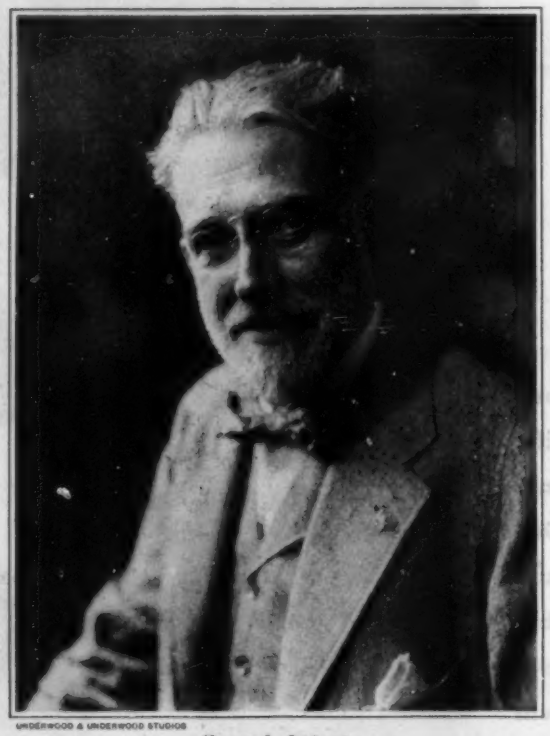
"I always wanted to be in the oil business, but I never got my chance until 1910. I hated school, and when my father died I was twelve. I have been in public utilities ever since. I always liked to study, however, and had a great desire to be an engineer. I have gone to school ever since; I've never stopped studying."

Just a few weeks ago Mr. Doherty's engineering achievements were recognized by the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, which awarded him the Walton Clark Medal for notable work in the gas industry. His health broke down a few years ago, owing to excessive concentration on business affairs, but in the last year he has got back into action once more. The cause he has embarked on now—for he likes to pioneer and ride in where others fear to tread—is conservation. He thinks the whole economic aspect of fuel may be affected by how the nation handles its gas and oil problem.

"States like New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio and Indiana," Mr. Doherty says, "have produced more gas than oil on an energy basis. Gas from the Panhandle of Texas is going to be pipe-lined to the Middle West and probably as far east as the Alleghanies. Why, only recently a group was formed including the Standard Oil of New Jersey, Texas Company, Cities Service, Skelly Company, Phillips Petroleum Company and Insull, Son & Co., to bring gas from Texas through a $110,000,000 pipe line. It will supply different cities in the Middle West. We will not try to displace coal. There are plenty of markets for gas. Much has happened in this country since the first gas factories were supplied with gas at ten cents a thousand, and nowadays it brings a great deal more. Distance and the economic area for the present will limit the use of gas, but the industrial system of the Middle West will be supplied very largely by gas in the next few years.

"There is an enormous waste of gas in Texas. Again and again, as they drill to get oil, they find gas. Some idea of the waste in gas may be obtained when you realize that at Cromwell, Oklahoma, not long ago, there was blown into the air 1,200,000,000 cubic feet of gas, which, on an energy basis, is equivalent to 200,000 barrels of oil, or 48,000 tons of coal. That went on for nine months at Cromwell, and it happens every day in other wells. Just think of wasting 48,000 tons of coal a day!

"Some wells are worked which turn out to be useless, or perhaps not so productive as other wells near by. They are abandoned for the more profitable ones. We used to think that oil was a flowing stream underground, but we have learned that oil pools are like ponds. This means we will get more results in the long run by preserving the oil. Colombia, in South America, and some of our own states have entered into unit development of pools. It must come by voluntary agreement. It is the only way out for us all, in order that this all-important fuel shall be saved and that the gas which escapes from the wells shall not simply go into the air."



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD STUDIOS

*Henry L. Doherty*

Henry Doherty's interests are far-flung. Electricity, gas, oil—all blend in his vision of a nation of constantly expanding industry. He is a lone worker—rarely at his office, seeing his business colleagues at a suite in a hotel. He will sojourn for weeks in Paris, Niagara Falls, in Washington—wherever the spirit moves him. Long radiograms, and now the long-distance telephone, keep him in touch with his headquarters in New York.

When his health broke, it was wondered whether he had built up a one-man organization, but this idea was quickly dissipated, for business functioned effectively during his absence, and now he has about decided to let the organization go on functioning, even though he has been restored to health.

"We like to train our own men," he said with a flash of pride. "I dislike to believe that the only good men available to us are in competing organizations. For years now we have watched the colleges to get the star graduates. We have more than 1600 graduate engineers with us; and there is room for plenty more, provided they have the ability."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

When all the fuss and fireworks on the controversy for the control of the Fox Film companies was over, there emerged the name of a comparatively young man at the head of a self-contained group of units that were engaged in the manufacture of apparatus, the management of theaters, the production of plays and the exhibition thereof, from the lens of the camera to the eyes of the consumer.

"Who is Harley Clarke?" was the question asked not only in the financial district but in the motion-picture world, as the news tickers told that he was to be the head of the corporation which was to embrace all the Fox companies under the name General Theaters Equipment, Inc.

But though Harley L. Clarke, aged forty-seven, was a new figure in the movie world, he was already a factor in the solar system of electric power. As president of the Utilities Power & Light Corporation, he has been operating companies in eighteen different states. Even in Great Britain he performed the remarkable feat of grouping together various companies in the vicinity of London, with all their variations in voltages and their divergence of electrical characteristics. But he took American engineers along to do the job and conquered it. Essentially he is a visualizer; he sees things in their ultimate form. Obstacles mean little to him. If Harley Clarke thinks it is important he will call a man on the telephone at three o'clock in the morning. He is the kind that likes to go himself through rain, hail and storm, and wants his men to do likewise if necessity requires—he does not brook alibis.

And Harley Clarke is an individualist—he likes to work things out himself. He does not recognize a competitor's theory of exclusive rights in any area or territory. It isn't generally known, perhaps, that he is one of the largest brick manufacturers in the country, being in control of a string of brick companies. The same intensity applies to his hobbies. He took a liking to Fritz Leiber and backed him in his effort to put Shakspere on the map once more.

Mr. Clarke's interest in movies started at home. He bought a projector with the idea of learning its educational possibilities for his children. Soon he became interested in the manufacture of projectors and cameras, and merged various companies. By July a year ago he had built up the General Theaters Equipment Company to a dominating position in the manufacture of apparatus. That same corporation now has increased its stock and absorbed the Fox companies, so that the whole thing forms probably the largest single motion-picture unit in the world.

Harley Clarke is a new type in the motion-picture world. He brings organizing ability, capacity for administration and a knowledge of manufacturing to an industry which thus far has emphasized the purely theatrical and exhibition phases. To Harley Clarke amusement will become a business; he will see in the supply of entertainment and education as much a utility as the servicing of any other human wants.

Thus came to an end the struggle of two banking groups to reorganize a company which ran into difficulties of overexpansion in the troubled seas of finance in the 1929 panic, but whose fortunes now will be guided by a new star in the firmament where the Zukors and the Laskys hold sway.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Perhaps the most vital influence in the American business world in recent years has been the growth of the trade association. It has brought competitors together in the same room for the discussion of common problems. It has developed a desire for standards and codes of ethics, but it has, in some instances, done something more—it has come dangerously near price fixing and monopoly.

Whenever a new administration comes into power there is always a curiosity on the part of business to know what the Department of Justice will do. Though the policy of the department is made by the Attorney-General, William D. Mitchell, law enforcement is such a big subject and has so many ramifications that one of the seven assistants to the Attorney-General specializes wholly in antitrust cases. John Lord O'Brian is the assistant in charge of antitrust prosecutions. He served the department during the war in the difficult and delicate task of supervising espionage activities. He is a modest, retiring man and with a background of law that has given him an outstanding position in the bar of New York State. When, therefore, he makes a speech about trade associations, as he did the other day, you may rest assured that every line and phrase of it was carefully thought out in advance and that it represents

*(Continued on Page 85)*

# AUBURN

## POWERED BY LYCOMING

Auburn has never deviated from the belief that the purchase of a motor car should be strictly a business proposition. You exchange your money for automotive merchandise. How good a transaction you make depends entirely upon how large a *new* car value you get for how small a *cash* expenditure. There is no other safe way to choose a car. While Auburn bodies, built in our own factories, excel in materials, workmanship and strength; and while Auburn provides niceties, luxurious furnishings, upholstery, etc., yet the fundamental thing that determines any car's value is its machinery. Look first to the design, strength and durability of the operating mechanism. Likes and dislikes may vary as to body styles and color schemes. But there can be no doubt as to Auburn's leadership in structural strength, reenforced rigid frames and powerful motors of proven efficiency. You can compare such fundamentals as wheelbase, horsepower and body room. They are not a matter of personal taste. You can compare performance, roadability, riding comfort and steering ease. They are not a matter of what the salesman may or may not say. And, the experience of the manufacturer is of paramount importance. Auburn has had more than five years' Straight Eight experience ahead of others. The accumulative value of this experience underwrites your investment in an Auburn. We invite comparison and put it squarely up to the car itself to sell itself.

125 Sport Sedan
130" wheelbase
125 horsepower

$1495

6-85 Sedan $1095; 6-85 Sport Sedan $995; 6-85 Cabriolet $1095; 8-95 Sedan $1295; 8-95 Sport Sedan $1195; 8-95 Phaeton Sedan $1395; 8-95 Cabriolet $1295; 125 Sedan $1595; 125 Sport Sedan $1495; 125 Phaeton Sedan $1695; 125 Cabriolet $1595. Prices f. o. b. Auburn or Connersville, Indiana. *Equipment other than standard, extra.* AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

*Airmail postage has been reduced to 5 cents for the first ounce and 10 cents for each additional ounce. Use Airmail daily for quicker communication. The development of aviation is vital to American progress*

# The Business of the Golf Game

PHOTO. BY DE CON. FROM EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

*The View From the Lincoln Park Links, San Francisco*

PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

*The Municipal Golf Course at Cleveland, Ohio*

## By ALEX PIRIE

*President, Professional Golfers' Association of America*

MANY wild guesses are made as to the number of golfers in the United States, but according to most reliable data the actual number of regularly playing men and women golfers is about 1,750,000. Probably 350,000 more may be considered as occasional players. The opening of the 1930 golf season saw 5846 golf courses in the United States, of which 2509 were eighteen-hole courses. That the majority of courses are nine-hole layouts shows the extent to which golf has grown in the smaller towns. Of the total number of American golf courses, 543 were municipal and privately owned daily-fee courses at the start of the current season. This is only 199 fewer courses than there were in all of the nation in 1916. Further evidence of the newness of golf as big business may be determined from the fact that in 1923 there were but 1903 courses in the United States, only ninety-four of which were public courses.

An idea of the value of these public courses as feeders to private clubs' membership rosters is obtained from the figures on representative courses operated by park boards in Chicago. At Lincoln Park there were 97,000 rounds of golf played during the 1929 season. At the Jackson Park eighteen-hole course there were 98,551 rounds played; at the park's nine-hole course, 87,913 rounds were played; and at the Marquette Park eighteen-hole course 75,279 rounds were played during last season. At forty cents a round for the eighteen-hole course and twenty cents for the nine-hole course, the Jackson Park course income adds up to $57,003, to say nothing of the income from the restaurant and lockers. In this we plainly see another reason why golf gets such a growing impetus in the United States; it is a sport that supports itself—and then some—instead of adding to the tax-paying burden.

### *Pay as You Play*

THIS showing of the Chicago park courses is paralleled by the great majority of other public courses in the country. They show a profit and are generally very well maintained, for the patrons promptly register a protest against any political mismanagement in evidence at public golf courses.

The privately owned daily-fee courses are doing well too. I call to mind one pay-as-you-play golfing establishment in Chicago that showed a net profit of $50,000 in 1929 despite the world's keenest competition in public golf facilities. The stop-and-sock driving-practice areas and the miniature golf courses are busy producing bumper crops of new golfers, so it is not fanciful to forecast that the present figure of $200,000,000 which is spent annually for golf—excluding the annual average of $65,000,000 for new courses and clubhouses—will mount steadily.

As impressive as such figures are to the average golfer who thinks he has spent at least half of the amount in return for his trophy as runner-up in D Class, they are staggering to the professional golfer who has been in the game fifteen years or more. This phase of golf's Americanization which is revealed in big figures is one of the most striking details of the game's American development observed by the veteran Scotch professional. My connection with the game in this country dates back to the time when a golfer was the target of derisive yoo-hoos or the calculating and hopeful eye of the alienist, and I can well remember when American golf was popularly considered the pastime of the idle and anæmic rich. For that reason the old-timers among the pros especially marvel at golf's present-day span of America's entire social scale.

I have heard some students of the game's American growth name the establishment of a golf course at an Eastern summer resort of the ultra rich as the real start of golf's rise in the United States. The ready adoption of the game after it was closely identified with the rich made manifest the American citizen's proud proclamation, "This is a free country and I'll do just as the plutocrats do." It's a very beneficial phase of American civilization, for it puts into sudden use by the proletariat these civilizing refinements that the rich develop.

### *Seven Dollars a Week for Experts*

ANOTHER characteristic American factor is strikingly evident in the record of golf's greatest growth, and that is the mechanization of an art. Brother Jack and I started our professional careers, as did many others among the older professionals, as club makers in Scotland. After five long years as apprentices we could look forward to achieving leadership in our field, with an income of seven dollars a week. That was what the expert club maker got during the period some incorrectly term "the dear old days." We started out as apprentices at sixty cents a week for the first year. Our pay increased each year, so we successively earned, weekly, one dollar the second year, two dollars the third, three dollars the fourth and three dollars and seventy-five cents the fifth. Most of the clubs in those days were made to measure, and although they now feel somewhat awkward as compared with the clubs made for the present ball, they were so designed and made for effectively smacking the old gutta-percha ball. Bench club making is one of the vanishing arts today, although several of the old-timers and a few of the younger school still turn out bench clubs that are in the Cellini class of craftsmanship. When golf in the United States really struck its stride, right after the

(Continued on Page 87)

PHOTO. BY C. F. CUSHING. FROM EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

*The Starter's House, at the First Tee, St. Louis Municipal Golf Course*

EVERY GAAHAM SIX AND EVERY GAAHAM EIGHT IS COMPLETELY EQUIPPED WITH SHATTER-PROOF *PLATE* GLASS

Graham Standard Six Four-door Town Sedan

$845

Price at factory

# Graham Values

## leap still higher above the whole market

## —*with no midseason model changes*—

THE three Graham brothers' policy of no midseason model changes adds tremendously to values which already were far above anything else in the market, by reason of the low prices and the high quality of Graham cars.

Everyone today feels the need for thrift, and the Grahams' assurance that the car you buy now from them will not be obsoleted this summer or this year, invites you to continue your enjoyment of motor car comfort and quality on the basis of real saving.

Independent in their operations, the Graham brothers are fulfilling in these cars their lifelong pledge of never receding an inch in quality—bending every resource in their great plants toward reducing costs while still holding high the Graham standards of value.

But there is more than the initial price-saving in buying a Graham now. There is the far more important question of not having to sacrifice comfort for thrift—comfort in size and room and power and performance.

Graham cars bring these qualities at a price-saving supplemented by a signal after-saving that evidences itself in low-cost operation and low-cost maintenance.

You cannot afford to pass lightly over such plain evidences of finer and higher quality as the 66 h. p., seven-bearing crankshaft engine in the $845 Graham Town Sedan, for example; an engine with 207 cubic inches of piston displacement and 81.4 square inches of main-bearing area, bearings that will never call for replacement; chain drive instead of fan-belt drive for generator and water pump; all the roominess and comfort of its 115-inch wheelbase, with four wide doors, adjustable seats and foot pedals in a fine Graham-built body of true Graham quality; with big 12-inch internal hydraulic brakes; and with the final quality testimony of a cost of 26.8 cents per pound of car weight—the lowest among all the eighteen cars in this general price class.

If you will line the Graham up alongside anything comparable in price, you will seek in vain for most, if not all, of these quality-and-value points in the other car.

*Graham Standard Six, Four-door Town Sedan, $845; Universal Six-window Sedan, $895; Standard and Special Sixes, $845 up. Standard and Special Eights, $1445 up. Prices at factory. Special Sixes and Special Eights equipped with Graham time-proved four-speed transmission*

GRAHAM-PAIGE MOTORS CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

*Graham cars give you value and performance—reasons in plenty for preferring them. Their crowning appeal is the safety of the shatter-proof plate glass doors, windows and windshields. The more you study that protection for yourself and your family, the more surely it renders all the other Graham attractions irresistible. Complete equipment of shatter-proof glass at the lowest extra cost ever placed on such equipment in any car.*

> > > QUALITY · IS · THE · BEST · POLICY < < <

# THE RED FLAG

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

*A Girl Led Them, Cheering Them On. It Was Comrade Irma! She Snatched Steiner's Red Flag and Sprang Onto the Barricade*

## In the Year of Revolutions

IT WAS nearly midnight of that memorable twenty-seventh of February, 1848, before the beer feast of the Franconia student corps came to an end. Never had there been such a *Kneipabend*. All day, students and townsfolk enthusiastically congregating, Bonn had been in fever with the news. A revolution had exploded in Paris and, on the twenty-fourth, Louis Philippe, King of the French, had fled from a newly proclaimed egalitarian republic. Startlingly unexpected in that particular quarter, it was nevertheless unmistakably the first shattering thunderclap of the storm long unendurably cumulative everywhere in this Europe whose working classes starved appallingly in the ruthless exploitation of new steam machinery, and—east of the Rhine—whose diverse national aspirations were universally crushed under the reactionary absolutisms reimposed by Metternich. For almost every German, that aspiration was single-minded and passionate—the deliverance of the fatherland from the piecemeal tyrannies of six-and-thirty sovereigns great and small, its union in that one all-embracing constitutional state which had been the cynically broken pledge of the War of Liberation thirty-five years before.

In the noisy press of capped and sashed *Burschen* surging out of the *Gasthaus*, Heinrich Rheinhold felt a tug at his arm. It was Adolf Steiner, the boldest spirit in the corps.

"Keep with me," whispered the tall, handsome, duel-scarred student mysteriously.

What was afoot? A row with the police? "All right!" he answered, reckless for any adventure.

Like all his comrades, he flaunted the seditious black-red-gold rosette symbolical of German unity and freedom, like them he vociferated audaciously: *"Einigkeit!"—"Freiheit!"—"Verfassung!"—"Es lebe das Vaterland!"* His head was in a whirl with the intoxication of the evening; with the innumerable lidded mugs of beer he had drunk to shouts of *"Prosit Blume!"—"Ich komme Ihnen etwas!"—"Ich komme nach!"—"Prosit!"—"Prosit Rest!"*; with the patriotic songs they had roared in chorus: *Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?—Deutschland, Deutschland uber Alles!—Freiheit die Ich meine!* He was yet filled with the excitement which had impelled him, the first of any, to leap on a chair and vehemently call them to arms for the revolution in Germany also.

Outside, turning from the triangular marketplace where a crowd of townsfolk still lingered in front of the *Rathaus*, the tall student halted suddenly under a gas lamp, looked searchingly into his eyes.

"*Kamerad*, you are really for the Revolution?"

He answered with fervent sincerity, "I would give my life for it!" What real German, indeed, would not gladly sacrifice his life for that glorious cause of a free and united fatherland?

Steiner nodded. The mystery in his manner was yet more impressive.

"*Also gut!* Come with me."

By a cautiously devious route, baffling to ubiquitous Prussian police spies, they arrived at a closely shuttered house in one of the narrow Old World streets.

Steiner knocked in an evidently preconcerted signal. The door opened. They went up a flight of stairs, entered a large lamp-lit salon where a dozen or so men and several crinoline-gowned ladies talked eagerly in little groups. All were suddenly silent, looked round sharply, at his entrance.

Steiner led him across the room to a grave, intellectual-looking young man, precociously bearded in that hirsute luxuriance currently indicative of advanced liberal opinions.

"Comrade," he said, "I have brought you another recruit."

The intellectual-looking young man regarded him piercingly for an instant. Then he clicked his heels together, bowed, introduced himself.

"Graf Georg von Wildenhof."

He clicked and bowed likewise.

"Heinrich Rheinhold—respectfully at your service, *Herr Graf*."

Count von Wildenhof smiled queerly, as though in contempt for that deference of the non-noble to mere rank.

"I am glad to meet a comrade vouched for by Comrade Steiner," he said. "Great things are about to happen. There will be tasks for all, very soon. . . . Let me present you to my sister, Comrade Rheinhold."

He found himself clicking heels and bowing before a young girl seated upon the sofa. Her serious-featured, aristocratic beauty awed him, still youthfully shy in society. He gathered that her name was Irma. She smiled at him, her dark eyes kindling.

"I also am glad to welcome you, Comrade Rheinhold." Her tone had a simplicity, an unaffected genuineness, he had not expected in this *wohlgeborene*. Confusedly, he stammered an inadequate conventionality.

Count von Wildenhof led him around the room, introduced him to this group and that. "A new recruit. Comrade Steiner vouches for him."

Comrade Steiner might vouch for him, but, after his host had quitted him, none of these groups showed any inclination to include him in their excited, low-voiced discussions, mentioning names for the most part unknown to him. Karl Marx had arrived in Cologne from Brussels. Bakunin was coming. Georg Herwegh—well enough he knew the name of that famous revolutionary poet—was active in Paris. He caught other dimly comprehensible snatches—Robert Blum—Leipsic—the Italian comrades were ready in Milan—the Sicilian revolt against the Bourbons was spreading to Naples—Vienna—Hungary—Berlin—yes, the great effort must be made in Berlin—as he stood awkwardly alone, envying Steiner in confidential argument with a group near the fireplace.

A fair-haired, audaciously scarlet-mouthed young woman was now seated with Countess Irma on the sofa. His hostess beckoned to him.

"Come and talk with us, Comrade Rheinhold." He obeyed, diffidently yet gratefully. "Let me introduce you," she smiled. "This is Comrade Rheinhold, Comrade Ottilie."

He clicked and bowed. The fair-haired young woman regarded him boldly. He felt uncomfortable under those insolently sophisticated blue eyes, puritanically disliked the shameless make-up of her lips.

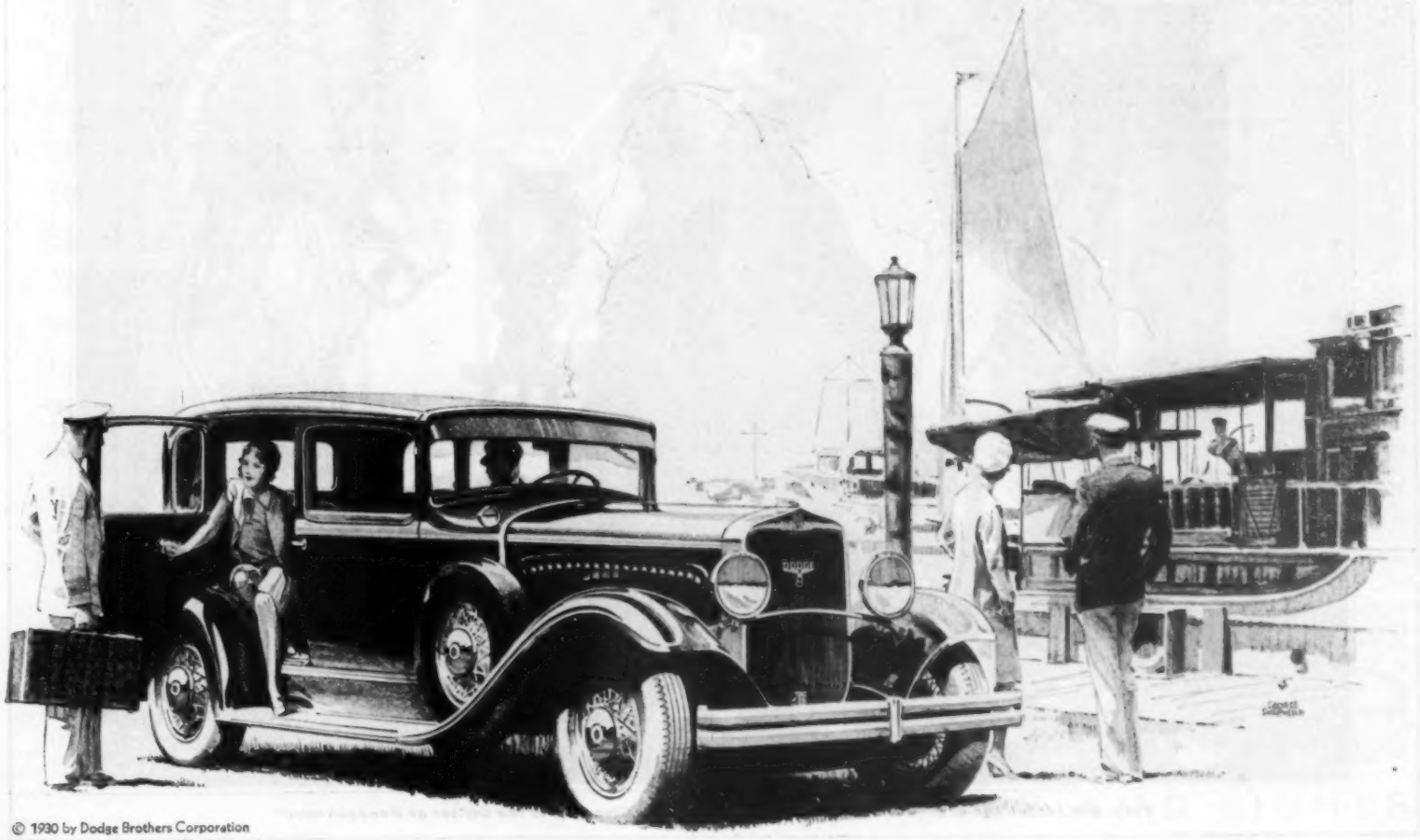
(Continued on Page 40)

# DODGE BROTHERS

## EIGHT-IN-LINE

### UPHOLDING EVERY TRADITION OF DODGE DEPENDABILITY

All over the country, owners of the new Dodge Eight-in-Line are going out of their way to congratulate us on the creation of a car that has the good qualities characteristic of all Dodge Brothers products—together with many virtues distinctly its own. A cross-section of the numerous compliments we are receiving would read something like this: "We knew that a car designed by Dodge engineers would be dependable, economical, safe, and excellent in performance. We did not expect, however, to buy at such a low price ($1095 and up f. o. b. factory) a car that would rival in appearance and performance any eight-cylinder car on the market. Nor did we expect to buy a car that in certain features, notably the Mono-Piece Steel Body and the weatherproof internal hydraulic brakes, would definitely excel higher-priced eights." This company believes that you will be interested in learning for yourself what inspires such favorable owner reaction. Your nearest dealer can supply the means of finding out.



© 1930 by Dodge Brothers Corporation

(Continued from Page 38)

"*Ein schöner Jüngling!*" she observed. "How long have you been in the movement, comrade?"

"From my boyhood I dedicated myself to the unity and freedom of the fatherland!" He could not sufficiently proclaim that pure patriotism which was ardent in him.

The sophisticated blue eyes seemed amused.

"*Ach so?*" she said. There was, elusively, something contemptuous in her tone.

Countess Irma intervened kindly: "But you are with us, are you not, in that cause which is yet greater even than the unity of the fatherland?"

He stammered.

"I do not quite understand, *gnädige Gräfin?*"

She smiled.

"Do not call me *gnädige Gräfin;* I am Comrade Irma. Here we are all comrades together." Her dark eyes glowed suddenly. "Are you not with us in that cause which takes no heed of frontiers, which will deliver the oppressed of every land, which soon—soon—will unite all mankind in a common equality of happiness?" There was an ecstasy in her face.

He was bewildered. "*Ich bitte;* still I do not quite understand?"

Comrade Ottilie laughed.

"How came this young innocent here?" Her red mouth curled cruelly. "Is he a fool or a police spy?" Her cold eyes went menacingly suspicious. "I wish him no harm, but I for one have no intention of seeing the inside of a prison, just now of all times!"

Countess Irma reproved her warmly, "Do not be absurd, Ottilie! Comrade Steiner brought him here, and Comrade Steiner would never bring anyone who was not safe!"

Comrade Ottilie laughed sarcastically.

"*Ach!* Of course! *Der liebe Kamerad Steiner—der schöne Adolf!*—to whom everything is permitted!"

Countess Irma flushed. She turned again to Rheinhold. "If Comrade Steiner brought you here, it is that you are to be trusted—that you have a generous soul! He knows you will be one of us. I would that my brother could speak to you"—she glanced toward Count von Wildenhof, now, with several others, bent over a table strewn with documents—"but, as you see, tonight he has much to do. If I could only talk as he can talk, you would be quickly convinced that our cause is the only thing that matters in the world, would sacrifice everything to it, as we have sacrificed everything." She broke off, looked at him earnestly. "Do you not realize, comrade, that even if the unity of the fatherland is achieved, the great mass of Germans—the working classes—will be no better off? They will not be any the more free, for they will still be in slavery to the system which exploits them, which forces them to toil for a pittance that barely keeps them alive, while the rich live in idleness and luxury on the produce of their labor! It is these we are going to liberate, comrade—the poor, the disinherited, the oppressed—not only in Germany but all over the world!"

"Workers of the world, unite!" chanted Comrade Ottilie. "You have nothing to lose but your chains!"

"That is from a Manifesto published last year by Comrade Karl Marx," said Countess Irma enthusiastically. "He is a great genius. He has proved conclusively that, under this present system, the rich must inevitably grow richer and the poor poorer. We have dedicated ourselves to destroy that system utterly in every country. It is going to be destroyed now, comrade—now, soon—very soon!" Her tone was full of an ecstatic mystery.

Comrade Ottilie corroborated with an enthusiasm which had something malignant in it:

"This revolution in Paris is only the beginning." Her blue eyes lit up balefully. "Now it will not stop until everywhere the accursed thing is overthrown."

He did not know what to say. This was a very different matter from that constitutional unity of the fatherland which revolution had always implied to him.

"It has already begun to happen, comrade," continued Countess Irma. "The signal has been given. In these next few weeks you will see Italy rise against the Austrians; you will see revolutions in every German State; there will be revolutions in Austria, in Hungary, in Bohemia—even perhaps in England, the fortress of capitalism!"

She seemed like an inspired prophetess, ardent in a vast, occult knowledge denied to him, self-consciously a mere inexperienced youth. Nevertheless, he defended his reason against the spell of her beauty and her earnestness.

"I can imagine revolutions everywhere in Germany for the constitution," he said. "I can believe that Italy and Hungary will rise against the Austrian oppressor. But the complete overthrow of society —— No one thinks of it!"

Comrade Ottilie laughed again, scornfully.

"What a clever young man it is! Of course, no one thinks of it! Fortunately! Don't you see these constitutional struggles are only the means to an end? One must make a start. The stupid people must be made to rise against authority in a cause they can understand. Then it will be our business to lead them further—to the real revolution!" She rose as she spoke, as though she had scarcely patience to talk to him. "Ah, there is dear Comrade Kinkel!" She gathered her crinolined skirt, hastened after that celebrated young professor of Bonn University, caught his arm, merged with him in that throng of parlor revolutionaries, more and more excitedly conspiratorial as each newcomer arrived with fresh tidings.

Rheinhold remained with Countess Irma.

"It is an immense undertaking," he said, still incredulously.

"But we shall succeed in it, comrade!" she replied, fervently positive. "Believe me, all is planned; all is ready. In every country it will happen exactly as our leaders have decreed."

He stared at her. This was fantastic.

"But what leaders are those that have so much power in every country?"

She smiled mysteriously.

"That I cannot tell you," she answered. "I do not even know myself. I do not ask to know. No one knows the

(Continued on Page 42)

*From Her Jacket She Drew Out a Bulky Envelope: "You Will Give This to the Officer at Headquarters"*

Brilliant!
These New Centuries
Outclass
Surpass
The former Centuries
That made
The name
Famous

●

Few cars
Ever won
Such fame
And acclaim
In the same
Short time

●

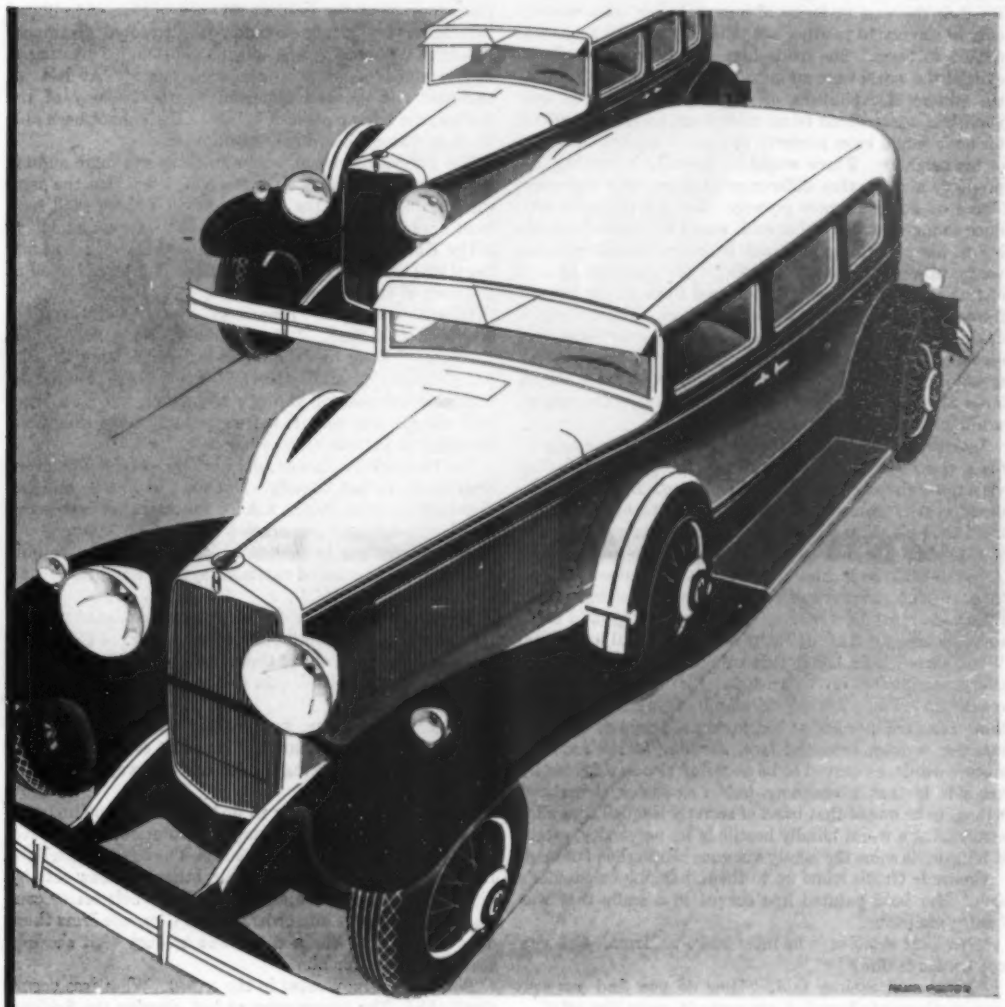
Now
Huskier power
To wing you
Up hills.
Keener speed
To add to
Thrills.
Smarter lines
New devices
Greater comfort
Lower prices.
Our advice is
See them
Now.

• 1931 MODELS •

CENTURY SIX, 70 H. P. . . . FROM $1145
CENTURY EIGHT, 90 H. P. . . FROM $1345
100 H. P. EIGHT . . . . . FROM $1695
133 H. P. EIGHT . . . . . FROM $2080
PRICES AT THE FACTORY

for 1931

# TWO HISTORY-MAKING CENTURIES



These two new Centuries—a Six and an Eight—even surpass their famous predecessors. They are more powerful, faster, smarter, roomier. They embody many new refinements in design, fitments and comfort. The Six is the greatest Six in all Hupmobile history . . . and the greatest value in its class. The Eight again reflects Hupmobile's mastery of eight-cylinder engineering achieved through more than six years of pioneering in the eight-cylinder field. Yet the Six is more than *$200 less* . . . the Eight is more than *$400 less* . . . than the former Century cars.

# Hupmobile

SIXES AND EIGHTS

SL-J9

(Continued from Page 40)

hidden superiors who control all the German, French and Italian secret societies, whose orders are implicitly obeyed all over Europe by comrades unacquainted with one another. Not even the highest initiates know their names. Not even"—she glanced toward Count von Wildenhof—"my brother. Only I can tell you that the revolutionary leaders known to everybody are not the real heads. Even the famous Mazzini is but a subordinate. What does that matter? We follow and we obey because it is the cause—because the triumph of that cause means the regeneration of the world!" She spoke in a spiritual exaltation. "Listen, comrade!" she said. "Let me try and make you understand why we are leagued together, for we need you, comrade, as we need every generous soul."

Earnestly, passionately, eloquently, she told him, with impressive figures and vivid detail, of the starvation of the German weaver, toiling desperately sixteen hours a day to earn a hundred and twenty marks a year, of the similarly exploited proletariat in every land, the basis of all society, of all the luxury cynically enjoyed by a favored few. He had never given a thought to it before; now she made him see that the vast majority of human beings were wretchedly in slavery to produce a wealth in which all share was denied to them. She made him see vividly that all the evils of the world were an inevitable effect of the system—the system of capitalism, of property. If property were abolished, there would be no more wars, no more frontiers, for none would have property to protect against the greed of his neighbor. There would be no more inequality, for property alone makes differences between man and man. There would be no more poverty. Did not the earth produce enough for all? From each would be claimed according to his powers, and to each be given according to his needs, in a universal brotherhood. She sketched an idyl of free and happy humanity released from all the age-old fetters it had stupidly imposed upon itself—the idyl which has haunted the imagination of mankind ever since, primevally, it looked back regretfully from the irksome tyrannies of tribal life to the free and happy times when, in loose family groups, it roamed newly in an unpopulated world, sharing what came to hand.

Interrupted from time to time by comrades coming up for a word with her, she continued to open to him that vision of an easily attainable millennium. In that atmosphere where revolution was accepted as a normality, it was more than plausible; it was convincing. She was right. It was as if for the first time his eyes were opened. Every generous impulse in him had found its logical conclusion. This ancient structure of society, compact of monstrous injustices, must be swept utterly away, the ground ruthlessly cleared for that idyllic future of universal happiness. What cause could equal this sublime cause, demanding every sacrifice of its votaries for the deliverance of all mankind? The altruistic idealism of youth thrilled in him. His existence had at last found its purpose. Looking into her serious, beautiful face, listening to her ardently sincere words, he craved to be accepted also as a fighter by her side in that tremendous battle against systematized wrong, to be one of that band of secretly leagued comrades challenging a world blindly hostile in its perversity, establishing on its ruins the purely virtuous brotherhood of man.

Comrade Ottilie came up to them, hanging on Steiner's arm. Her bold painted lips curved in a smile that was faintly malicious.

"*Der liebe Adolf* says he must leave us, Irma. Can you not persuade him?"

"I regret!" Steiner said. "How do you find our new recruit, Comrade Irma? I am come to carry him off."

The new recruit intercepted the glance his instructress shot up to the tall, handsome student. It gave him an absurd little twinge of jealousy. To call her Comrade Irma also!

She answered in earnest simplicity, "I am asking Comrade Rheinhold whether he will be one with us—whether he, like us, will sacrifice all for the cause?"

Her ecstatic dark eyes swept round to him again, interrogatively.

"I swear to do so!" he cried, in that new enthusiasm. "I also! Command me whatever you will!"

She smiled at him.

"Then come again tomorrow," she said. "My brother will talk to you. Till then, *auf wiedersehen*, comrade!"

Deliciously, he dared the novel familiarity, "*Auf wiedersehen*, Comrade Irma!"

It was the most wonderful evening of his life. The world seemed entirely different to him as, with Steiner, he emerged into the streets. It was a world he was pledged to overthrow.

Three weeks later, on the afternoon of the eighteenth of March, he stood in the great crowd shouting enthusiastically outside the royal *Schloss* in Berlin. Comrade Irma had prophesied correctly. The whole of Germany was simultaneously in ferment. In almost every one of its kingdoms and principalities, townsfolk and peasants had gathered in mass, had presented storm petitions to their scared rulers, extorting constitutions, freedom of the press, a national parliament for a united Germany. Most had, ominously, demanded the arming of the people as well.

In Berlin—despite the orators raving to excited middle-class crowds in the Zelte pleasure gardens, to the semi-starving work people in the poorer quarters; despite a mysterious influx of several thousand Poles and the furtive arrival of many Rhinelanders and certain individuals straight from revolutionary Paris—the explosion had hitherto been delayed. Nevertheless, three days ago, when had arrived the immense news of the revolution in Vienna and the fall of Metternich, there had been a sudden tumult, the appearance of barricades in streets which had to be cleared by the military. Since then, the tension had been permanent and acute.

This morning had brought the crisis to a climax. The middle-class Berliners, preponderant in the thronging crowds, were excitedly determined that their King should place himself at the head of this new nation-wide liberal movement for a united and constitutional Germany. Friedrich Wilhelm IV, irresolute in high-minded mysticism, had received deputation after deputation. At last, at half-past one, he had appeared on the balcony of the *Schloss*, the burgomaster at his side. He had not been able to make himself heard over the uproar.

The burgomaster had bellowed, more and more audible in a spreading silence: "It is the King's will that the press shall be free! It is the King's will that there shall be a most liberal Constitution to include all German lands! It is the King's will that there shall be a German national flag! It is the King's will that Prussia shall place herself at the head of the movement!"

It was incredible. Frenziedly, the crowd waved its black-red-gold flags. "*Es lebe der König! Es lebe das Vaterland!* Long live the black-red-gold! Long live the King! *Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!*" Everywhere top-hatted citizens were pushing through the throng, to rush away with the glorious news that freedom was won without the shedding of a single drop of blood!

He, Heinrich Rheinhold, did not join in that jubilation. Instead, he cursed bitterly. Not for this had he and the comrades come to Berlin, not for this had they worked so feverishly. All their preparation was in vain. There would be no riot leading to violent revolution, no catastrophic overthrow of this hated capitalist system which caused all the evil in the world!

He saw Adolf Steiner elbowing his way toward him, at the head of one or two fierce-looking fellows of the lowest class who cried angrily to these exulting *Philister:*

"It's all very well for you to cheer! It's no good to us poor folk!"

Steiner reached him, grabbed his arm, whispered savagely: "Be ready, Heinrich! We must stop this foolery! We must set them going!" He darted away again, was lost in the press.

What was Steiner going to do? He could not imagine. In all this business of making a revolution, he had felt humiliatingly his utter inexperience. The chiefs in Berlin—Bakunin, Von Wildenhof, Lassalle, others he knew only by nicknames—admitted him not at all to their secret conclaves, merely gave him orders. Even Comrade Irma these days treated him like a child, was so busy that she had scarcely a word for him.

There was a movement in the crowd. What was occurring? Ah! The troops were at last clearing the Schlossplatz. He clambered up an adjacent lamp-post, under the feet of a man waving a black-red-gold flag and vociferating: "*Hoch der König!*" From that elevation, he saw a squadron of dragoons move slowly forward, their sabers sheathed, pressing on the throng. At each side of the squadron marched a company of dark-uniformed infantry, their weapons at the slope. Suddenly—even as he watched—he saw a double upward spurt of smoke from one of those companies, heard a double detonation. Two of the rifles had gone off accidentally.

The crowd swirled with a wild cry of alarm. Above the confusion, he heard a stentorian voice—was it Steiner's?—"*Man schiesst auf uns! Man schiesst auf uns!*" From his position on the lamp-post, he shrieked it also. "They are shooting on us! They are shooting on us!" There were screams of panic, a mad rush. Here and there, in suddenly assumed leadership, were other vociferations: "Down with the soldiers! Revenge! Revenge! To the church towers! *An die Sturmglocken!* Ring the alarm bells! To the barricades! To the barricades!" He yelled it likewise, with all his voice, leading the rush of those about him. "They are shooting down the people! To the barricades! This way, brothers!" He ran toward that spot on the Königstrasse which had been assigned to him.

They followed him in a wild collective insanity he would not have believed possible, so sudden was it. Respectable citizens and ragged proletariat alike, their faces white and contorted with rage, shrieking imprecations against the soldiers, they tore up the pavement, overturned vehicles, brought from the nearest houses piles of furniture and bedding. Even women and children ran to assist at the growing barricade. From every church tower the bells were clamoring.

With a shout, a clatter of hoofs, a galloping wagon arrived in rear of them. Steiner stood on it, handed out muskets, packets of ammunition, old swords, weapons that were only theatrical properties from a theater. On the roofs of the adjacent houses men were stripping off the tiles, piling them on the parapets where stones had been heaped for days. In the secret though he was, he was amazed at that efficiency of organization. Everywhere, men were ready to give a lead to this furious citizenry. Steiner planted a red flag on the barricade, among the black-red-gold flags already there. "*Es lebe die Freiheit!*" he cried. That was their rallying shout, not alarmingly revolutionary, yet giving no lip service to mere constitutionalism.

The barricade was completed. He waited, crouching with the musket he had received, ready to fire. Away on the Kurfürsten bridge a battery had taken post. It was five o'clock. The portfires of the cannoneers glowed ominously in the dusk. Steiner restrained the more impatient of the defenders. Every minute before the fight commenced was a minute gained. Other barricades were being constructed behind them, were being feverishly worked at all over the city.

There was a sudden luridity, a shattering detonation, a multiple brief howling in the air, a multiple crash that splintered the piled up breastwork. The first gun had opened with canister.

"*Feuer!*" shrieked Steiner, waving his red flag. He pulled trigger in the ragged volley.

Again and again the battery fired in deafening concussions, a rolling smoke, a howl of bullets breaking from their tin cases to rain upon the flame-spurting barricade. The din was incessant, was torn with screams of human agony. Rheinhold was vaguely aware that men and women were carrying away corpses. He had no compunction for his share in tricking these worthy bourgeois, ridiculously flourishing their black-red-gold banners, into this murderous, irrational battle. What mattered human lives so that the real revolution was launched? Presently the black-red-gold would be replaced by the red flag that Steiner audaciously introduced amid those emblems of a futile constitutionalism.

He shouted exultantly, "*Es lebe die Freiheit!*" as he aimed and fired.

Voices cried in sharp alarm: "Here come the soldiers!"

It was true. Infantrymen were rapidly emerging from the smoke, startlingly close to them. He had time for one more shot. Then, in a sudden fierce crisis of all his being, he found himself desperately hand-to-hand with yelling uniformed men who clambered upon the barricade, who jabbed at him with bayonets, who fired at close range.

He heard Steiner's voice over the uproar: "Retreat, comrades! Back to the next barricade!"

With the survivors he raced back to the next breastwork farther up the Königstrasse, ranged himself with the defenders already there.

The fight recommenced, in exasperated ferocity. The street was full of soldiers. From the roofs men fired at them, hurled down stones and tiles. House by house, the soldiers broke in the doors, fought their way upstairs. Those house fights were without quarter. From the parapets, human bodies hurtled sickeningly. From the captured windows began a destructive fire upon the barricade. Presently the battery advanced, alternated its canister with shrieking solid shot. Smoke-smeared and hideous, they answered as fast as they could ram home. Amid the zipping bullets, excited women ran to them with bread and meat and hot coffee. An immense full moon rose slowly above the houses.

They had repelled another attack, a mere handful of defenders yet surviving. Steiner sent an urchin racing for reënforcements. They arrived in a rush along the street—armed civilians with black-red-gold flags, vociferating in fury. A girl led them, cheering them on. It was Comrade Irma! He agonized for her as a volley crashed devastatingly. She snatched Steiner's red flag, sprang onto the barricade. "*Es lebe die Revolution!*"

It was three days later—the twenty-first of March. Friedrich Wilhelm IV had surrendered ignominiously to the insurrection, rode now through Berlin displaying the black-red-gold colors against which his troops had fought. The capital was delirious with joy.

(Continued on Page 57)

# *More and more you'll find the* MONITOR TOP *imitated*

## *But its amazing record of trouble-free service . . .* that *belongs to General Electric alone!*

A mere glimpse of it through the open window—and you recognize it. *A General Electric*—modern in design as this electrical age itself! The aristocrat of all refrigerators—as distinguished in its appearance as it is in its matchless performance. Little wonder they seek to duplicate the individual beauty of the Monitor Top.

*Join us in the General Electric Program, broadcast every Saturday evening on a nation-wide N. B. C. network.*

But the sealed-in-steel mechanism of the Monitor Top—and its world-renowned record of trouble-free service—are beyond all imitation. *These* belong to the refrigerator that *you* are going to want for *your* home. The General Electric!

Prices as low as $205 at the factory. Easy payments. For booklet, write Section S-7, Electric Refrigeration Dept., General Electric Company, Hanna Bldg., Cleveland, O.

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**
**ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR**

ELECTRIC WATER COOLERS • COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC MILK COOLERS

# *This Saturday*

# THE EIGHT

## *Four new series, featuring masterly new engines, all Straight Eights . . . new Syncro-Mesh Transmissions* . . . new Insulated Bodies by Fisher . . . the culmination of Buick's 27 years of fine car building*

**This Saturday, the Buick Motor Company will present the most thrilling motor cars Buick has ever created . . . and by far the greatest performing Buicks ever built . . . four straight eights, with four wheelbases and four price ranges, including one line of eights at an even lower price than the fine Buick sixes of last year.**

**The new Buicks are powered by magnificent straight eight engines—Valve-in-Head, of course. Buick will build eights *exclusively*. . . . Buick, outstanding leader in fine car manufacture for more than a quarter-century, has naturally concentrated upon producing eights of exceptional quality . . . and the new cars will carry their own message of excellence to all America.**

**The new creations embody many vitally important advancements, including these major features:**

***NEW BUICK VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT EIGHT ENGINES*—providing a degree of performance far surpassing even the finest previous Buick creations.**

***NEW SYNCRO-MESH TRANSMISSIONS*—an ultra-luxurious feature, imparting smooth, silent, non-clash gear-shifting.**

***NEW INSULATED BODIES BY FISHER*—skillfully insulated, like a fine home, against heat, cold and noise.**

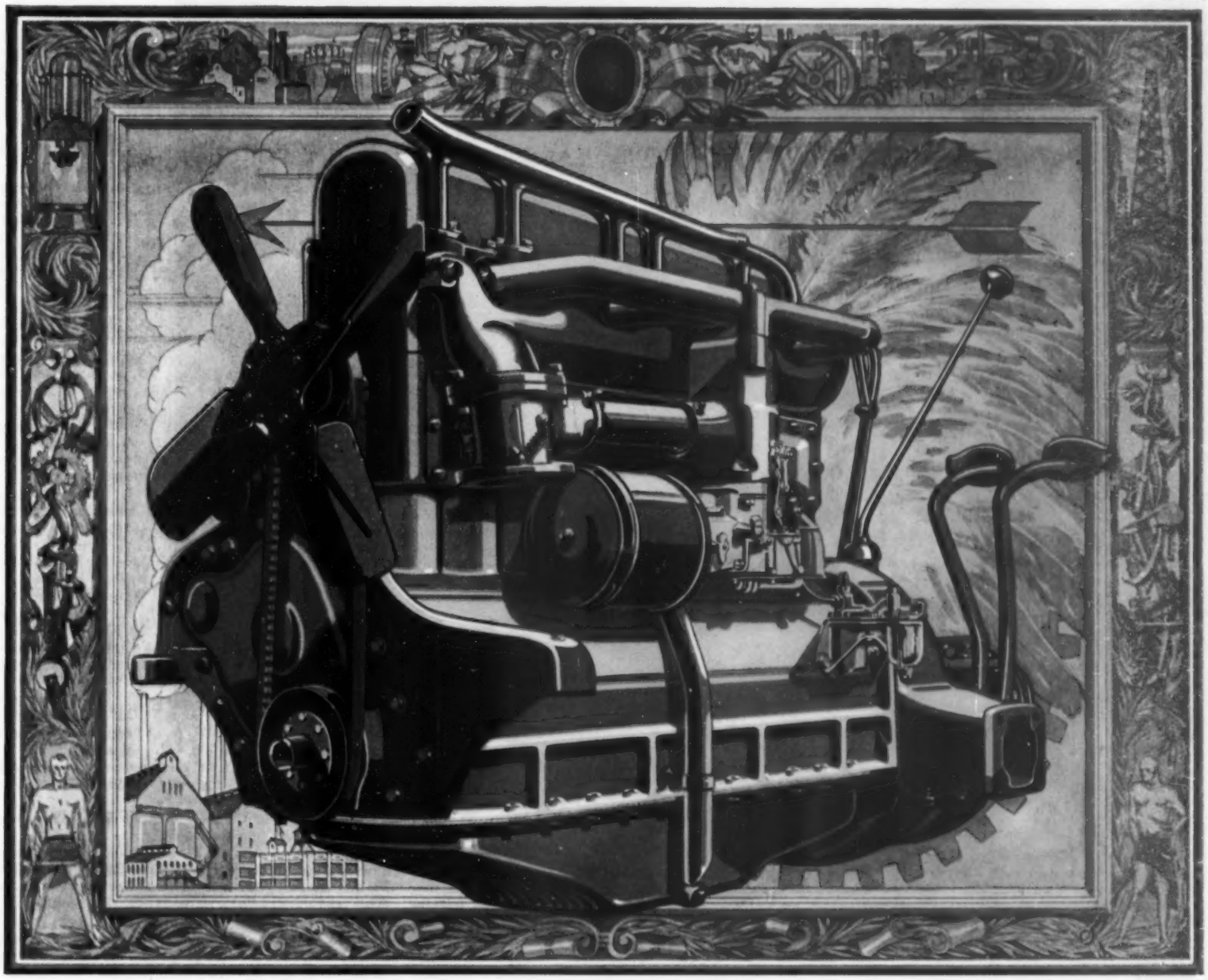
***THE NEW SYNCRO-MESH TRANSMISSION . . . . . .**

***A costly, ultra-luxurious feature . . . imparting smooth, silent, non-clash gear-shifting . . . employed in three of the series, with Buick's fine standard transmission in the series of lowest price.***

**The heart of the new Buick is under the hood. The thrill of the new Buick is on the road. For here are resources of power, smoothness and swiftness—combined with a train-like sureness and steadiness of flight—heretofore unknown in Buick's field. Moreover, every unit of Buick's Valve-in-Head Straight Eights is expressly designed to assure uniform excellence throughout the cars. Every unit reveals increased size and strength to conform with the increased power of the new engines.**

**America knows Buick . . . knows Buick engineering and manufacturing leadership . . . knows Buick soundness and reliability during more than a quarter-century . . . knows Buick so well that men and women have long purchased more than twice as many Buicks as any other automobile priced above $1200. And America knows,**

# AS BUICK BUILDS IT



too, that Buick's Valve-in-Head Straight Eights, like every new Buick of preceding years, will faithfully reflect Buick's pledge, "When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them."

Buick cordially invites you—not merely to view the Eight as Buick builds it, but to drive it as well. On display at Buick showrooms everywhere Saturday, July 26th.

Buick Motor Company, Flint, Michigan ✓✓ Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factories, McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ontario

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Buick

# Investments in Matrimonies

*"What Do You Mean, What I Think? In General or in Personal Now?"*

## By OMA ALMONA DAVIES

ILLUSTRATED BY LU KIMMEL

IT IS not only the course of true love which does not run straight; the course of life itself does not run straight. Oh, the moralists may claim that cause links neatly onto effect, that effect in turn links neatly onto cause, until the whole of life lies a chain straight and true from end to beginning, but Mr. Tobias Bergstresser could have informed them with an afflicted hand upon his middle that the course of life may suddenly run skittering off for no reason at all at a perverse and alien angle.

He could have told the world in general, including moralists in particular, that there was no logical reason why, because he visited Eli Hespenheide upon an evening in April, he should have visited Mrs. Amelia Trempe upon an afternoon in October; and yet, there it was. From the time of his visit to Hespenheide his life sheered off at an acute angle—very acute; so acute that upon that afternoon of the October following he found himself upon the scrubbed doorstep of the Widow Trempe sixteen miles distant.

And certainly his conversation with Hespenheide, dealing as it did with his own perpetual grievance against the Government of these United States, would have seemed calculated to exclude so trifling a matter as any female whatsoever.

"Taxes oncet!" cramped Mr. Bergstresser. "Ain't the Government owning its own machine fur to print off any amounts of money, I ask you? Well, then, why ain't it? Looky here: What would it cost them fur to hire a man to run that machine a little extry? But, no: Here they go to work and hire a army of tax weasels fur to sleazer it out of us. Was that sense? To give it out fur to git it in? What fur kind of business was that, now I ask you?"

Mr. Hespenheide polished comfortably the star upon his lapel and slanted a waggish eye upon his guest. "Ach, well, where was you leaving your wealthy money anyhow? You ain't got no woman nor no offsprings."

"Woman?" Tobias chuckled dryly. "No, I guess I ain't been that dumb anyways."

"If you mean to insinerate any insinerations ower my two matrimonies"—the marshal reared back in some dignity—"leave me tell you that in a business way I never pulled off nothing so profitable." Mr. Bergstresser's incredulous eyes did not leave the other's face during the short pause which ensued. "Ain't they housekeeped fur me and the jail whiles they was living? And then when they ain't living yet, ain't they passing me their property where was inherited to them from their firsts? And here you make it your brag that you are a good business man! That could make a laugh fur me!"

The lightning of a strong man roused leaped in lurid flashes among the other's small, well-spaced features. "Hold oncet your insults till you speak the whole story! You ain't mentioning this extravagant habit they have got of surprising a man oncet in so often. It's a many a man who woke up to find a new population at his washboiler."

"Or twins into his tub," conceded Hespenheide imperturbably. "But there's a answer to that: Widows."

"Widows oncet?"

"Widows anyhow. Widows has mostly got over them habits. A widow"—the official tilted back omnisciently upon his chair legs—"is the best all-round inwestment a man can make fur himself. Dead or living, they're the best inwestments at the market today. Fur why? I could set and give you off reasons for an hour or what. But ain't that one thing enough—that easy and painless you git the accoomulations of another man? It does now wonder me you ain't seeing that fur yourself long a'ready, that much you brag you ain't ever leaving a good inwestment git past you."

Once again his guest was pricked upon the raw. His round, bright eyes evaded his host and shot like marbles about the room. "I ain't anyways conwinced of it yet," he huffed uncertainly. "So far forth as that goes, I don't see you takin' after your third."

"My second ain't been under but eleven months," reminded the officer virtuously, "and no woman of mine will ever be telling around that I ain't give her dead respects fur the full year. No, that is somepin I am very particular over; and it ain't been so easy, either, considering that oncet in so often I git a prisoner in the jail here fur to eat."

Silence ensued, during which the visitor swallowed noisily, elongating his neck after the manner of a rooster which has gotten hold of a worm, succulent, but all too large to ingest.

"There's a plenty around to pick from now, too," yawned Hespenheide.

"Just to say, who?" cautiously inquired Bergstresser.

"Well, there's Tishie Witmeier and Hartrauft's widow; and there's Meelie Trempe ——"

"Yes," considered his guest dispiritedly, "but who else agin?"

"Your own cousin is single-wise yet, ain't she? And there's Meelie Trempe ——"

"I don't mind this Trempe you keep mentioning of."

"Amelia Shotsberger was her right name. She got Dave Trempe, that rich hoteller by Andore City. Well, he died fur her, it's two years back or such, and then she had a flittin' and come to Flathead fur to live. That cottage kitterin' to the pretzel factory."

"A redhead, not? And a dimple like she had fell onto a nail? We was conwerted together, and she did jump and holler that it was wonderful."

"She was always a beautiful conwersationist," agreed Hespenheide.

The silence of the evening ensued. Both stretched luxuriously; both smiled absently for a space upon the sibilant teakettle.

Suddenly Bergstresser clamped arms to his side; his breath drew in a hiss above that of the kettle: "But—Flathead? That there costs thirty cents by the trolley! Thirty each and every way."

Hespenheide's chair legs shot to the floor. He eyed the other with dour suspicion. "What's it to you if it costs? Say, now, looky here, what was you thinking about anyway?" But at once he laughed and felt possessively of his star. "Ach, but I guess anyhow not! You a-making a

(Continued on Page 49)

# VACATION DAYS ARE FLASHLIGHT NIGHTS

*Ribbon marking on case covered by registered trade-mark*

# TAKE AN EVEREADY

## GET IT FIRST— PACK IT LAST

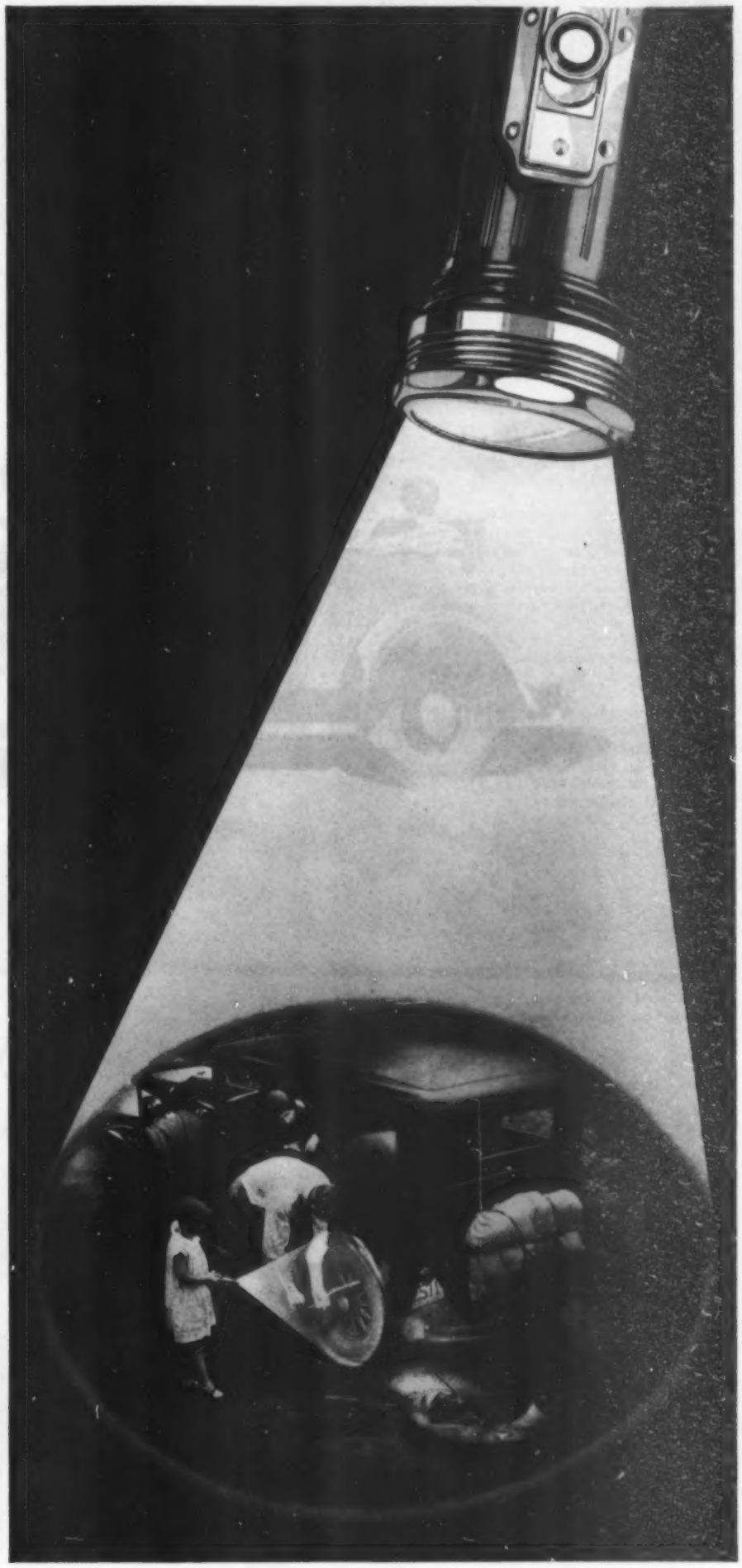
**IN THE grip for the trip. And right on top! Then you won't have to pull out shoes and shirts when you want to use it. And you never can tell when you will! You might need an Eveready on the train. Or out on the road, if you motor.**

**Every time an Eveready comes in handy in a pinch, you'll say it's the most valuable *light* luggage you can buy. Its brilliant ray ransacks the night . . . digs through the darkness, and lets you know where you're going. Especially in dimly lit hotel halls. With an Eveready, you won't need to pick your way like a tight-rope artist. You'll walk along at your regular gait, without fearing a nose-dive down the stairs.**

**If you plan to camp in a cottage, be certain to take an Eveready. Summer cottages are usually frame and far from fire-proof. Whatever you do while you're on your vacation, carry an Eveready at night! Get one today. And be sure it's loaded with Eveready Flashlight Batteries. They're 10c everywhere, and give months of reliable service.**

* * *

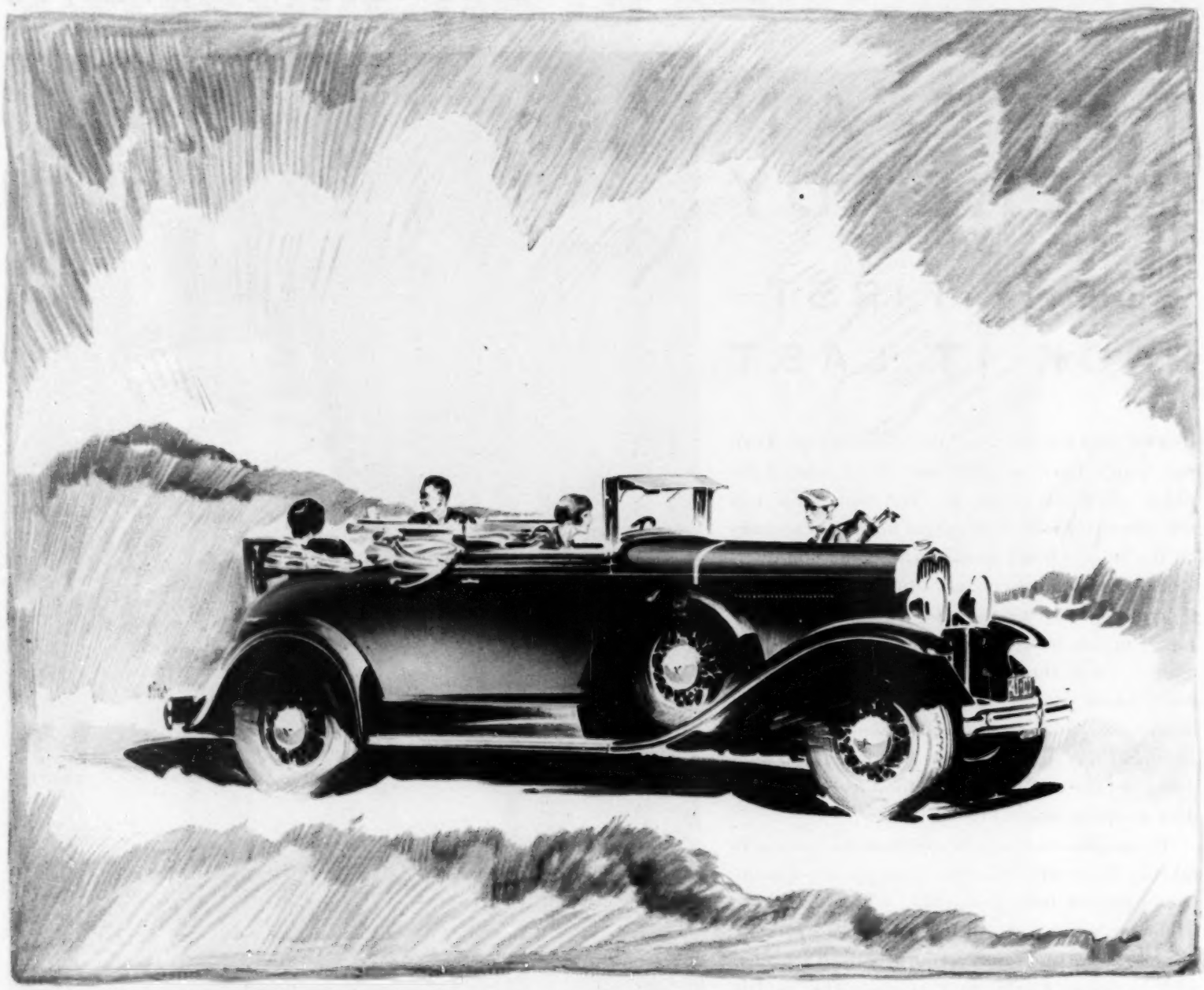
**The Eveready Hour, radio's oldest commercial feature, is broadcast every Tuesday evening at nine (New York time) from WEAF over a nation-wide N. B. C. network of 30 stations.**



NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.
*General Offices:* New York, N. Y.
*Branches:* Chicago Kansas City New York San Francisco
*Unit of* Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES

*Eveready Flashlight Batteries are only 10c each. A long, bright time for a thin, bright dime.*



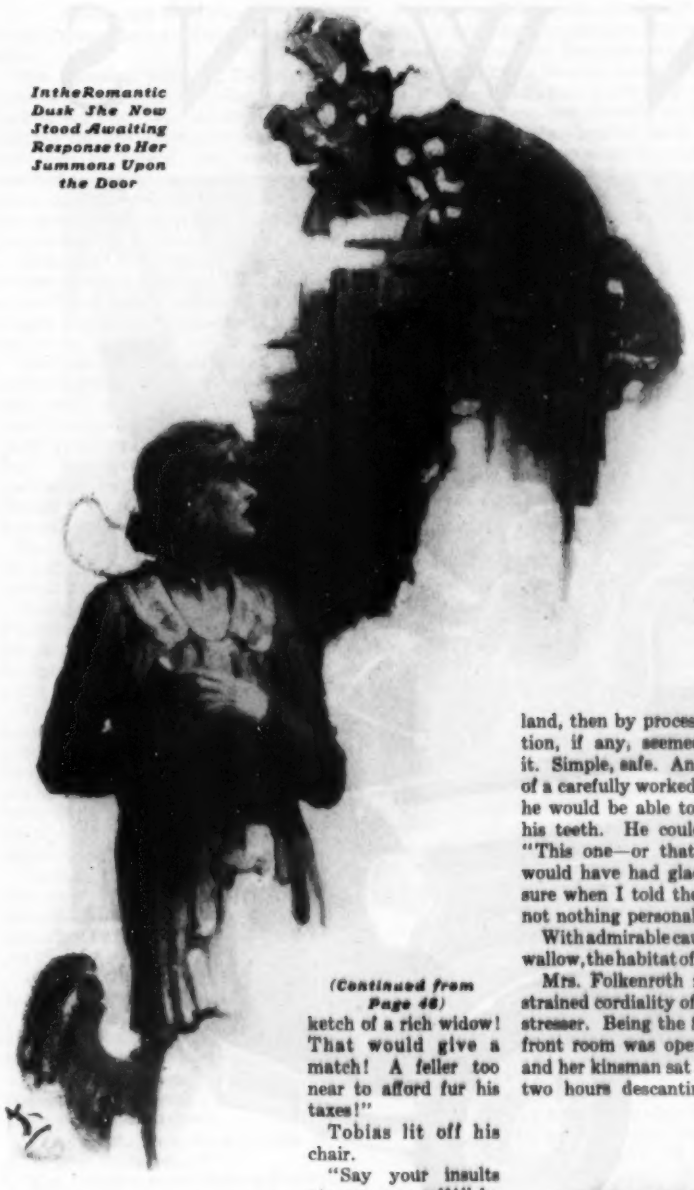
# Ready for Anything . . .

There's an alert, eager responsiveness about Viking's performance which makes you feel that this car is ready for anything . . . at any time. ▼▼▼ If it's fast getaway in traffic, a touch on the accelerator is all that's needed. ▼▼▼ If it's a burst of speed on the highway, Viking's big 90° V-eight engine leaps into action with such ease and smoothness that the thrill of fast going is made doubly enjoyable. ▼▼▼ If it's hard pulling on the hills, through deep mud or sand, Viking's mighty power reserve makes light of the task. ▼▼▼ In short, by every test of performance, Viking demonstrates true greatness—doing all that you ask of it, and more. ▼▼▼

And in addition to this brilliant all-round performance, Viking provides many other vitally important advantages . . . restful comfort—ease of control—the style, luxury, and good taste of Body by Fisher. ▼▼▼ Come try the Viking yourself. Put it to your own performance tests. Check it point by point and feature by feature. Then you'll know the Viking Eight for what it is—a great car and a great value—thoroughly dependable and ready for anything.

## VIKING EIGHT

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



*In the Romantic Dusk She Now Stood Awaiting Response to Her Summons Upon the Door*

(Continued from Page 48)

ketch of a rich widow! That would give a match! A feller too near to afford fur his taxes!"

Tobias lit off his chair.

"Say your insults at your own self!" he cried. "Inwest at your dopplich women! If I didn't have no better inwestments to talk about than widowing women I would take a thought and keep quiet about it!"

"Hold your whiskers!" pleaded Hespenheide. "I know you ain't fur women, so what does it make a difference if I say the women ain't fur you?"

"How do you know they ain't fur me? Did I ever ask fur one of the dumb things?"

"All I'm saying," held Hespenheide stubbornly, "you wouldn't git no woman to live by you, so keen like what you are on the penny."

"Leave me see you prove it!"

"Prove it oncet?" Hespenheide had begun to enjoy the situation. "Dopple! You're the only one can prove it."

The little man, now beside himself, spun toward the door.

"All right! Then I ——" He stopped suddenly. To what had he been about to commit himself? "I give you good night!"

Hespenheide stared at the closed door, and after a time he sighed. Would his fiery neighbor come no more to sit with him during the closed season incident upon his bereavement?

Two weeks later the marshal trod humbly across the vacant lot which separated their holdings, bearing a small parcel.

"Fresh-grounded meal," he proffered, "fur the scrapple."

"Yes, well." Tobias noncommittally accepted the offering.

"I got a trip to make to Silver Ridge over. If you feel fur going with, tomorrow."

"I don't."

"Yes, well." Hespenheide went heavily toward the gate.

"If it was Flathead—I got some business in."

Hespenheide turned joyfully. "I wisht if it was, but—now leave me see. If you wasn't in any important hurry?"

The little man, taut upon the threshold, shifted a foot and spoke in a voice curiously pent: "The better the sooner."

"In my business a body can't ever tell," advised the other. "Anyway don't go spending out fur the trolley till a while."

"I ain't spending out fur the trolley," clamped Tobias, "if it goes six months or what."

Nor was he. After all, he was but in the experimental stage so far as his belief in Hespenheide's assertions was concerned. But if he were overlooking an investment of major importance—and then there was that taunt that he couldn't do it if he would.

Upon a certain Sabbath afternoon, then, Tobias set forth upon horseback cautiously to spy out the land—and no spy had ever equipped himself with more defensive mechanism against the contingency of getting caught. The scheme of his strategy was all-embracing: He intended by a series of wary sallies to ascertain the entire lay of the land, then by process of elimination to decide which portion, if any, seemed advantageous, and if so, to take it. Simple, safe. And if so, or if not, at least as the result of a carefully worked out system of questions and answers, he would be able to cast back Hespenheide's taunt into his teeth. He could hear himself announcing casually: "This one—or that one—made it a plenty plain they would have had glad to come and live with; but to be sure when I told them I was speaking only as a general, not nothing personal ——" Canny that; again, safe.

With admirable caution he set his first course toward Bearwallow, the habitat of his own cousin, Mrs. Lizzie Folkenroth.

Mrs. Folkenroth received him with cordiality, the restrained cordiality of a true Bergstresser. Being the Sabbath, her front room was opened and she and her kinsman sat elegantly for two hours descanting upon the virtues of the Bergstressers and the vices of the Folkenroths, particular venom being displayed by the lady toward her own deceased Folkenroth, who, it was revealed to the extreme interest of her visitor, had left her little but a large and handsome mortgage.

Tobias might have known. Life was ever thus. An afternoon wasted.

However, there was still that minor consideration in regard to Hespenheide; and, too, this was an excellent opportunity to test the system he had prepared; safe certainly, the lady having emphasized her low opinion of his sex in general.

Filled then with the excellent cheesecake with which she finally regaled him, Mr. Bergstresser inquired confidently: "And what, then, do you think about this here, now, matrimony?"

"I think of it a lot," promptly responded the widow. "I'm all fur it."

Her eyes rested upon him with such bright speculation as she made this astonishing admission that the rejoinder which he had prepared for just such an emergency for the moment escaped him.

"But you say mister used you mean—he ain't leaving you hardly nothing but a mortgage ——" he stammered.

"That's the reason."

With some vague idea of defense Tobias took up the knife which he had resigned following his final bite. "But we're cousins a'ready!"

"Third," reminded the lady.

"But the Word puts it we're to avoid even the appearance of evil!" cried the distraught Tobias. "I wouldn't even connive to such a thing—me a church member and a believing professor. And anyways, all I asked you was how you ——"

"Yes, I think I could stand you pretty good."

Tobias literally kicked and clawed. "Now listen on me. You ain't to think I popped anything, fur I ain't popped nothing. All I asked you was how you was feeling toward matrimony. Just as a general—not nothing personal."

There! It was out. And what would the lady do? Tobias gasped twice audibly before she did anything. Then she turned suddenly and with an awkward, full-arm gesture shot at him across the table the plate of cheesecake. "Anyways pick you another piece," she murmured in thin-voiced embarrassment.

Easy! It had all come out as he had figured, after all. Tobias picked him not one piece but two and went on his way with an exhilaration out of all proportion, it might have seemed, with the results accomplished. But he had, of course, triumphed over Hespenheide; and then, too—ach, now, there was something that made a fellow feel all over funny about this setting down and eating strange meals off a female—free meals. Tobias suddenly kicked his steed in the ribs with such vigor as to cause the animal to shy, accustomed as

(Continued on Page 51)

*Taut and Shriveled Upon a Kitchen Chair He Sat, Facing the Door and Facing Also the Proof of His Guilt as it Lay Brazenly Upon the Cleared Table*

# HUDSON WINS

*—in France*
*—in California*
*—in Countrywide*
*Tests of Endurance and Reliability*

### Wins Famous *Tour de France*

Again Hudson-Essex scored 100% in winning the highest honors in the nine-day Tour de France, most celebrated of the annual tests staged on the European Continent.

Against eighty-seven cars from every country, competing, Hudson and Essex were each awarded the Gold Medal, for completing the Tour and its many tests for speed, acceleration, hill-climbing, economy, brake tests, and all-round reliability, without a single penalty. They now hold the highest awards for scoring perfectly both this year and last.

### Victor in California Tests

Hudson's Great Eight, with 100% score, overwhelmed all competition in tests conducted in the purchase of cars for the Department of Highway Control of the State of California.

Nearly all makes submitted bids. Eight cars, including Hudson, were chosen for these exhaustive tests — in Speed, Acceleration, Reliability, Stability, Flexibility, Operating Ease, Steering Action, Freedom from Vibration, Shimmying and Freedom from Overheating. One of the lowest in price, Hudson's Great 8, was the only car to finish with a perfect score.

### 124,750 Miles with 100% Reliability

Twenty-five Hudson Eights in grueling nonstop runs of 160 hours each (7 days) gave the marvelous result of 100% reliability records. Not a motor failed, not a part was replaced, not an adjustment was required.

A total of 124,750 miles was covered by the 25 Hudsons, an average of 4,990 miles each. Speed above 80 miles an hour was attained. Average gasoline consumption was 14.85 miles per gallon. The tests were conducted in and about 25 different cities, from Maine to California, and all conditions of weather, road and hills were encountered.

## HUDSON'S *Great* 8

(Continued from Page 49)

he had always been to Bergstresser moderation.

The following Sabbath Tobias sat at table with Mrs. Sadie Geisenhammer of Sinking Springs. One look at Mrs. Geisenhammer and one would know why the place had been so named, but, even so, she matched to perfection, pound for acre, the three-hundred-acre dairy farm which, Tobias early ascertained, was encumbered only by some eighty plethoric kine.

Perfection? Perfection. Why waste further Sabbath afternoons when by doing so one lost a weekly income of—well, now, if each cow gave ten quarts at a milking and ——

"Ach, yes," his hostess was saying as she billowed toward her capacious kitchen, "I don't ever redd my table away. I just leave it stand setting. Fur me and the twins we eat four meals or either five every day." She snatched a cloth from a table upon which various jams, jellies, sauces and cheeses winked succulently upward toward Tobias.

But Tobias did not wink back at them. He had faltered in the doorway. "Twins oncet?"

"Annie and Dannie. They come along five months or what it was after their pop got carried out. Ach, yes, you will quick enough know if I have got some twins when oncet I bell fur supper."

Tobias knew it. Even before the Geisenhammer offspring began mowing down windrows of food, he knew it. The rich dairy farm which the thrifty parent had provided for his family seemed to disappear mouthful by mouthful into the young voracious hoppers which presently clamored on either side of him.

"Ach, now, eat your mouths empty before you holler fur more!" shrilled the hostess. "Ain't it now wonderful the appetites they have got by them and the voices yet?"

It was. So much so that the visitor for a time meditated swift escape only.

Nevertheless, there was again that little side line; and here with the eyes of his hostess already frankly gloating upon him was his chance again to get even with Hespenheide. Fortified finally with three sorts of pie, he inquired:

"And what, then, do you think of this here, now, matrimony?"

Mrs. Geisenhammer threw a Frankfurter at a strident cat, dropped her head to one side as far as her third chin would permit and encouraged: "Ain't you fresh, though?"

"Well, but what ——" again began Tobias.

"Annie! Take your fingers deliberately off that ponhaus. Was you commencing to begin again or what? . . . Sure, I take to you that it is something surprising now."

"But I was only asking what you think about this here ——"

"You're in wool and hides, not? Well, then, with all this here cows, it would look according, ain't so? . . . Dannie, stop scutchin' with your heels!"

"But I ain't meaning nothing personal!" shouted Tobias above the cat, the twins and the lady.

"No, I know, you're considering of the twins. But I been thinking, too, fur long back a'ready that they had ought to learn their schoolage off the town. . . . Dannie! Annie! If you're going to fight with them forks —— You take and let them and set down and be seated. The very ideas! Whiles we're eating a stranger!"

With the duel raging to right and left of him Tobias rose and after the correct manner of an after-dinner speaker pounded for order. "I," he stated triumphantly, "ain't popped nothing. If you mind, I was only asking you what you thought about matrimony. Just as a general—not nothing personal."

Mrs. Geisenhammer's maternal eye wandered from the twins to Tobias and back. "Then you was playing off a joke, ain't not? Well, I am always much fur the jokes too. But now you've got acquainted to my twins—well, next time, mebbe!"

Once more Tobias rode homeward in a welter of contradictory emotions. But of this he was now satisfied: There was something in this investment idea of Hespenheide's. Yes, if there hadn't been a mortgage upon the Folkenroth farm, and if there hadn't been twins upon the Geisenhammer dairy —— Now where could he go where he could be reasonably sure there were neither twins nor mortgage?

Hespenheide decided that for him. He stepped across from the jail as Tobias dismounted.

"Was you still in the notion of Flathead? I got to make a trip over tomorrow to serve such a paper fur sheriff."

"I got yet that piece of business," conceded Tobias.

Upon the following day, therefore, the two made a salubrious journey together toward the village of Flathead.

"Can you git your business done in mebbe two hours?" inquired the driver as Tobias dismounted upon the main street.

"If I ain't finishing behind that time I guess I ain't finishing at all," jauntily promised Bergstresser. He waved his arm indefinitely. "I'll be down in these directions—somewheres around the pretzel factory."

In truth, Tobias felt more jaunty than he had ever felt in his life. Behind a friendly osage hedge he took from his pocket a careful packet from which he extracted a bow tie. Having buckled this male plumage about his neck he stepped nattily toward the cottage next to the pretzel factory.

The visit began even more auspiciously than he had dared to hope.

"To be sure I remember you! When I was a young single, I used to think you was, now, the prettiest boy on the church," she laughed. Tobias kicked the door jamb.

He still felt somewhat dizzy as he sat down upon a carpet-covered chair in her cheerful kitchen. She was a small person, but even her slight movements had about them a lusty decisive vitality extremely reminiscent of that Amelia Shotsberger who had made of her conversion so earnest a spectacle. Her bright hair was undimmed by the years, and her eyes, glinting now with frank interest upon him, were very blue. She made him think confusedly of gaping at the sky on a sunny day, now.

"You got to excuse me a little." Her dimple switched rapidly on and off as she smoothed back her willful hair. "My head is some strubbly, not? I been out picking some pokeberries. Every year I squeeze them so, for to make a bottle of ink!"

Her guest's eyes glazed with admiration. "That means to say, then, you ain't addicted to waste."

Mrs. Trempe laughed shortly. "Ketch me wasting anything!"

"The saving kind ain't ever kreistled by no mortgages," probed Tobias penetratingly.

"I guess anyhow not!" declared his hostess vigorously. "A many times I says to mister, 'You leave me ketch you putting a mortgage onto me and you'll git your whiskers singed fur you.'"

Tobias roused in some alarm. "But I guess he was never needful to mortgage anything. I heard anyway the hotel business was middling profitable."

"It ain't any business," rejoined Mrs. Trempe in her emphatic manner, "more profitable than hotelling. Sixteen we could lay and twenty-eight we could set, and it's a many times I had thirty transient sheets onto the wash line at oncet." She descanted at length upon the hotel business and while doing so rose, stirred the fire and set the coffeepot thereon.

It was a tasty collation which she set forth in her swift, precise way upon her small table. Tobias eyed the few tidy viands with favor—no waste here as at the terrifying Geisenhammer board.

"I might," toward the close of the repast she reverted to the previous subject of conversation, "move myself back to Yingstown and go into the hotelling again. It's more comers and goers there towards what it is in Flathead."

Heady with coffee and goaded to celerity by a secret glance at his watch, Tobias leaned back and eyed her intently. "But what do you think about this here, now, matrimony?"

Mrs. Trempe also leaned back and regarded him with equal concentration. "What do you mean, what I think? In general or in personal now?"

The breath biffed from Tobias. The lady's eyes seemed to coruscate about him like two swift suns. "Both," he compromised breathlessly.

"Both," she mused. The dancing suns stilled, and Tobias saw as through a haze the lady's eyes in still brightness upon him. "In wool and hides," she inventoried, "and a couple houses in your own name and a store building where you rent away. . . . And you don't look to be addicted to nothing."

"And you could run the hotel yet!" cried Tobias. "And with what I ——"

But the lady flagged him with an upraised palm. "Not so quick nor so fast," she warned. "I got to be satisfied on that one point first. For if you are addicted to anything, nothing—not nothing—would induce me to even consider into you."

"But I ain't!" declared Tobias solemnly. "I don't drink and I don't smoke neither tobacco nor cubebs, nor even I don't use profound language."

The lady appeared satisfied. "Well, then," said she, "go ahead."

"Well," flustered Tobias, "what I was saying, we can make a doubled income, you with the hotel and me with the hides and ——"

"I guess anyhow not," interrupted Mrs. Trempe dryly. "If I take a man I don't take no hotel. The two just naturally don't work together." Tobias stared. "If it wouldn't of been fur Trempe we wouldn't of lost the one we did have."

"Lost!" echoed Tobias hollowly.

"Gambling." Mrs. Trempe rasped her elbow with a violent finger nail. "It's all kinds of the public you meet up with in them places, and Trempe he was that weak at the morals he couldn't stand it. Gamble"—the lady's voice rose—"I guess he did anyhow! And he both drinked and he both chewed too. It's the reason I haven't got nothing today."

"Nothing!" echoed Tobias.

"Do you guess I'd of tooken up the tailoring if I wouldn't of had to?" Her eyes were not reminiscent of suns now, but of that other heavenly phenomenon, lightning. Lightning, moreover, which had struck. Its victim neither moved nor spoke; it is doubtful whether at that moment, stunned from shock, he even drew the breath of life.

"To be sure, though, it will come always handy to know the tailoring." She ran an efficient eye over the still form before her. "I could make you a suit a plenty better than the one you got onto you now."

With the strange strength vouchsafed those about to pass from the world, Tobias stiffened upright. "Now, looky here, I only says what did you think about matrimony. Just as a general; not nothing personal."

"You said both," reminded his companion. She dimpled and clasped her small hands luxuriously. "No, I have made my mind now and that there's something I never change off. And then I am a woman this here way too: When I start something I never rest myself till I git everything settled. I ain't the kind to set down and think thoughts over anything: Action, that's me. Now why can't we just set the ——"

The horn of the hunter was heard from without. Tobias shot from his chair, with one hand grasped his hat, with the other the door.

"Ach, was that somebody belling for you? Ain't that now a pity—just when we —— But why can't they wait till we anyway ——"

"I give you good-by!" Tobias was springing down the rear steps. But his hostess had not yet given him good-by. Before he reached the front gate she had reached the front door. Before the driver honking his horn before the pretzel factory had fairly focused his astounded eyes upon the Trempe gate, the widow had hastened down the walk and, as Hespenheide drove up, was thrusting her arm proprietarily through the arm of her late guest.

"It's you, Hespenheide, then!" she called gayly. "Well, now, look!"

Mr. Hespenheide was looking. His eyes had the curious fixed intensity of artificial eyes projected forward upon wires.

"What does this mean to say anyhow?" he erupted. "You give me to understand you'd be by pretzels and here I find you ——"

"Oh, he's been making me some interesting conversations!" flattered the hostess. "He's been telling me about his wool and hides and about his prospects for his futures and about ——"

"Leave me put in my jaw here," the driver pitched suddenly forward and eyed her with desperate intent. "Leave me give you some good advice: It's never a good plan in this here life to go jumping too quick over anything. Remember," he shook his head darkly, "it's as good pebbles in the sea as ain't ever been fished out yet."

Tobias, climbing to the seat, paused and looked upward with orbs swimming in heartfelt gratitude. "Thanks," he murmured. Mr. Hespenheide pitched backward.

"Now ain't you a real comic!" laughed the widow. "Well, don't leave it go long till you come again!" She was gazing at Tobias as she issued the invitation, but Hespenheide answered promptly:

"And that I won't!" He thrust his fingers beneath his lapel, thus striking the widow full in the eye with the brilliance of his official emblem. "Us officers of the law has to be everywheres at once and more often as not it's Flathead."

"You can fetch Bergstresser with, then," she waved brightly at the latter.

The vehicle shot raucously forward. The driver twitched toward his pallid companion. "What's this to do?" he growled. "What are you got to say fur yourself anyhow?"

"I got to say I don't want to talk nothing," Tobias clamped and rocked. "I ain't feeling anything so good."

Nor did his feelings improve during the succeeding days. His symptoms in the main were sleeplessness at night and lack of appetite by day coupled with a morbid obsession to repeat to himself either silently or aloud the salient remarks of the conversation which had taken place in Flathead: "No, I have made my mind now and that there's something I never change off," being the most frequent refrain. So low indeed had his spirits fallen by the second night that he was fain to stand at his window gazing upon the two barred cells in the official structure across the vacant lot. "She couldn't git me there," he said aloud more than once with melancholy, vicarious satisfaction. It was the one spot in all the world, as the wretched Tobias now calculated, where a man would be safe from a widow with decisive red hair and a decisive dimple; a woman, moreover, who had stressed her abhorrence of all manner of wrongdoing. "Fur, if you was addicted to anything, nothing—not nothing—would induce me to consider into you," being the second most persistent refrain of the tragic torment.

But he wasn't addicted to anything; after a half century of moral rectitude he couldn't be. Besides he had given her his solemn word that he was not; and with Tobias his solemn word was—his solemn word. But if she could only think he was! Again foolish, futile! That woman would never believe anything she did not see with her own eyes.

Her own eyes. . . . If she should see him—with her own eyes—in one of those cells. . . . Preposterous again—and yet ——

Upon the third morning Tobias received a letter indited in the royal purple of pokeberry juice. The royal purple proclaimed the impending entry of a visitor from Flathead who would survey the site of her future occupancy and likewise discuss the date for her permanent occupation thereof.

That night Tobias stole the star of the town marshal.

Upon the fall of day, when the marshal had sallied forth with provender for the inhabitant of his pigpen, the marauder by circuitous route invaded his premises, nipped the token of official rank and stole with his guilty plunder away.

Fifteen minutes passed and with it well-nigh passed Tobias. Taut and shriveled upon a kitchen chair he sat, facing the door and facing also the proof of his guilt as it lay brazenly upon the cleared table.

Footsteps pounded, a swill pail clattered, the marshal pounded and clattered into the room. "Somebody has —— Say, did you see anybody slinkin' into my —— Hey, what's this? What's this anyhow?"

The question was, of course, purely rhetorical; even the badge did not attempt to answer.

Its owner snatched it from its temporary repose.

"How did this here git there?"

"I stole it," declared Tobias in clarion tones. He rose. "I'll lock shut and go with."

"Lock and go—which?" The official took a backward step.

"To jail." Tobias secured a window.

"Looky here! A joke kin be a joke and then agin it can't. When it comes to swipin' the official badge off an official officer—why, looky here, do you know what I could do you fur somepin like that? If I wasn't a friend of yourn I could put you to the jail fur really."

"You ain't no friend of mine if you don't," retorted Tobias. "What fur kind of an officer was you if you go favoring your friends?"

Without removing his distraught eye from Tobias, the marshal placed a chair between the latter and the door and sat carefully down. "Was you out from your head or what?" he probed cautiously. "Put all your cards now plain onto the surface. Leave us talk a little here."

They talked not little, but much, for Tobias did not at once lay any of his cards upon the table. He had stolen, he repeated with dignity; by what right then did the officer refuse him the municipal shelter provided for offenders—a shelter, moreover, which he, Tobias, maintained by his own excessive taxes year after year?

It was only after a half hour of fruitless argument, when the officer, his eyes filled now only with great concern for his demented friend, was backing out of the door, that Tobias in desperation flung his cards upon the table, face up; and the first face revealed was that of Mrs. Trempe. "A woman," he squeaked toward the closing door, "is after me!" The door opened promptly and again the marshal's tumultuous eyes ravaged him.

Twenty minutes later the two stepped in great apparent concord across the vacant lot, Tobias bearing tidily in a bandanna his few toilet requisites. The officer was even smiling gently. And why not? Was he not about to do that which would place his rival under the ban forever with the lady upon whom he himself had set his hopes? Tobias was not smiling, but at least there was upon his countenance a feeble serenity born of hope. And why not? Was he not about to do that which would insure his own safety and at the same time make him appear a generous benefactor to his friend? Generous, yes; for Tobias had cannily managed to conceal his trump card.

Hespenheide groped hazily once more for this trump as he halted upon his doorstep. "But the thing that seems middling funny to me," he searched his prisoner, "is why you want to git shut of her, good-fixed like what she is and a good-looker into the bargain?"

"Ain't you said a'ready I ain't fur women?" countered Tobias. "Now leave me borrow the lend of a pencil; I got to write off that letter in an important hurry."

"So you was going to spend out one of them stamps, fur all," chuckled the other.

"That I ain't," corrected Tobias. "This here is a jointed affair. If I put my brains onto it, you can afford fur the stamp, I should guess."

And, indeed, Mr. Hespenheide, after perusing the flattering reference to himself which Tobias evolved, was only too glad to hasten it by the evening mail hack which plied between the two communities. Tobias had written:

*Mrs. A. Trempe:* Yours of late date recieved and I take pen in hand to leave you know that I am well and that I am a lawbreaker a thief and a fellon yet I stole some jewelry off a officer namely E Hespenheide and his badge so I have been put to the jail It is a serous crime and I am setting in jail All I can say is E Hespenheide is a fine man and anybody ought to be proud to own him

Hopeing you are the same
MR T BERGSTRESSER

P s I am setting in a sell

"If she ain't gitting it off the A.M. mail tomorrow morning"—Hespenheide twiddled his keys shrewdly—"she's gitting it off the P.M. And if she ain't coming before she gits the letter she ain't coming at all. Is that how you make your calculations?"

"When it comes to calculating over females," drooped Tobias, "I ain't. But neither I ain't taking any chances with them. I want the lend of this cell for anyhow a week. Give me the key now."

"Give you the key oncet?" cried Hespenheide. "What would I be giving you the key fur?"

"Fur to lock myself open and lock myself shut when I feel fur it."

"Now looky here"—the official's mustache twitched tumultuously—"do you know what that could git me liable fur? According to Section 108 of the Penal Code an officer who connives to leave a prisoner git loose on him can be put to state's prison fur up to ten years, and on the top of that can git it a fine up to and including ten thousand dollars yet. Take another guess if you think I ——"

"Go and milk my cow out then," retorted Tobias. The official took a backward step. "And feed my chickens and hay my horse. And then pack me my supper." Mr. Hespenheide retreated still farther. "Dopple! Ain't we made the agreement a'ready that you ain't to blab it? Who knows it but me and you? I stole off you, and that give me the Bible right to set in a cell. You say I ain't stole, so that gives me dare to step out when I feel fur it. Now give me that there key. It's only three trolleys a day from Flathead over, and the last one is in a'ready; so she can't no more be landing on us yet today anyhow."

The upright Tobias had spoken truth, as usual, when he had referred to the difficulty of making calculations where female creatures are concerned; but he had in the next breath innocently spoken only half truth when he had observed that only he and his fellow-conspirator knew of his transference to the jail. The cow knew it and Mrs. Trempe knew it; and both were females, therefore incalculable. The cow gazing forth expectantly over her own particular bars upon the following evening knew it, and Mrs. Trempe at the same hour riding upon the seat of the mail hack which plied between the two villages knew it. When, therefore, the hearts of Mr. Bergstresser and Mr. Hespenheide were crying peace and safety, sudden destruction between the cow and the lady fell upon them.

Not that Mrs. Trempe resembled in any particular sudden destruction as she set her dainty but determined feet from the mail hack to the pavement before the municipal building and, tripping up the steps, pulled upon the bell. She had received the momentous letter too late to catch the last trolley for the day, but being, as she had informed Tobias, a lady who expedited at once whatever matter came to hand, she had thereupon bribed the driver of the mail hack for transportation. Accordingly, in the romantic dusk she now stood awaiting response to her summons upon the door.

There was no response. She tried the knob; it yielded and she was about to pursue her own investigations within when a scuffling sound behind her caused her to turn. The official custodian was scuttling toward her from across the street; his bulging eyes, his labored breathing and his general appearance of disorganization seemed strangely at variance with the peaceful nature of the packet which he bore in his fingers and which would seem to indicate that he had been merely in the act of supplying his earthly needs; from a fold of paper evidently snatched in haste from a counter protruded a link of Frankfurters.

"You never come by the trolley!" erupted Mr. Hespenheide in red agitation.

"You was expecting me then," observed the visitor with cool penetration.

"But this time of night—after night this way ——" panted the official.

"Well, you got your prisoners by you—this time of night, I should guess," she remarked dryly; and as the other still continued to stare upon her as upon some horrid vision, she turned, pushed open the door and stepped in.

"Prisoners? Ho, ho, yes!" The officer whipped his leg with the Frankfurters, which after the manner of that comestible had escaped his infirm hold and had lengthened themselves joint by joint. "You just watch a prisoner git loose on me! Here, leave me make a light. Prisoners, yes. But, to be sure, I ain't got only one by me now."

"Only one," repeated the widow, who seemed in a disconcertingly analytical mood. "Well, it's only one I come fur to see, so I guess that's him."

With some idea of getting rid of a vague encumbrance Mr. Hespenheide looped his breakfast about his neck, then switched on the light. Before him stood the trim figure of his choice, her very blue eyes upturned to his, her hair, somewhat disarranged by her journey, a bright glory about her small earnest face. Mr. Hespenheide breathed audibly and fondled a Frankfurter.

"Well, now," he said softly, "well, now. Pick you out this chair and set down and be seated. Leave us talk something a little. If it's anything you want to know now—just anything—any facts ——"

"I've got all the facts"—she tapped her hand bag—"in here. I want fur to see the prisoner. I got to ketch the hack when it comes going back. Fifteen minutes; so I'll thank you to make hurry."

"Only fifteen minutes." The officer twiddled his star with flattering regret. "Now I was hoping me and you could set fur a while and ——"

"Fifteen minutes is a plenty to find out all I want fur to know," said the lady decisively, "but I'll thank you to make quick now. Is them the cells?"

"Them's them," admitted the jailer. Steaming visibly, but once again every inch the custodian of the law, Mr. Hespenheide wheeled and with martial clank of key stepped high toward the farther end of the corridor. Before reaching the two barred cubicles, however, he stopped and instructed impressively: "It's against the rules fur to unlock the door, but you can have dare to conwerse with the prisoner through the bars anyway. With me, the official officer in charge, a-standing by."

The following instant, however, the officer in charge seemed about to fall by rather than to stand by. A ghastly breath rasped upward of his throat and he tottered backward.

Mrs. Trempe gazed at the empty cell, she gazed at its open door, she gazed at the key upon the inside of the lock. She folded her hands, turned and gazed at the officer. "I smelled a mice a'ready," she observed.

Her unwavering eyes upon him seemed to dizzy rather than to steady the marshal. He clutched at his bosom, clutched the Frankfurters, and with a low moan cast them from him.

"It's the first time I ever seen a key onto the insides of a cell," she remarked. "Now where is he?"

"Milking his cow out," gasped the officer. He straightened. He rallied. "You couldn't expect an officer to be milking away no cows fur their prisoners, could you?"

"Neither," said his visitor, "I wouldn't be expecting a officer to be leaving his prisoners git loose on him fur to milk no cows."

Her tone was so ominous, her eye so penetrating, as she made this simple statement that Mr. Hespenheide opened his mouth, thought better of it and closed it. After a moment he achieved:

"Well, now, it was just this here way: He's a friend of mine, so I—well, it was just this here way: It's a special case. I mean, he's a prisoner and then again he ain't a prisoner."

"If he ain't a prisoner," said the lady slowly, "what fur dare have you got to put him at a cell? And if he is a prisoner what fur dare have you got to leave him git loose on you? Either way," she meditated, "I want to wonder if it ain't a state's prison offense."

With the air of one who throws aside all defenses, Mr. Hespenheide belched a groan and tore open his shirt collar. "Listen and leave me tell you the truth of it now: This here was, well, it was just a kind of joke among him and me. He did up and stole my badge but, then agin, he never stole it. That's plain, ain't it? Then him and me just connived it up together where we would write you off such a letter—that's plain, ain't it? Ach, there he is now!" he steamed in vast relief. "Hey, here's a wisitor fur you! And you got to tell her," he added hastily, "where this here was all a joke. She knows it's a joke. I told her a'ready it was a joke. And now you got to—you got to!—tell her it was a joke."

But Tobias, if the peaked statue at the farther end of the corridor were indeed he, looked as though he had never heard of a joke in his life. His fingers frozen about a milk pail, he neither moved nor spoke as his fiancée turned and advanced rapidly toward him.

"There you was!" she hailed.

"No, I ain't," chattered Tobias.

"A joke, now," pleaded Hespenheide, "a joke and not nothing else."

Between the two pallid jokesters stood the lady; and for a long moment her sharp eyes raked piercingly Tobias. Tobias kicked out with one foot, snorted and backed. She smiled faintly. "That's the way they act," she murmured. More conversationally she said: "I conceited it was somepin like this. Male things—when they ketch oncet a good sight of the halter—that's the way they act. They always do somepin outlandish. Trempe, now, it took him in the stummick. Yes, the night before we was to stand up, here if he didn't take a sudden sick—and fur no mortal reason he went and locked himself tight shut in the barn a'ready."

Truth, crushed to earth, is bound to rise. Between the two pairs of lips which had crushed it, it rose now and bubbled forth. "I don't feel fur no expensive marriage!" stifled Tobias.

"And I do!" the official brazened forward.

For an agonizing moment of appraisement the lady surveyed from head to foot one, then the other. "No"—she shook her bright head—"when oncet I make my mind, that there's somepin I never change off!" She cocked her head as though listening for wheels, at the same time whipping forth a tape measure from her hand bag. "It can't be fur behind them fifteen minutes, so stand still whiles I measure you up."

Tobias uttered a short yelp. "What fur?"

"Your wedding suit," dimpled the lady. "What did you anyhow think it was? One of them stylish breeches of promise suits? Ach, no, nothing so dear expensive as that."

Tobias was literally in a corner. Perforce he stood still.

# 4 shades of tone value
## brilliant·bright·mellow·deep

**PHILCO TONE-CONTROL**
BRILLIANT—BRIGHT—MELLOW—DEEP
*Just turn this knob to bring in programs your way—with any one of these four tone values. At last you control station tone. You can listen to music as you like it. Speech can be more distinct. Interference noises almost vanish. And for stations harsh in your neighborhood, you can reduce stridency and enjoy many more programs.*

# PHILCO TONE-CONTROL

FAMOUS for its own perfect tone, Philco now *adds* perfection of tone from the radio station—subject to your *control* simply by the turn of a knob on the front of the set.

Now, with Philco Tone-Control, you can bring in music, great artists, great speakers, *your* way — with the tone quality *you* like best.

Yet further, you can turn the Philco Tone-Control to "mellow" and bring in a prelude played by the great Philco Symphony Orchestra in dreamy, luscious tones. Turn to "brilliant", and jazz bands are crisp and snappy, or turn to "deep", and they croon and whisper at a touch of your hand.

Philco Tone-Control is an *addition* to all the great features which gave Philco the leadership it still holds. Balanced Units and the wonderful life-like tone they produce are retained. And Philco also offers its new, exclusive circuits producing that marvelous selectivity which gives fine tuning anywhere on the dial. Power and distance-ability are extraordinary. In the new Philco Screen Grid Plus, you have *Automatic Volume Control*, which counteracts fading so you can not only *get* but *hold* and enjoy out-of-town programs, near and far. And Philco has added a Station Recording Dial on which you can permanently log your favorite stations.

PHILCO SCREEN GRID PLUS HIGHBOY
*American butt and pencil-striped walnut enhances the design of this exquisite furniture piece. The Screen Grid Plus receiver has 9 tubes, built-in aerial, automatic volume control, tone-control and station recording dial. Great power, distance and glorious Balanced-Unit Philco tone. You cannot buy* more *in radio, no matter how much more you pay.*

**PHILCO**
BALANCED-UNIT-RADIO

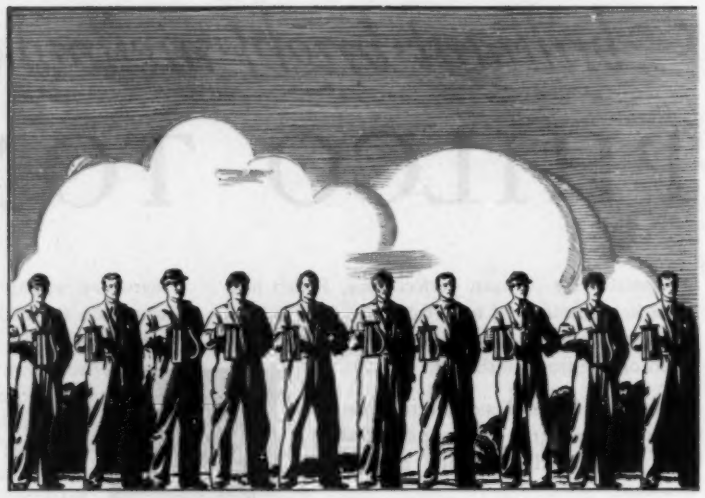
The two new Philco sets—Philco Screen Grid and Philco Screen Grid Plus—are enclosed in Consoles, Lowboys, Highboys and Radio-Phonographs—cabinets which will delight your eye and satisfy your most exacting desire for beautiful furniture. See them today at your nearest Philco dealer's. He wants to put one in your home for a free demonstration, without obligation. All models have Philco Tone-Control. Operate it for yourself and learn what radio's newest miracle means to your *greater* home entertainment. Prices from $95 to $198 (Radio-Phonograph), less tubes. Easy terms, of course, when you decide to buy.

*Prices slightly higher in Canada, Rocky Mountains and West. Available for AC or DC current and also in a battery set. All prices less tubes.*

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
*Makers of the famous Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc.*
IN CANADA: PHILCO PRODUCTS, LTD., TORONTO

*When Louis DeSantis, clarinet soloist of the Philco Symphony Orchestra, plays for you, a radio set whose units are but* partially *balanced, can only bring you the distorted* approximation *pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear,* undistorted *tone pictured at the right—"the greatest music from the greatest musical instrument."*

# They can't all



HAS anyone ever told you—"This is the best oil for your engine because it was made from such and such crude"? The statement may have been made with sincerity—with conviction.

But someone else says: "No—*this* is the best oil for your engine"—and you find that he is talking about a *different* oil made from the *same* crude. Then another—because it, too, was made from the same crude!

It would be quite natural if you asked yourself, "Are all these oils *different?* If they are, then how can all these people be right?"

Yes, they may be different—widely different! So they *can't* all be right.

Not long ago a large chemical company analyzed 4 motor oils made from the same crude. In one important element alone the variation among these oils ranged from 31% to 63%!

"How can such differences creep in?" you may wonder.

The differences are caused by the *manufacturing processes.* Scientists versed in modern chemical knowledge of oil will tell you—"Manufacturing—not crude

**TWO OILS MAY LOOK ALIKE**

but in your engine they may give widely different results. In the oil you buy your engine needs all these properties in correct proportions:

**Carbon control**—to keep down hard carbon deposits.

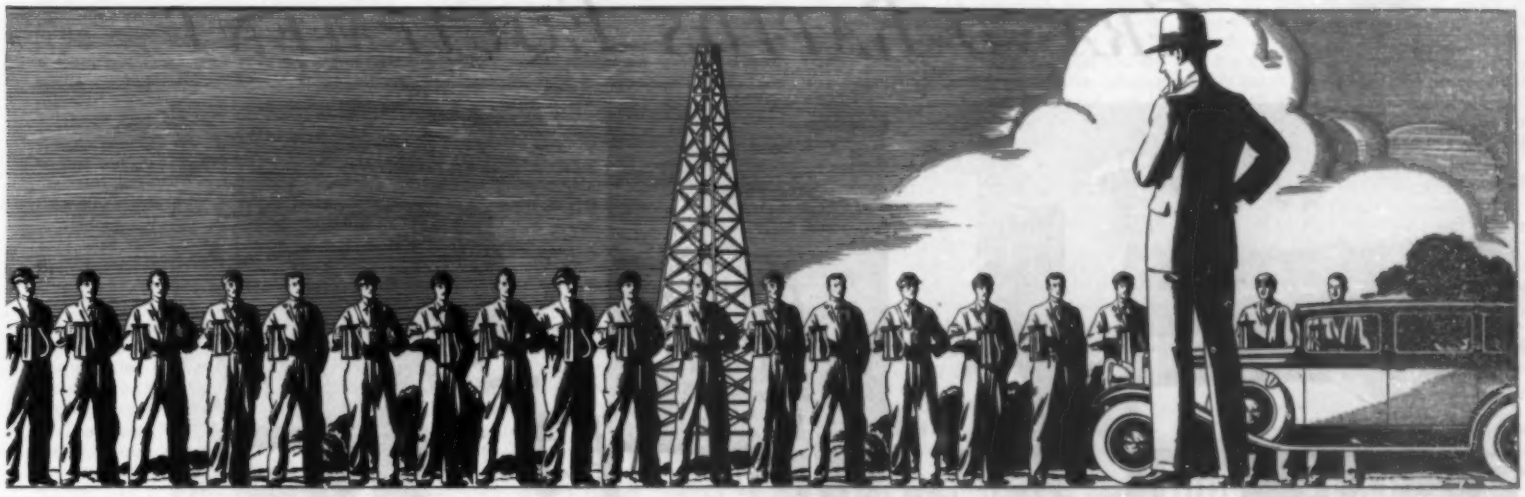
**Heat resistance**—makes your oil *last* longer.

**Oily character**—protects moving parts from wear.

**Oxidation control**—gumming and sticking of exhaust valves, and clogging of passages in oil system.

Your Mobiloil dealer cordially invites you to hear the famous Mobiloil Concerts each Wednesday evening . . . WEAF and 29 associated N. B. C. stations.

# be right!



—controls oil quality. Motor oil is made—not found."

In the making of Mobiloil, these differences that always occur when a crude is refined, are actually turned to advantages.

MANUFACTURING CONTROLS QUALITY

By its knowledge of oil chemistry and by its unrivalled knowledge of your engine, the modern-minded Mobiloil technical staff *controls* each manufacturing step.

Therefore, into the grade of Mobiloil recommended for your car goes the correct proportion of the properties that result in: *carbon control, oxidation control, heat resistance* and *oily character* and give longer wear. Exhaustive tests check each manufacturing operation, so that when you buy the finished Mobiloil you *know* that every drop of it has been proportioned with scientific accuracy to fit your engine.

Fifteen seconds—one quick glance at the chart at the right—and you will find the grade of Mobiloil your car needs now.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

Ask here for GARGOYLE Mobiloil

# Mobiloil

## Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

| NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS | 1930 Engine | | 1929 Engine | | 1928 Engine | | 1927 Engine | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter |
| Auburn 6-85 | AF | Arc | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| " 6-66A, 6-80, 76 | .... | .... | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| " *other models* | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc |
| Buick | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc |
| Cadillac | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc |
| Chandler | .... | .... | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Chevrolet | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Chrysler 70, 77 | BB | Arc | .... | .... | .... | .... | A | Arc |
| " Imperial | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc |
| " *other models* | AF | Arc | AF | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Dodge Bros. | AF | Arc | AF | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Durant 614 | AF | Arc | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| " *other models* | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | .... | .... |
| Elcar 6-70, 75 | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| " *other models* | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc |
| Erskine | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Essex | AF | Arc | AF | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Ford Model A | AF | Arc | AF | Arc | AF | Arc | .... | .... |
| " Model T | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... | E | E |
| Franklin | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc |
| Gardner 6-cyl. 136 | AF | Arc | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| " 8-cyl. | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc |
| Graham and Graham-Paige | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | .... | .... |
| Hudson | AF | Arc | AF | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Hupmobile | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc |
| LaSalle | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc |
| Lincoln | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc |
| Marmon, Big 8, 75, 8-79 | BB | Arc | .... | .... | BB | Arc | BB | Arc |
| " *other models* | AF | Arc | AF | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Moon 6-72 | .... | .... | AF | Arc | A | Arc | .... | .... |
| " 8-80 | .... | .... | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | .... | .... |
| " *other models* | .... | .... | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Nash Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv. 6, Sp. 6, Twin Ig. 6 | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc |
| Nash (*other models*) | AF | Arc | AF | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Oakland | BB | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Oldsmobile | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Packard | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Peerless 61, 81 | .... | .... | AF | Arc | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| " 60, 69, 80 | .... | .... | .... | .... | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| " *other models* | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc |
| Plymouth | A | Arc | A | Arc | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Pontiac | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Reo (*all models*) | AF | Arc | AF | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Studebaker Com'der 8 | AF | Arc | AF | Arc | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| " President 8 | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | .... | .... |
| " *other models* | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Whippet | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Willys-Knight | A | Arc | A | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc |
| Windsor 6-69, 6-72, 6-75 | AF | Arc | AF | Arc | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| " *other models* | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | .... | .... | .... | .... |

# ABERCROMBIE & FITCH, *New York*

## *another great store that values* GRAND RAPIDS EQUIPMENT

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH—sport outfitters to the world—another famous name in the long and impressive list of great stores served by the Grand Rapids Store Equipment Corporation.

Follow the sound judgment of the nation's leaders—modernize *now* for this new highly competitive business era. Call upon our store planning engineers—they will show you why scientific planning reduces selling costs, why modern equipment produces more sales, why a "profit per square foot" basis returns *greater net profits.*

Thirty years' merchandising experience—an intimate contact with all types of business—an amazing record of successful installations—a nation-wide organization, including 60 store planning engineers . . . qualify Grand Rapids to give you a quality and completeness of service nowhere else available.

Merchants will be interested in our book: "The New Way Method in Merchandising." It will be mailed to you on request. No obligation.

GRAND RAPIDS STORE EQUIPMENT CORPORATION, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

*Store planners, designers and manufacturers of fine store equipment. Factories: Grand Rapids; Portland, Oregon; Baltimore; New York City. Representatives everywhere.*

# GRAND RAPIDS STORE EQUIPMENT

# THE RED FLAG

(Continued from Page 42)

That frenzied cheering of the massed crowds was clearly audible in the room where a group of the extreme revolutionary leaders was assembled. Graf von Wildenhof turned from the window to them. His face was deathly white.

"Comrades," he said, "we are defeated. These cowardly Philistines have turned our revolution into the royal Prussian revolution. The fools! Precious little will be left of their constitution in a few months."

Comrade Irma was pale also, but she spoke courageously, "Berlin is not Germany!"

"No," agreed her brother, "Berlin is not Germany. Let us swear, comrades, never to rest until we triumph!"

Comrade Irma caught Rheinhold's hand. "Swear, comrade!"

A slouchingly huge-framed, black-bearded man, with fierce eyes under an abnormally high brow, interrupted brutally. "Bah! Cut out heroics! Let us get to work!" It was Comrade Bakunin, the Russian nobleman, at thirty-four years of age already famous in the revolutionary underworld. He wrinkled up his great flat nose in disgust. "You Germans think you can make a revolution with talk! Action! Action!"

Count von Wildenhof's intellectual face twitched with anger.

"And have we not shown ourselves in action? It is indeed more talk that we need. The proletariat is not yet sufficiently instructed. Listen to them cheering now!"

"Pooh!" sneered Bakunin. "Who's going to waste time instructing the proletariat? All they want is to be shown how to fight, with plenty of loot to make it worth their while! That's the only way to make a revolution! Afterward, we can have the talking. All Germany is babbling of constitutions and what not. We've got to make it fight—fight! Do you understand—fight!" He snorted in contempt.

Red-lipped Comrade Ottilie put her long white hand on Bakunin's shoulder in ostentatious affection. Strange stories were told of her ferocity on the barricades. She had killed several Prussian soldiers with point-blank shots of her pistol.

"*Der liebe Michael!*" she said caressingly. "He is the one man among you all. He alone is really terrible!"

Comrade Rheinhold heard Steiner mutter something under his breath. What was there between his friend and this strange dangerous woman who now flaunted her intimacy with Bakunin? He glanced to Comrade Irma. She had changed color, her eyes fixed on Steiner.

"Terrible or not," remarked the tall student, "I did not see Comrade Bakunin on the barricades."

The Russian turned on him crushingly.

"No, boy!" he said. "Any fool can do that. I organized the barricades for you. It requires brains to organize."

The handsome, bearded Mieroslawski intervened. Yesterday he had been processionally released from the prison where he lay under sentence of death for the Polish conspiracy of 1846. Knowing no German, he spoke in French:

"Camarades! Let us not quarrel! We must all work together. The whole of Europe is in madness. Let us exploit our opportunity while we have it. For myself, I return to Poland. In a month I shall be at the head of an army. Make your plans with that."

"Excellent!" growled Bakunin, in French also. "And persuade your Poles not to run away directly they see a German uniform. *Eh bien, camarades,* there is evidently nothing more to be done here for the moment. We must keep the pot boiling elsewhere. I'm off to Prague. They're jabbering there, too, pretending they've made a revolution. I'm going to teach them what a revolution really is."

The young Jewish lawyer, Ferdinand Lassalle, spoke hopefully, "Hecker is talking of raising a revolutionary army in Baden."

"And Herwegh is forming the German workmen in Paris into an expeditionary legion," added Stephan Born, representing the absent Karl Marx on this committee. "He says there are four thousand of them, all armed and disciplined, with plenty of officers. They are only waiting for the word to march into Germany."

Count von Wildenhof had mastered his disappointment. A fanaticism gleamed in his haggard, intellectual eyes.

"That is the spirit, comrades! Berlin has been merely a rehearsal. They are fighting today in Vienna—perhaps in Milan also. Kossuth is proclaiming the revolt in Hungary. Let us disperse ourselves; set all Germany ablaze for the Revolution!"

It was flattering to Comrade Rheinhold to be admitted to such epoch-making councils. He told himself that he lived in a sublime hour. He smiled across to Comrade Irma, who smiled back at him, intimately, charmingly. Disillusioned though he was in many of the revolutionary leaders, intolerant egoists perpetually quarreling with one another, their private lives often squalidly incongruous with this ideally noble cause they served, she kept his faith intact, personifying still to him this revolution which should regenerate all mankind. It was thrilling to be in love with her, even hopelessly. If only he were the dashing, handsome Steiner it was inevitable every woman should adore!

The comrades again began one of their endless bickerings over tactics. When should Herwegh's Paris legion be summoned? After a furious, mutually insulting altercation, they agreed to wait a month. By that time, Poland would have risen; Hungary, Bohemia and the north of Italy would be in revolt against an Austria paralyzed by domestic revolution. A preliminary parliament for the whole of Germany was due to meet ten days hence in Frankfort. A number of violent republicans would be in the assembly. Almost certainly an incident might be created——

While they argued, Adolf Steiner had gone across to Comrade Ottilie, was expostulating with her in a suppressed fury, his words inaudible. She laughed insolently.

"My estimable Adolf, you make yourself absurd. For what do you think I left my foolish husband's medieval castle? For what do you think I am a revolutionary? I shall do exactly as I like, with whom I like!"

He seized her wrist, wrenched it, his eyes blazing, spoke to her through clenched teeth, still inaudibly.

She uttered an exclamation of pain, and then laughed mockingly.

"*Wie schön!* My Adolf can also be terrible! Hurt me, Adolf, and perhaps I shall be faithful—perhaps—perhaps!" She laughed again.

Comrade Irma looked as though she were going to faint. She turned to Rheinhold.

"I want to see these foolish *Spiessbürger* applauding the betrayal of their own revolution. Will you escort me, Comrade Heinrich?"

It was the end of June, 1849. In the intervening fifteen months, Europe had been simultaneously convulsed as never before in history. From Sicily to the Alps, Italy had revolted against its diverse oppressors. Hungary had risen against Austria, and Croatia against Hungary. Vienna had had a second bloody revolution, had been bombarded and retaken by Windischgrätz, fresh from similarly bombarding Prague into submission. Russia had sent an army to assist Austria against Hungary, and in Russia itself there had been sixty-four revolts. The Prussian Poles had risen, had been defeated. There had been a second sanguinary upheaval in Paris, had been risings in Spain, and in England the Chartists had made their last abortive effort. Germany had seethed with political excitement, had erupted in a series of local insurrections, everywhere futile. Hecker's revolutionary army had ignominiously retreated into Switzerland, and Herwegh's legion had fled in panic at the first shot.

With the spring of 1849, reaction was visibly triumphant. In Italy, only Mazzini and Garibaldi were defending a Roman Republic against a French army, and Venice, under Manin, was yet holding out against the Austrians. In Germany, the extreme revolutionaries had concentrated themselves for a final desperate effort in the south, persuading themselves that the entire Fatherland, indignant at the collapse of the Frankfort Assembly, would rise in their support. Early in May, Dresden had been seized and barricaded by an insurgent mob, had been retaken by assault, and Bakunin captured. A few days later, a well-prepared outbreak in Baden, honeycombed with secret societies, had driven the grand duke from his throne. A revolutionary government had been set up in Karlsruhe, had assumed command over the entire rank and file and many officers of the Baden army. There—since it had become immediately apparent that Germany would not rise—the revolution would make its last defiant stand.

Comrade Rheinhold was pessimistically conscious of the imminence of that event, as with the remnant of the Baden army, reënforced by volunteer contingents from the Palatinate and insurgent fractions from all over the Fatherland, he marched through the hilly forest country in southward retreat around Karlsruhe, already lost. What chance had these thirteen thousand dispirited men, commanded by the Pole Mieroslawski, against the two Prussian armies—thirty-five thousand in all—maneuvering to encircle them? He was now an experienced revolutionary, devoid of illusions. Not for nothing had he fought on the barricades of Berlin, Frankfort, Düsseldorf and Ludwigshafen. Victory was no longer to be expected from these repeatedly defeated Baden troops whose torn and dirty uniforms were eloquent of the breakdown of discipline. It was even less to be expected from the tumultuous, ferociously bearded revolutionary volunteers, fantastically attired in multicolored blouses, plumed hats, and belts stuck full of pistols and daggers, and accompanied by a rabble of women. The great adventure, with all its sublime enthusiasms, its heroisms, its martyrdoms, its wild excesses, was nearly at its end. Not yet would a stubbornly perverse humanity be redeemed from its slavery, not yet would be instituted that idyllic universal brotherhood for which so much blood had idealistically been shed.

He spurred his horse up the muddy rutted road, overtook a free legion led by a bold, painted hussy in a riding dress of black velvet, a red feather in her hat, a huge cavalry sword at her belt, a Baden dragoon behind her as orderly.

She cried to him, foul-mouthed: "When are these —— traitors of generals going to let us win a victory?"

He shrugged his shoulders, did not answer, continued on his way to rejoin the headquarters whence he had been sent with orders. That was the root of the trouble, he thought; somehow this sublimely noble cause had attracted to itself all that was most unworthy, all that was licentious, greedy, insubordinate, demoralized. That masquerading courtesan was typical of those who degraded this sacred revolution, ever accusing every leader of being a traitor sold to the enemy. They were not traitors—they were merely imbeciles betraying the cause by their ceaseless quarrels. If only that pettifogging lawyer Brentano, head of the revolutionary government, had left young General Sigel in command of the army! How did these accursed Poles come to be considered the monopolists of revolutionary warfare? Bah! He would almost be glad when it was all over. Far away to his right, there was a dull thud of guns. The Prussians were pressing against their flank.

Ahead of him, at a crossroads in the forest, a man and woman on horseback were halted to watch a Badener battery struggling through the mud. He recognized them in a delighted surprise. It was Von Wildenhof and his sister! Errant hither and thither over Germany on the business of the revolution, he had not met them for months, had merely heard that they were in Karlsruhe with the provisional government. They recognized him also, with a glad cry as he cantered up. More nobly beautiful even than the unattainable image all these months perpetual in his mind, was Comrade Irma, leaning from her horse for that honest handclasp which was a physical thrill to him.

"Greeting, Comrade Heinrich!" If only all the revolutionists were like her!

Von Wildenhof, his features drawn and haggard as though he had not slept for days, asked where General Mieroslawski was to be found. He offered to guide them thither, inquired their news as they rode side by side.

"We have been in Karlsruhe watching that fool Brentano throw away the revolution," replied Von Wildenhof through his teeth. "All is lost."

"No, no, brother!" protested Comrade Irma, in warm sincerity. "The revolution can never be lost. It can only be postponed. Our cause will yet triumph; it must triumph, even though we shall not see it!"

It was heartening to hear her. Ever she was an inspiration to him. Perhaps, after all, she was right. This defeat was only temporary. Their cause—sanctified by so much sacrifice, personified by this dauntless, noble-minded creature—could never die. He would at least fight for it to the end.

He gave them his own news. "Adolf is commanding one of the Palatinate legions," he added.

She flushed, but said nothing. He remembered that Adolf had not seen her since that day in Berlin, more than a year ago. Did she still love him? It was absurd. Adolf had had innumerable sentimental affairs in this free and easy revolutionary time when it was a merit to despise conventional morality. He had certainly forgotten Comrade Irma, whether or not he had ever paid court to her in far-off Bonn.

A perversity in his tongue made him continue, "Comrade Ottilie arrived yesterday at headquarters. She had a narrow escape from Breslau, where she fought on the barricades in man's clothes. All the comrades seem to be concentrating here," he finished with a smile. "Mieroslawski cannot find staff jobs for them all. He prefers his own Poles."

"They are gathering for a last glorious defense of the revolution!" exclaimed Comrade Irma. "The dear brave comrades who have suffered so much!"

"The dear brave comrades think it is their safest way to escape into Switzerland," corrected Von Wildenhof bitterly. He turned to Rheinhold. "What are Mieroslawski's latest plans? We had a different one every day in Karlsruhe."

"I believe it is still to hold the line of the Murg, with the fortress of Rastatt in support."

"The fools! They will be driven into Rastatt and caught in a rat trap. What else can they expect?"

Rheinhold shrugged his shoulders.

"Some of us expect a Hungarian army to come to our rescue," he said. "But I see no sign of it."

"Mieroslawski's only chance is to march into Württemberg ——"

They continued to discuss the hazardous possibilities of this desperate situation as they rode along the forest track, passing plodding columns of Baden troops, fatigued and disorderly.

They neared another crossroads, heard a revolutionary marching song. Evidently a column approached which had retained its ardor. They could see it through the tall

pine trunks, a long succession of picturesque, diversely armed legionaries. They arrived at the junction simultaneously with it. It was led by a mounted officer in a plumed slouch hat.

Rheinhold cried to him, "Adolf!"

Steiner swerved his horse from the road to them, while his fantastic column continued its march, singing lustily. "Comrade Wildenhof! Comrade Irma! We are surely going to win a victory at last, since our Joan of Arc is with us!"

He laughed, swept his slouch hat from his head in a gallant bow. Never had he looked more handsome, thought Rheinhold, than now in his swashbuckling uniform, the very ideal of a revolutionary officer.

Comrade Irma had gone pale as she held out her hand to him. "It is good to see you again, Comrade Steiner." She smiled. "Your men at least have not lost faith in the cause!"

"Lost faith?" he laughed. "Why should they lose faith? Are we not an army? Do we not fight for the revolution? It is a glorious life, Comrade Irma. Win or lose, I never thought I could enjoy myself so much!" At that moment, a woman rider came cantering up from the rear of the column. "Ah, here is Comrade Ottilie! She has been doing orderly officer for me."

Comrade Ottilie, elegant in a black amazon, trimmed with red, reined up her horse.

"Irma! But how romantic! It is a rally of all the faithful for the forlorn hope! Yesterday, I found again our dear Comrade Adolf!"

They were in Rastatt, beleaguered by the Prussians for the past three weeks. On June thirtieth, Mieroslawski's army had dissolved in panic, some of it taking refuge in this picturesque seventeenth-century fortress, a remnant marching into the Black Forest in a last desperate cohesion under Sigel. Rheinhold, the Wildenhofs, Steiner, Ottilie, had been among the many caught in the rat trap, had participated in that all but passive defense, contrasting with the feverish interior activity of revolutionary leaders perpetually arresting one another. Now the last hope had disappeared. Two officers of the garrison had been permitted by the Prussians to assure themselves that there was no possibility of relief. They had returned, had reported that the last fragment of the revolutionary army had disbanded in Switzerland, that no armed insurgent remained anywhere on German soil. There was nothing to do but to surrender at discretion. At noon of this twenty-third of July, the surrender would take place. For every Prussian in Rastatt it was almost certainly equivalent to death by a firing squad.

Now, in the sunny morning, Rheinhold and Steiner returned from their last turn of duty on the ramparts. Neither spoke. There was a sickening menace in that clear blue sky. They might never see the sunset. Both were Rhenish Prussians.

They arrived at the lodging they fraternally shared. In the tavern next door, soldiers and volunteers were getting riotously drunk. The street was full of scared people, looking up as though fascinated to the revolutionary flag still flying on the high tower of the citadel.

Their landlady met them as they entered, spoke to Steiner with trembling lips, twisting her apron.

"A lady has come for you, *Herr Offizier*." She clutched at him. "You do not think the Prussians will sack the town? You will surrender quietly?"

"Have no fear, goodwife," laughed Steiner. "We shall surrender like lambs—conveniently herded into the slaughterhouse." As they went upstairs, he said, "It is Ottilie. She sent word she would meet me here."

They entered their room. In it stood, not Ottilie but Comrade Irma. She ran toward Steiner with outstretched hands, ignoring Rheinhold.

"Adolf! This is the end. I could not let it come without one last word together." What past closeness of intimacy was implied in those words, in that tone? Oddly, though he had always suspected it, the certainty was a stab in Comrade Rheinhold's heart. "Ottilie told me you would be here." Her beautiful face was tragic. "Adolf! What is going to happen to you?"

He smiled in characteristic bravado. "In all probability Heinrich and I are going to be shot."

She turned to Rheinhold, evidently for the first time remembering his peril also.

"Heinrich is Prussian too. Of course! Oh, Adolf, is there not some way of escape?"

Steiner shrugged his shoulders.

"Revolutionary armies should be provided with balloons. We can rely on our leaders for enough hot air to inflate them. . . . But what about you and your brother?"

"We shall be safe from the first reprisals. We are Austrians—though our mother was Italian and a patriot. Never mind us." She turned again to Rheinhold. "Heinrich, I brought you into the cause—to this! Can you forgive me?"

"I do not regret," he said, in stoical sincerity. "Others have died for the cause. I can die also. *Es lebe die Revolution!*"

"*Es lebe die Revolution!*" she repeated, her face lighting up with the old ecstasy. "That is the true spirit! Would that all were like you! Then must our cause surely conquer! I am proud of my recruit, Comrade Heinrich!" She caught his hand, kissed it impulsively. If only, for just that once, the kiss had been on his lips!

There was a footfall on the stairs. Comrade Ottilie entered, piquantly elegant as usual in a black jacket and skirt of revolutionary fashion. Her reddened mouth smiled, her cold blue eyes had a light in them.

"Greeting, comrades," she said. There was, to Rheinhold, something sinister in that cheerfulness, out of place in this moment of poignant emotion. But then, he reminded himself, he had never liked Comrade Ottilie. She went across to Steiner, put her hands on his shoulders, looked up to his tall handsomeness. "Adolf! Last night we quarreled. You were brutal. I have forgiven you."

Rheinhold heard Comrade Irma draw a deep breath, saw her face change. This was atrocious. How dare she?

Steiner put her hands from him, looking into her eyes. His voice was unsteady: "We have quarreled for the last time, Ottilie."

There was an awkward silence. Comrade Ottilie looked round to the other woman. She spoke deliberately, her tone hard, insulting:

"Do you know why we quarreled, Irma? Because Adolf has always loved you. Only I was clever enough to take him from you—keep him from you—not because I loved him, but because I hated you."

Comrade Irma controlled herself: "Please, please, Ottilie! Not now. I do not want to hear these things now. I have always known them. Oh, Ottilie, the Prussians will be entering soon. Is there no way in which we can save these two young men? They will surely be shot."

Comrade Ottilie smiled.

"Not the two of them, but one I can save. That is why I am here." She turned to Steiner. "Adolf! Close to the Steinmauerner Gate, inside the town, there is a house with a little garden and a hedge. By the hedge is a ditch, and in the ditch is the opening of a disused sewer. That sewer is quite dry—I know, for I have tried it," she smiled again—"and it leads under the ramparts into the fields outside the town."

"*Himmel!*" exclaimed Steiner. "Then what is to prevent us both escaping?"

She held up her hand. "Wait! . . . The inside end of the sewer has of course never been noticed by this mob of imbeciles, but you will find a Prussian sentry at the exit in the fields. Therefore, you will need this." She took from her jacket a piece of paper, handed it to Steiner.

He stared at it, turned ghastly white. "What—what is this?"

The others stood in tense silence, bewildered. Comrade Ottilie renewed her smile, sweetly.

"It is, as you see, a safe conduct, ordering that the bearer shall be conducted immediately to the Prussian headquarters. It is signed by General von Alvensleben, chief of staff to General von der Gröben. You will show it to the sentry at the exit of the sewer and"—from her jacket she drew out a bulky envelope, put it in his hand—"you will give this to the officer at headquarters. You may as well know its contents," she added, as he turned it over dazedly. "It is a detailed list of all the comrades in Rastatt, with circumstantial information for their court-martial. But be quick. Once the Prussians have begun to march in, it will be too late."

Steiner stepped back, staring at her, his face blanched.

"You mean, I should take this?" he stammered.

"I mean that you should take it and save your life, Adolf." She smiled diabolically. "If you do not, someone else will."

Rheinhold sprang to the door, drew his pistol.

"The woman is a spy!"

Ottilie turned to him, in languid disdain.

"Do not be theatrical, dear Comrade Heinrich! This is a serious business, and time is short! I do not offer this chance to you. I know you are fanatic enough to refuse it, but surely you will not prevent your dear comrade escaping? You are all doomed, with or without this list. . . . Well, Adolf? Is not life sweet?"

He stood silent.

Comrade Irma started forward, a horror in her face.

"Adolf! You will not—you cannot ——" She turned to Ottilie. "How dare you insult him—insult us all—with your shameless treachery!"

Comrade Ottilie shrugged her shoulders in unperturbed cynicism.

"*Liebe* Irma, I offer your lover and mine his life—on terms. I want you to see what your fine revolutionary ideals are worth when it comes to the test. It amuses me."

Irma choked with indignation. "You are a spy—a vile spy!"

She laughed.

"Did you ever think I believed in your visionary nonsense? My dear Irma, I came into your precious cause for the same reason as many others who are not mere vulgar rogues—because humdrum life bored me and I wanted a little excitement. You don't think me such a fool as not to have friends on the other side? I never had a fancy for prison walls. . . . But this is wasting time. Decide, Adolf!"

At the door Rheinhold unobtrusively cocked his pistol. For all their long, close intimacy, Adolf should not leave that room alive with what was assuredly the death warrant of their comrades. Yet he was atrociously curious to see what Steiner would decide.

Irma stood in agony, speechless. She would make no more appeal to him.

He saw Steiner turn his head, a strangeness in his eyes, as though looking beyond these walls.

No! It must not be; he could not let it happen, for Irma's sake!

"Adolf!" he said, quietly, earnestly. "The cause is still real; it is still true; it is still the hope of the world; it is still bigger than any of our lives!"

Steiner took a deep breath, like a man abruptly coming to himself, dropped the envelope on the floor, tore the safe conduct into little pieces.

"I prefer the firing squad. *Es lebe die Revolution!*"

Irma sprang to him, her arms around his neck, sobbing. "Adolf! Adolf! Now I know I was right in loving you!" It was an irony to Rheinhold.

Ottilie had promptly picked up the envelope, thrust it in her dress.

"Fool!" she said. "When they shoot you like a dog in the fosse, this pretty romanticism will be of little use." She moved toward the door.

Rheinhold leveled his pistol.

"Give me that envelope!"

Instead she also whipped out a pistol, with a swift movement pressed the muzzle against Irma's back as she stood enfolded in Steiner's arms.

"Do you want me to shoot?" She smiled cynically at Rheinhold. "If you insist on dramatic situations, dear Comrade Rheinhold, you shall have one. Now, if you do not throw away your pistol before I count five, I shall pull this trigger." She had placed herself so that it was almost impossible for Rheinhold to avoid hitting Irma if he fired. "One—two—I mean it—three ——"

Comrade Rheinhold tossed his pistol to the floor.

"Open the door and stand aside!"

He obeyed. There was nothing else to do.

She began to edge sideways to the door, her pistol still pointed at Irma in Steiner's motionless embrace. "Stand as you are!" She laughed. "Fine noble revolutionaries you are, all of you! You send all your comrades to their death to save one woman—who will, however, certainly be dead if any of you move!"

Irma wrenched herself round.

"No, no! Stop her, Heinrich! The cause ——"

He hurled himself on her, wrenched her arm upward in the instant of the explosion. She was abruptly limp in his arms, blood on her face. He lowered her to the floor, dead.

Someone came rushing upstairs. He went to the door, explained that one of the comrades had committed suicide, bade them run for a doctor.

"There are suicides enough today," he said sardonically, as he turned from the door. "One more or less will not count."

Steiner had taken the envelope from the body.

"Give it to me," said Irma. "I will burn it."

From the clock tower came eleven booming strokes.

"We have an hour," remarked Adolf grimly. "And then the end for us also."

Irma clung to him. "Adolf! Adolf! I will not outlive you! What are our little lives? *Es lebe die Revolution!*"

Rheinhold had an inspiration.

"Wait a moment," he said excitedly. "Why not try that sewer? Why not hide there before the Prussians enter? After they have occupied the town, they will probably withdraw their outside sentries. We might slip away. It is at least a chance."

It was a chance. They agreed upon it feverishly. There was not a moment to lose.

Irma again clung to Adolf. "If you escape, Adolf, where will you go?"

"I shall wait for you in the republic of freedom," he said. "In America."

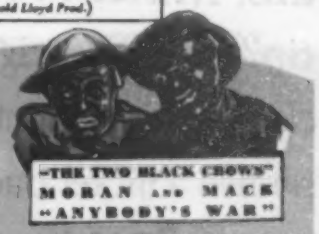
She turned to Rheinhold, held out her hand.

"In America, then, dear Heinrich! You also ——" She looked at him as though she had never really seen him before. "Without you, dear Comrade Heinrich—without you —— Oh, I don't know what I'm saying!" She checked, confusedly. "*Auf wiedersehen!* All of us!"

As, with Steiner, he hurried down the stairs, he could not foresee any of that long, thrilling series of hair-breadth escapes, of separations, of reunions—could not foresee that evening, thirteen years later, when, an officer in the corps of the Army of Virginia, commanded by General Sigel, who had led the remnant of the revolutionary army into Switzerland, and in the division commanded by Carl Schurz, who likewise had escaped from Rastatt by that same sewer, he would be writing in his tent:

*My dearest Irma:* Imagine! Steiner has just come in! I had not seen him since we parted outside Rastatt. He is a colonel in a New York regiment. It is amazing how many of the old comrades are in this army. . . . How long ago it seems—that time of high, youthful enthusiasms that our good, solid, German brothers now call the "crazy year"—not so crazy, though, for it gave me you, my ever dearest.

# GOOD TIMES NEWS FROM PARAMOUNT!



**And these Great Paramount Stars in Greater New Show World Pictures**

RICHARD ARLEN
GEORGE BANCROFT
CLARA BOW
CLIVE BROOK
NANCY CARROLL
RUTH CHATTERTON
MAURICE CHEVALIER
GARY COOPER
JACK OAKIE
WILLIAM POWELL
CHARLES "BUDDY" ROGERS

TUNE IN! Hear your favorite screen stars and the latest news of Paramount Pictures in the Paramount-Publix Radio Hour each Saturday night, 10 to 11 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

## THE GREATER NEW SHOW WORLD IS HERE! . . . . .

Entertainment news that will thrill millions! The GREATER New Show World is here! 70 Paramount Pictures strong! Attuned to these changing times. In key with this fast moving age. ¶ Under their spell you're lost to the world. Living the stories. Laughing at some plots. Thrilled to the bone with others. Charmed with the tunes in the musicals. *Delighted with everything!* ¶ It's a GREATER New Show World now. And Paramount is leading it. Paramount—with 18 years of supremacy. Paramount—with the biggest stars. Paramount—with the keenest showmanship minds. Paramount—with the greatest resources, organization and man power in motion pictures. ¶ Tell your Theatre Manager now you want to see all these 70 GREATER New Show World pictures!

# Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y.

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN

"What's this, Mister . . . . a tip?" said the cigar clerk as his customer pushed a nickel back at him. "Didn't you give me too much change?" "Not much . . that nickel's yours. You bought a Rocky Ford. And I know it tastes like a dime. . . .but I got a conscience, mister . . . . . the price is only 5 cents."

ROCKY FORD is long-filler, Sumatra wrapped. Made in a sunlit factory, the pride and show-factory of Richmond, Virginia . . . a factory as clean as a modern bakery . . . a factory that is automatic machine-equipped throughout.

Rocky Ford

5¢ the cigar WITH THE 10¢ TASTE

© P. Lorillard Co.

If dealer can't supply you, send 25¢ for trial package of 5 cigars to P. Lorillard Co., 119 W. 40th St., New York.


# THE BELL BIRD

(Continued from Page 7)

sermon. I've seen him wring tears from the hard-boiled bos'n's mate as you'd wring out a wet deck swab."

Doctor Smalley came in. He was of Hapgood's age—they had been roommates at college—but at this moment he looked older, pale and drawn and nervous. Hapgood, glancing at him, felt a little worried; the more so when Doctor Smalley broke promptly his professional habit of abstinence, and began to talk volubly and without any particular sequence of ideas. He appeared to be nervously excited about something—the unanticipated developments for the voyage, perhaps.

"This is grand. Who wouldn't sell a sanitarium and go on a sea voyage with such a party? I feel like a snake charmer on vacation."

"Not," Sally Bates said, looking at the cocktail in his hand, "if you start it that way."

"Doctors are theoretically immune from their patients' ills. I'll start training with you when we get aboard, Sally—fencing and rope climbing and deck sports. Change the motion from the intellectual to the physical. Get strong, like you."

"Rot. I'm not all muscle," Sally said irritably.

"No, those structures are merely the beautiful vehicle of your mind; like a sweet child driving a new roadster with a light, skilled hand. You will be a splendid trainer for me, because it puts the male physical wreck on his mettle to hold his own with a girl. It's months since I felt fit, instead of like having one."

"Who have you got to run your show, Sam?" Sally asked.

"A good doctor, but a poor slave driver. The gang is apt to bully him, but that's his bad luck. I have kissed myself good-by for two solid months. Not going back before we sail."

Hapgood, talking to Avis, led her out onto a loggia that looked over the sound: "Sam's taking a flying start on his vacation. He can't drink."

"No more can Ralph, but he will stop now. It's been worry. You've cured that. . . . What about Doctor Smalley?"

"Keep him talking. That's his safety valve when under forced draft and the engine racing."

"I'll do my best. You're the best sportsman I ever knew, to back up that careless invitation."

"Oh, so you think it was that?"

"I know it was. More than that, it was my fault. And Ralph's. We snapped you up. You knew that, and then stood by it later. You are the sort that would. Especially after kissing me."

"I'd like to kiss you again."

Avis said slowly, "You can kiss me as much as you like, Happy. Not for pay, but because I just love you."

"That sounds to me like going me several better. As your prospective host, I have responsibilities. It wouldn't be playing the game."

"Not your game," Avis said. "I'd hate for you to feel that way. All I want is for you to know how I feel about you." Her heliotrope eyes gave him a steady look. "I'm really of no importance, though."

Hapgood gave her a puzzled look. "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean it literally, though I might add: Except to Ralph. He could scarcely manage without me."

"What about your friends, family, other men? A girl as perfectly lovely as you are?"

She shook her head. "We've had few real friends, no family, and there have never been any other men I cared for or whom I've let care for me. They've been decent, mostly, but sometimes I've had to make them understand that Ralph was merely a free-lance business promoter and that I help."

"How help?" Hapgood asked.

"Since I left school we have traveled all over the world on Ralph's different schemes, with more or less success—principally less. The only men I've known have been traveling acquaintances and those of business sort, and my social contacts were business-social."

Hapgood nodded. "I see. That's tough on a girl. Never any home background."

"No, nor any other, practically."

He looked at her thoughtfully. He had heard of commercial adventurers of this sort, but would scarcely have expected to meet such a pair coming with a letter from that international Who's Who and Social Register who was Mr. Pomeroy Penfold, a mutual friend of his own and Billy Brown's, and a sort of *arbiter elegantiarum*. Avis must, he thought, be underrating her brother's and her own position.

But what puzzled Hapgood even more was that she had spoken in her naïve, serious way in telling him that she loved him, and not lightly; then gone on to say, in the same candor, that there had been no other man in her life. He could appreciate that her personality was strong, and that she could, if she wished, be self-contained. But about himself she had not been self-contained. She seemed to be telling him with amazing frankness that she had always held other men at arm's length, waiting for the right one to come along, and that now he had come. She was evidently not the sort to be carried off her feet by the persuasion of a poet backed by the *force majeure* of a caveman. The man of her choice would have first to please her by some combination of qualities she discovered in him, and if that happened, then no emotional barrage would be necessary.

But why, Hapgood asked himself, should she have found them in himself, merely because he had issued a foolish invitation, then stood by it on recovering his normal sanity? Certainly his dancing with her a few times, then kissing her confusedly, was no great demonstration of deeper worth. That would be more in the nature of a liability.

Out here on the loggia, more or less ambushed by tubbed palmettos and orange trees and things, seemed for the moment to be a strategic position in which to try out the girl's naïve declaration as far, at least, as its verbal value was concerned, and she looked, in fact, as if she were waiting for such a test. Hapgood reflected instantly that if he had leaped to a wrong conclusion about what she had said or she at a wrong one about himself, then the sooner they found it out the better. He dropped his hands on her shoulders and drew her toward him slowly.

She did not shrink away, as he had half expected, nor did she look away. Her eyes met his own evenly and there was a faint smile on her slightly parted lips. She raised her face a little as he drew her closer, half closing her eyes. Hapgood kissed her, more tenderly than ardently; then quickly kissed her again; this time more ardently, though still tenderly. Her hands flew up at either side, fingers spread. She did not return his kisses precisely, nor did she shirk them.

Hapgood drew back to look at her face. It had a faint, delicate flush, and her eyes were still veiled and misty. But her lips still wore the little smile.

"That didn't hurt," she said.

"Another?"

She raised her face and he kissed her again, then said, "You're sweet—as the flowers in your eyes."

"I'm glad if I please you, Happy. You pleased me at first sight—before I knew that you had a yacht or anything else."

"You please me an awful lot, but I can't make you out at all."

She looked at him with her faint smile and another of those expressions of candor in her eyes that he mistrusted. "There's nothing to be wary about. I have no importance whatever as a person and shall never make any demands on you at all. I liked you from the start, and now feel tremendously grateful to you, and want to prove it. So if it really gives you pleasure to kiss me, then why shouldn't you? Because it gives me pleasure too."

The candor of this speech embarrassed Hapgood, because it rang so true. Everything about this girl rang true, and yet his experience told him that he would be a fool to accept her at her face value. So many had tried to beguile and entice him in the same naïve way.

Before he could say anything, Billy Brown called from somewhere inside, "Oh, Happy!"

"Here," he answered, and they went in. His host beckoned that he follow him to a sort of library study that was his house office. Closing the door, he asked abruptly: "What do you think about Ralph?"

"Oh, I don't know. Something of a hard-boiled social grafter, I should say, from the way he bolted my invitation."

"That struck Edith too. She claims that Pomeroy Penfold could never have sponsored a man who would grab off a chance like that."

"Pom isn't infallible. Genial and accommodating too."

"Croydon came to me with a letter of introduction from Pom, in Paris. It's on Travelers' Club paper. Edith thinks maybe it's phony. Pom always sends the kids presents in season. He's long on remembrances. Sometimes he writes Edith too. She hasn't preserved any specimens of his hand."

"Let's see the letter," Hapgood said.

Billy produced it, a formal conventional letter, neither effusive nor yet particularly warm. Hapgood merely examined the signature.

"It might be O. K. at that, though it seemed to me Pom had a more juvenile scrawl. Sort of schoolboy glyphs. Since there's a doubt, we owe it both to Pom and to Croydon to make sure. Let's squander about one hundred and fifty dollars just to ease our minds. Pom's sure to be playing bridge at the Travelers' at five P.M."

"Well, it's twelve now."

"Not in Paris, old son—seventy-five degrees of east longitude."

"Of course. You telephone from here and I'll keep the wires clear. Tell them you're trying to get the Iron Works."

"All right. My voice is clearer."

He put in his call. Billy went out to do sentry-go on the other instruments. In a surprisingly short time Hapgood was pleased to hear distinctly the high-pitched voice of his old friend. Billy came back and stood by the door.

"Hello, Pom. Hapgood Standish speaking—at Billy Brown's in Greenwich, Connecticut, U. S. A. . . . Yes, Happy. . . . I always had a strong voice. Glad to hear yours, even at three thousand miles' range. Say, Pom, did you give a letter to Billy Brown to a man named Ralph Croydon? . . . Yes, R-a-l-p-h. . . . What? You say his name was Frank—Frank Croydon? Well, did Frank have his sister with him? . . . What? He hasn't got a sister? This bloke has, and a mighty pretty one, name of Avis—Avis—Latin for bird, and she is one. . . . What's that you say? . . . Knew a —— Go on."

He listened for a moment, then said to Billy: "Pom says he met a girl named Avis at Monte Carlo, and describes this one to her finger prints. Same girl. Violet eyes, he says, and everything." He turned back to the phone. "Was this Monte Carlo Avis girl shapely, with thick, fine, brown hair and a small waist and —— Gambling was she? Well, what about this Ralph bird, her brother? . . . Crook, maybe? What about Frank—the one you gave the letter to? . . . Lives in Paris, plays bridge with you at the Travelers', sort of a crank.

(Continued on Page 63)

# IN 1950 THIS ROOF will still be doing its job

***Your* OWN BUILDINGS *can be given this same protection by your local* JOHNS-MANVILLE Roofer**

IT is a waste of time and energy to worry about your roof. It is a waste of money to have a roof that requires maintenance. If you are responsible for the design or maintenance of any building you can free yourself of expense so far as roof maintenance is concerned. At a reasonable price you can have a roof that will protect your property—a roof that can be forgotten.

The Johns-Manville method of ending roofing expense is the solution. When you buy a J-M Built-up Roof you have the double assurance of knowing that not only are the materials perfectly suited to the service, but that these quality materials will be expertly installed on your roof by approved contractors trained in modern roofing methods. Johns-Manville, for years one of the world's leading producers of roofing, makes and guarantees the materials which will be used for your roof. These materials have been developed and tested during an experience extending for more than a generation. Their quality has been demonstrated by many years of service without maintenance expense, on buildings in all parts of the country.

### *Skilled Workmanship Essential*

It is equally important to you that these materials be properly applied, that the work on your buildings be done in accordance with methods which experience has proved will insure maximum service. It is this all-important skill which your local J-M Roofer supplies. In each community he is selected by Johns-Manville, because of his experience and reputation. He sees that the work is done properly and efficiently. For your further protection each important step is checked by a Johns-Manville Roofing Inspector.

When your roof is completed you know that the materials are those developed and guaranteed by Johns-Manville, and that the work has been done by men trained in roofing application.

Materials made specially for the work, skilled application of these materials, the backing of our name—there in brief is the J-M Plan. Here surely is complete protection against possible loss.

We make more than twenty types of roofs. These provide for every roofing requirement. Many building owners and architects say that our suggestions have saved them large sums. Your local J-M Roofer, or our own representative, is always glad to discuss roofing with you.

## THE SKILL OF THE J-M AUTHORIZED ROOFER IS AT YOUR SERVICE

PICTURED ABOVE is the experienced crew of O. J. Brittingham Co., Johns-Manville Authorized Roofers at Newport News, Virginia, at work on an installation of a J-M Built-up Roof. These men have been carefully trained in the work of laying J-M Roofing Materials. In your own community there is a trained roofing specialist who, because of his skill, has been selected as a Johns-Manville Authorized Roofer. This man is a business neighbor of yours, who is known to you, or whose reputation you can easily learn. His experience is at your service. It is experience that can be of value to any person interested in roofings.

The J-M Built-up Roof on the San Bernardino (California) County Court House must resist surface temperatures well above 100° every month in the year.

J-M Built-up Roof on the South Philadelphia works of the Westinghouse Electric and Mfg. Co. There are nearly a million square feet of J-M Roofing on these large buildings.

# Johns-Manville

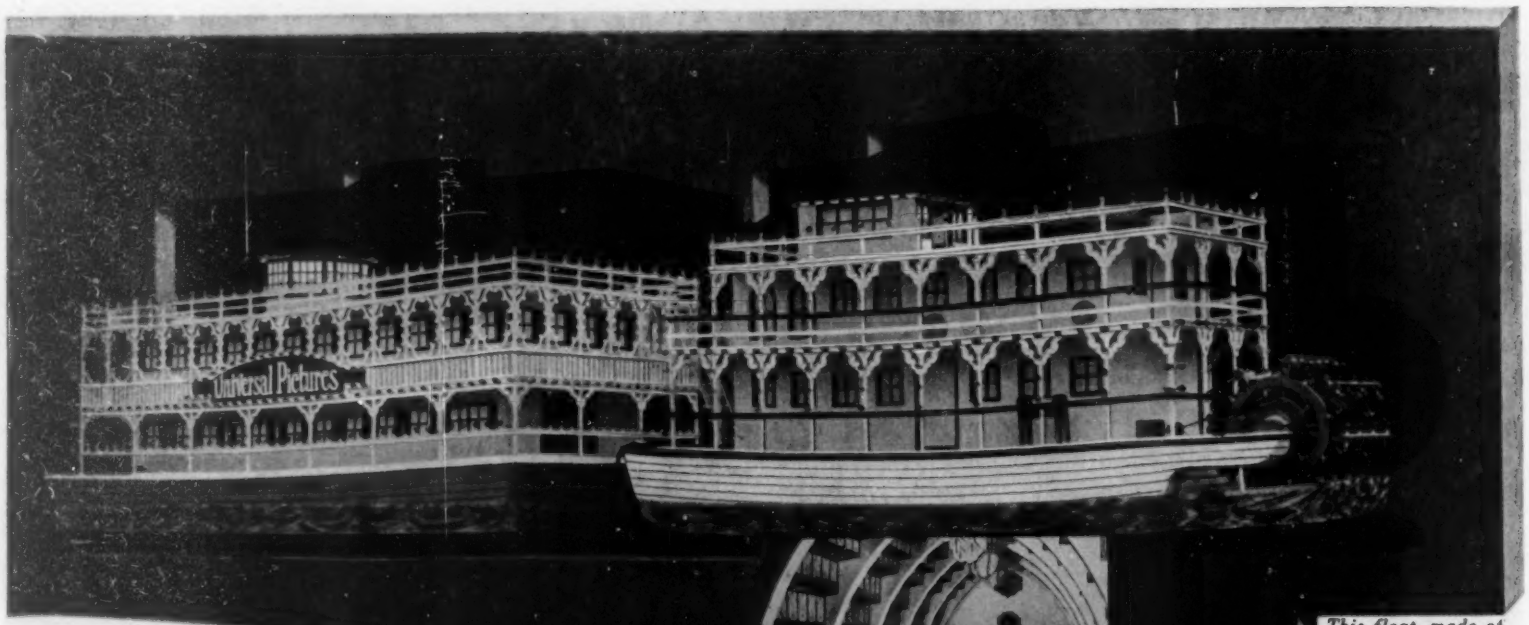
## BUILT-UP ROOFS

This J-M trade-mark is the stamp of quality on heat insulations of every variety, brake linings for motor cars, sound-absorbing materials for offices, auditoriums, hospitals or other interiors, packings, insulating board and many other widely used products.

**Is your home roofed safely?**

Are you keeping the same watchful eye on your home that you do on the buildings under your care? If you have a fireproof roof of J-M Asbestos Shingles on your house you will never have to think of your roof again.

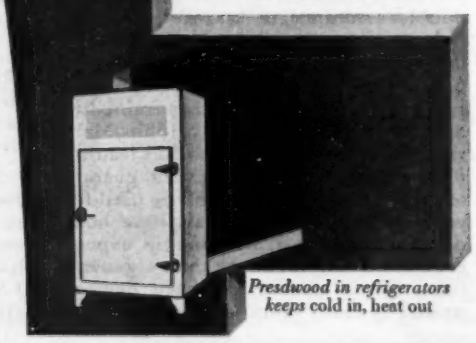
*Address* JOHNS-MANVILLE
292 Madison Ave., New York City
*If* West of the Rocky Mountains, *address*
159 New Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.
*Canadian Address:* Johns-Manville, Toronto, Can.
☐ Send free copy of "Built-up Asbestos Roofs." ☐ Please arrange for a free inspection of my roof.
*Name* .....
BU—55-7
*Address* .....




*This float, made of Presdwood, is used to advertise Universal Pictures' "Show Boat." In Gaumont's "High Treason," all furniture and paneling are of Presdwood*

*Presdwood's resistance to moisture and water gives Presdwood many uses in boat construction*

*Presdwood in incubators keeps* heat in, cold out



*Presdwood in refrigerators keeps* cold in, heat out

# "Make it out of Presdwood"

## —*industry says*

In the motion picture industry, it's Presdwood—for interiors, exteriors, floors, walls, furnishings, decorations, a seemingly endless array of things essential to film production. This smooth, grainless wood board, strong and durable, has captured moviedom because it's so easily handled, so easily workable, and adapts itself to so many uses.

Other industries are having the same experience. Refrigerators, incubators, boats and kindred articles are being made of Presdwood because it resists heat, cold and moisture. Presdwood is being used in homes, old and new, for panels, partitions, ceilings, closets, shelving, etc. In big construction projects, Presdwood has proved itself an ideal material—for Presdwood-lined concrete forms give stronger concrete and smoother surfaces at less labor and material cost.

Presdwood is durable; it will not split, crack, warp or chip. These are other reasons why manufacturers of products ranging from tiny toys to automobile truck bodies have come to regard it as an indispensable material. The handy man around the house, too, finds scores of uses for it. Presdwood can be obtained cut to size, or in large boards four feet wide and up to twelve feet in length.

Let us send you our illustrated booklet explaining how Presdwood is made, how it is used for more than eighty well-known products, and how a variety of finishes can be applied. Write today—your copy will be sent free.

MASONITE CORPORATION
111 West Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois

# Masonite

STRUCTURAL INSULATION • INSULATING LATH
PRESDWOOD • QUARTRBOARD

**Masonite Structural Insulation makes a big difference in home comfort**

These hot summer days, Masonite-insulated homes are delightfully cool. Next winter, they'll be warm and cozy. Sturdy, economical Masonite works with the seasons in resisting heat and cold. Cuts fuel bills a third or more. Masonite Insulating Lath prevents cracks, eliminates lath marks, and deadens sound. Send for the Masonite booklet; it's free. Check and mail coupon.

*Send for Free Booklet*

Mail the coupon today. It will bring you the interesting story of Presdwood

MASONITE CORPORATION, Dept. A-7 © M.C. 1930
111 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send your free illustrated booklet that describes Masonite Presdwood and its many uses.

*Name*.....

*Street*.....

*City*..... *State*.....

☐ If interested in Masonite Insulation, check here.

(Continued from Page 60)

Darn handsome, fairish, light eyes, good figure—that fits—good family, good form and not a bad sort. . . . We've got to look into this. Don't worry, Pom. I'll see that you're not misrepresented or your friends victimized. Don't worry. I'm shoving off for Cannes aboard my Democracy in a day or two, and I'll expect you aboard. Be good. *Au 'voir.*"

He cut off and swung round, to see Billy Brown staring at him goggle-eyed.

"Well, what about it?" Hapgood asked. "It all checks but the name of Ralph and lovely sister Avis. In other words, it doesn't check."

"I think I'm wise, Happy. But of all the cast-iron nerve ——"

"It's a whole lot worse than that."

"No," Billy interrupted, "you haven't got it. You just glanced at the letter, the signature. It is to introduce Frank R. Croydon, actually. Nothing is said about his sister. He told me that at the last moment he had decided to bring her with him, so of course we asked them both here. Then, as she called him Ralph, I naturally decided that he was called by that name in his family. The middle intial is R."

Hapgood gave a low whistle.

"Nerve is right. But hold on. Maybe he has got a sister that Pom knows nothing about."

"Pomeroy," said Billy, "knows everything about everybody. This guy is actually Frank R. Croydon, I should say. But it looks as if he had worked in a fake sister on us."

"Gosh, Billy; we live and learn. What are we to do about it?"

Billy Brown looked very troubled. He was kindly, liberal, easy-going. "I like this Avis girl, Happy, a lot better than I do him. I don't want to know any more about this stuff at all. My part can lie. You can do as you like about your end."

"But darn it, Billy, I like her too. I'm going to ignore totally this fool investigation. Pom's getting ga-ga. He can't know everybody's sisters, anyhow."

Billy said dubiously, "There is a resemblance."

"Of course there is," Hapgood said warmly. "A strong family one. Let's forget all this. Call it a joke on poor old Pom."

They went back to find the others listening tolerantly to a genial if futile discussion between Professor Bates and Doctor Smalley.

Hapgood interrupted: "Unless you pipe down and go aboard with me today, Sam, they will surely lock you up in one of your nice little rooms with the heavily u holstered walls."

"Well, what of it, Happy? Why should I not be hoisted on that very petard that has blown me above the surface of mediocrity? Just as Monsieur Guillotin's excellent idea eventually got the edge on him, if it really did. Some historians claim he died a natural death, but that may be mere quibbling. It would be quite natural to die if a fifty-kilo sliding ax were to land on your cervical vertebra. Ugh!" He began to cough.

"If you are going to be sick ——" Billy began anxiously.

"I'm not. This is whoopee cough. I never felt better in the last half hour of my life. I should like to plant a tree or lay a corner stone or favor you all with an eccentric dance."

Ralph said in a low tone to Hapgood: "Some triple bromide and a blow in a car would ease the doctor down."

With what must have been a hyperacuteness of hearing, Doctor Smalley turned to him. "Thanks, old chap, but I rather like being up in pleasant company, eh, what? I'll plane down gracefully when a good landing place heaves in sight. Meanwhile, a glass with you, sir. Let's make it scopolamine. Then we'll get together for some close harmony and tell each other our real names."

Hapgood intercepted the quick look that flashed between Avis and her brother.

Ralph said, a little stiffly, "What do you mean, doctor?"

"Oh, nothing to get upset about. I thought you might be Charley Ross or the Dauphin. Still, they'd be getting on. Ralph is a grand name. Reminds me of the Inchcape Rock. I am getting gumbo. A rattlesnake has nothing in speed on this stuff. If you drank it by the stein, you would never know what killed you. Neither would anybody else but the guy that made it last night. I doubt if he could more than guess at it. . . . Do you have anything like it in Greece, Ralph?"

"We've got a ——" Ralph checked himself. "Why Greece? We live in Paris."

"Really? You remind me somehow of the Hermes of Praxiteles. Avis, in a step-in, holding a whippet, would look like Diana at her best. Since we are to be shipmates, you mustn't mind my fun. It's so long since I've had any. Psychoanalyzing alcoholics is a nervous job, like selling airports."

Ralph's cocktail goblet slipped from his fingers and crashed on the parquet. Hapgood began to understand. Sam had learned something, somehow. He was trying, under the guise of drunkenness, to scare Ralph away, to get rid of him. This was scarcely decent, Hapgood thought—not the time and place for it. If Sam wanted to save him from guests he had reason to believe undesirable, he should have gone about it differently, addressed himself directly and privately to Ralph or to himself. Still, Sam usually had methods of his own.

Billy said soothingly, "Go up and lie down for a hitch." He looked worried too.

"I'll do that thing, just to show I'm among friends and not afraid of getting rolled."

"Go up with him, Happy," Edith said. "The poor boy is all worn out. You're getting him away just in time."

"We're all getting away just in time," Sam said.

He went up then with Hapgood, grabbing at the rail as if the house were the Majestic in a heavy sea abeam. In Hapgood's room he flung himself on the bed and looked up with a grin.

"One sort of indoor sport, Happy." And then, at Hapgood's frown: "Let me say it myself: In rotten bad form. I know that. It seems to me I know about everything. Billy's awful likker is making me clairvoyant. He thinks it's wonderful stuff, and so it is—wonderfully and fearfully made. Why is it that so many people who are unable to believe in anything else find it easy to believe in their bootleggers? But you are right, Happy. It was bad form. I'm not going back to the squirrel cage. My stuff is all packed and sent to the station."

"But why psychiatrize Ralph in Billy's drawing-room? What's the idea? What were you trying to get at? And you are not drunk."

"No, merely projected a little and experimenting. If you yell 'Fire' in a paralytic ward, the helpless bedridden will hop up and beat it. If you holler 'Officer, arrest that man' in a crowd, it will thin perceptibly as many of those assembled slip unobtrusively away."

"What's that got to do with Ralph? And why the crack about Greece?"

"Well, he looks as if his name ought to be Dimitri Sardanapolous, lord of the Isle of Siphons. I wanted to learn if he had been there recently."

"Why?"

"Oh, just for fun," Doctor Smalley said evasively. "Fun, fun, how many crimes are committed in thy name. Ralph's not so bad, so far as we know; so let it ride. He got a little rattled because he thought I was trying to draw him with *double entendre* and *arrière pensée*, and was mocking his *beauté de diable;* and he does look a little like a marble faun. Forget it. Let it rest. Let me have forty winks and I'll rise and shine like a phœnix from the flames." He stretched out on Hapgood's pretty bed with its flowered cover.

Hapgood stared at him, frowning and thoughtful, then went out. He stood for a

5
*Remarkable Features*

Here, in a nutshell, are the five things our 68-year-old laboratories succeeded in combining, all in one luxurious shaving cream.

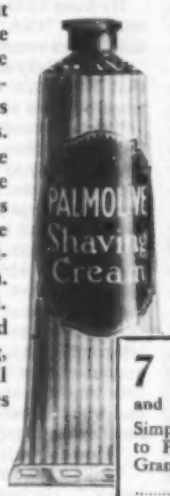
1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

# To men who don't send coupons

*Mail this one, please. This remarkable 7-day test will revolutionize your ideas of shaving.*

GENTLEMEN: Men have told us "Why, I never sent a coupon for a sample in my life." And it is true, many do not.

Yet men by the hundreds of thousands have broken that rule to try Palmolive Shaving Cream. For we confess that words are inadequate to describe its advantages and virtues.




And we rest our case entirely on how the product itself impresses you. YOU are the judge and jury. Your bathroom is the courtroom. If you vote for us, we win.

We feel that we should warn you of one thing, however. If you mail the coupon, the chances are strongly against you ever returning to old style shaving methods again. For our statistics show that 86% of the men who make our free 7-day test, become wedded to Palmolive Shaving Cream.

1000 men were consulted before we made a single move. 129 formulas were rejected before we satisfied ourselves. Now Palmolive Shaving Cream is the world's fastest seller.

Faced with such irrefutable evidence of men's preferment, won't you break your rule about coupons—just this once? Mail the coupon now. What comes will justify you.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company. 5926

## 7 SHAVES FREE

**and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc**

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-810, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

.....

.....

.....

(Please print your name and address)

few moments in the hall, pondering and troubled. Either Sam had something by the tail or thought he had. If he was merely on the ragged edge of going off his chump, then there was still method in his incipient madness. But whatever suspicion might be in his tired, feverish brain he evidently desired to keep to himself, whether from tolerance or kindliness or pity, or because he thought the grounds for it were insufficient. Sam could be tight as a cherrystone clam when he so desired.

Like most youngish men of strong constitution and good habitual regimen, Hapgood could never understand shattered nerves. There must, he thought, be some intrinsic defect in the structure of a person thus afflicted. Such a thing could never happen to himself, he felt assured. Since graduating from his scientific course he had worked hard at the big steel-construction business inherited through two generations; less because his services were needed than to learn it. A wise choice of office and field men had finally resulted in the business running itself almost automatically. Hapgood had never monkeyed with the machine. His large inherited personal interest supplied him with more money than he was ever apt to need unless he lost his mind and gambled it away, or became a Socialist or complete philanthropist and gave it away. He kept up and even added to the family charities, with his left hand always entirely aware what his right hand was doing.

So far, he had never wanted to marry—partly because he had seen so many good matches burn out, partly because he was fond of his absolute freedom. Hapgood was never attracted to young girls. He had, in fact, that sort of dread of them and their impulsive vagaries that a well-bred, gentlemanly dog is apt to have for the new kitten in the house. They impressed him as audacious and unstable, apt to purr one moment and bite and scratch the next, and their impudence was presumably supported by a big stick behind the door. Hapgood was not afraid of trouble, but he did not court it in that form; and, besides, he was chivalrous. If a fool girl chose to wade out too deep or skate on ice that was thin, then it was the duty of the man to get her safely back to shore.

But here now was Avis—who could not yet be twenty-five, he thought, and the game law still closed on her—in danger of tempting him to break his rule. Quite a number of the younger set had wanted to marry him, and had shown themselves ready to take any chance to bring this about. Why not? Hapgood reflected coolly. He was young and strong and healthy and even tempered, with good enough looks and no dangerous vices, of splendid position and connections, and very rich.

Avis, Hapgood felt convinced, was not this sort of adventuress. Somehow he believed that she was not after money or love or even matrimony. Her motive was obscure, but very strong, and he felt that she was prepared to go practically to any length to achieve it.

And there was another curious thing: In a considerable experience of kissing, he could not remember where it had been like that. The fresh, tender contact of this girl's lips had not been maternal or sisterly or loverlike or merely chummy and mischievous.

She had smiled while kissing him, her lips far from cold, and her eyes were half closed and misty. It was rather like the greeting of a dear woman friend with whom one's relations are sweetly friendly. Perhaps it was like kissing your wife, Hapgood thought. He had seen husbands kiss their wives like that on their return from an absence.

He felt now, as he went down the stairs, an intense desire to repeat the experience or experiment. The next might be more revealing. There was no good chance here, as he was leaving immediately after luncheon, taking Sam with him.

"How is Sam?" Billy asked.

"Not so good; but a little nap will help, let's hope."

"I never saw Sam like that before," Billy Brown said.

"He will be better for a course of sea air and seasickness," Payson said.

"Sam's just tired out. His ideas are all shuffled. Wanting to lay corner stones. That reminds me; I must catch a stewardess."

"Can I bring my maid, Happy?" Edna Worden asked. "She is Martinique French, and pretty."

"Oh, yes. She's sure to raise the devil with my Nordic crew, but that is their hard luck. I can borrow a stewardess from the French Line. Our relations are close. There's lots of room aboard Democracy, her engines are so compact. We shan't use them this voyage, as I've got a bet laid that she can put Gib smack abeam in three weeks under sail alone. It's a race."

"Still better," Ralph said. "Steadier ship and a longer ride."

The telephone rang and Billy answered it. "Yes. . . . Hello, Mac. . . . Yes, he's right here now. . . . What—what? . . . Oh, I guess so. Wait a minute and I'll ask him."

He put his hand over the mouthpiece and turned to Hapgood: "That's Don MacWilliams, who was here for dinner last night with his wife. They were included in your royal invitation and want to know if it is to be taken as a command or merely as an idle, princely gesture."

"Holy mackerel!" Hapgood breathed. "Was he the tall, Sherlock Holmesey type and she the rippling Dardanella?"

"Right. Mac's an instrument of precision, exactly scaled, and the best criminal lawyer east of the Mis'sip. Suzy is a composite of several women, all hot. I ought to warn you that they don't get on so well."

"Need that matter?" Hapgood asked. "I can give them separate rooms. Father had Democracy remodeled below to take Caribbean governments for good-will cruises. His agent got 'em aboard and kept 'em in the second stage of anæsthesia until the concession was signed. Let me speak to MacWilliams and ratify my entirely conscious invitation."

He went to the phone: "Good morning, judge; this is Happy. Everything's all shipshape and proper. We want to shove off tomorrow afternoon. . . . What? . . . Yes, most of the crowd here last night. One may say the cream of it, if only Edith and Billy can be blackjacked and shanghaied. . . . Yes, yes; all you have to do is to phone to the French Line and cancel your passage. I'll do it for you. Our *entente cordiale* is grand. *Liberté, égalité, fraternité—et Démocratie.* . . . Good! Let her roll, and my *hommages* to Mrs. Mac. Rendezvous at the Moor Iron Works as soon as you can mobilize. *Au 'voir, auf Wiedersehen, hasta la vista, a riseder'ci, aloha, sayonara,* and so long."

He hung up the phone. Payson said admiringly, "Can you match it? And he didn't even remember who they were."

"Hot," Sally said. "It's a dishonest bet that he didn't remember the invitation when he came to this morning."

"Some young inviter," Billy agreed. "Why not, when your means are such that you have only to wire your ship's husband: 'Sailing tomorrow for the Islands of Desire with a large party of Desirables. Hop to it and stand by'?"

"That," said Hapgood, "is a perfectly good line to wire Day. His mind is the alert sort to get it. Please shoot it off for me just like that."

Billy went to the phone and called the telegraph company. The butler came to announce that luncheon was served. By this time the strongly constructed party had whistled back their appetites. Doctor Smalley came tripping down the stairs.

"How do you feel, Sammy?" Edith asked.

"Like a hoot owl that has been boiled in honey." He looked at Hapgood. "Did I hear you confirming your invitation to the MacWilliamses? You would be the pearl of the diplomatic service if you could remember how many bushels of potatoes the state of Maine produced in 1913. Now we are all set for whatever happens, and it is apt to be a lot. No transatlantic yachting voyage of hand-picked, congenial people is complete without a doctor and a criminal lawyer. I can do the operating, and if the worst comes to the worst, it will not be so bad, with Mac to keep the impulsive party out of jail."

"Hot," said Sally.

The adapter of this simple expression had saved the pretty college graduate much intellectual effort. She amused Hapgood, and he thought she might yet show them all something. He had assayed her father as one of those quietly enthusiastic converts to modernity, a theoretical supporter of the freedom of speech, thought and action in modern youth. Professor Bates was no doubt the recent battleground of a revolution of ideas and ethics, and the revolutionists had won. Educators were not infrequently like that, and from being long compressed, expanded suddenly into a volatile form. They might become Reds, freethinkers, even criminals, in the sudden release of lifelong inhibitions. This quiet middle-aged biologist had not shown the slightest constraint at the liberty of speech and general atmosphere of unrestraint that involved his twenty-one-year-old daughter. It was as if he had stepped into another world and found it gay and colorful and, possibly, the better for its lack of camouflage.

The Browns were typical of a certain modern set, rich, lavish in hospitality, loving laughter even at the cost of propriety, assuming philosophically that as all present were wholly sophisticated, there was no particular need of censorship. They were kindly, wanted their guests to enjoy themselves, and if their entertainments ran wild—well, nobody was forced to make fools of themselves.

Hapgood felt like that about his yachting party. If he provided a splendid pleasure packet and every luxury of transportation and accommodation, with the wholesome, invigorating tonic of a large and beautiful vessel urged on its way by the winds of heaven in her snowy sails, it would not be his fault if his guests got anything but health and recreation from it. Avis might even get more—an escape from whatever she had cause to dread, and no payment required of her for the service.

Yet no feminine grafter ever had a face, an expression, like hers. Its frankness might be partly assumed, but there was a sort of fearless foursquareness about her, the antithesis of the gold-digger. It was almost as if she had said to him: "You are doing more than you realize for me, and I want to do anything you wish for you." He felt that she did not consider her private personality to be of any great value to herself, and that, all obligation aside, she had taken a liking to him.

They had seated themselves side by side at table, and in the clamor of a general noisy conversation Avis asked, "Will you do me a favor?"

"Of course. What is it?"

"Instead of taking the train, take a car and let Ralph and me go with you directly to the yacht."

"All right. My own car is out in the garage. I was taking the train because it's quicker. There are a number of things I've got to do in town."

"Of course. I'm asking too much."

"There's no harm in asking. It can be managed, though it may delay our sailing another day. I'd have left this morning, but I wanted to hang on to Sam and take him along with me."

"You had better."

"Are you so keen about the voyage? It may be boresome."

"Not with you aboard," Avis said. "I like everything you do and say, and the way you say and do it."

"You are apt to make me either suspicious or conceited."

"If you could be conceited it would have happened long ago. And you needn't be suspicious, because you have sense enough to know that I know you have sense enough not to fall for flattery. That's tiresome old stuff to you."

"Not from you."

"You needn't be wary of me, Happy, because I'd much rather give you the best I've got than have you give me the best I've ever had. You belong to that class."

"What class?"

"For simple women like me men are divided into two classes: the ones we want things from and the ones we'd rather give things to."

"Do you realize all that you're saying, Avis?"

"Entirely. I never said anything like it to anybody before, so it makes an impression."

"Why to me?"

"If you were sitting in the woods on a log and I were a wild bird, I'd fly down onto your shoulder. I'd know that whatever happened would be good for me."

"Even if I put you in a cage?"

"You wouldn't need to put me in a cage. What's the use of putting a bird that comes to you of its own accord in a cage? Or clipping its wing? You would realize that the best of a bird is its free flight."

"Then," said Hapgood, "it merely comes to this: That you trust to my high sense of chivalry. Or better, ethical behavior. You stick me on an honor system. Not so exciting."

Avis laid her hand on his wrist under the edge of the table. Doctor Smalley, directly opposite, observed something going on and launched into one of his absurd monologues that held the attention of the others. People always listened to him, less because of any wit or wisdom in what he said than because he inspired wit in others. His rhapsodies were apt to be contagious.

"You've got it all wrong, Happy," Avis said. "I know you would hate to marry—least of all a girl like me, with no particular background or position. All I know is that whatever you'd like I'd like, provided you liked it well enough. I'm one of those persons who just don't count."

She said this without a trace of bitterness, even with a smile that was serene.

"The trouble with you," Hapgood said, "is that something's happened to give you a devastating inferiority complex. Was it a man?"

"No, and I don't think I've got it. I merely accept facts. I've got no talents or abilities or obligations or resources, so why shouldn't I take things as they come, especially if they look good to me? Any port may look good in a storm, but I'm not in any storm. Merely becalmed in a Sargasso Sea. Lots of women are like that."

Hapgood half turned and looked at her, puzzled. No attractive woman had ever talked to him in this cool rational way. He felt rather bewildered.

"I don't get you at all, Avis. It's as if I were standing on a street corner and somebody pulled up beside me in a big, new, costly car and said: 'I'm fed up with driving this thing around. You can have it, and would you mind letting me ride round with you a little while? Then, when I get out, you can keep it.'"

Avis laughed in a low, tinkling way, like a small ship's bell. "I should say that you had got me perfectly. Except that it would be more like a flivver. That's about all there is to it."

Was she, after all, an adventuress, Hapgood wondered? He could not believe it of Avis. Other considerations aside, she would perceive immediately that such a course must be entirely too raw. She merely stated that, whatever his procedure—friendship, whether platonic or pally, love or casual acquaintanceship, more kisses or none at all—it would be all right with her.

The only certainty about the proposition was that here was the offer of such a lovely gift as few men would think twice about accepting. Avis' profile was, if possible, more alluring than her rather boyish full face. A perpendicular could be drawn from the straight wide forehead to the firm

(Continued on Page 69)

(Continued from Page 64)

chin that balanced it so perfectly, and in between were the long lashes fringing the heliotrope eyes and the slight upward curve of the provocative nose, with lips that were sweet and firm and not too full.

Hapgood knew the form and quality and texture of these lips, smooth and soft and cool, and, except for a slight quivering, firm. This recollection now disturbed his pulse. But there must be some catch in it, Hapgood felt certain. It did not click with her sweet expression, the rather light but level eyes and the soul shining through them. There was lofty motive back of all this.

He discovered then that their aloof tête-à-tête was attracting notice. Edna Worden, next to Sam, was watching them with a look that was curious, sympathetic and a little wistful. She was evidently wondering if something was really starting there across the table, saying to herself without acrimony: "Just my rotten luck again." But from farther down, Sally Bates was observing this island of earnestness in a sea of folly with quite a different expression. Her gray eyes had a cat-watching-the-canary look. As a champion college track athlete and swimmer she may have felt also that Avis was unfairly beating the pistol. Sally was no great conversationalist, so that up to this time she had been given no opportunity to shine. Aboard the yacht she might do better, being a good sailor, strong and active. Sally had been the envy of her senior class because she contained the vigor of Diana under the seductive contours of Venus. She was forever exercising, no matter where. She knew all the tricks of physical culture, and therefore needed no apparatus for developing any muscle or group of muscles that she considered not quite up to grade in strength or in symmetry. Perfectly still in chapel, lecture room or bed, Sally would practice rhythmically that finest form of keeping contractile muscle fibers in tonicity known commonly as stretching. This is merely a mild tug-of-war between opposing groups and, when properly understood, serves to keep from becoming flaccid and habitually relaxed muscular tissues that are but slightly requisitioned for ordinary vocational service.

This had become a habit of Sally's, with deep breathing in good air, and it accounted for the beautiful symmetry of her limbs and body. Also, like most young athletes, by nature and training she liked to do stunts. She was, of course, a superb dancer, her abilities outreaching the conventional and classic forms and into the gymnastic. She was as supple as she was strong. She kept herself lithe and elastic, and Hapgood had been a little surprised, when entering the house on his arrival, to find Sally standing before the fern-filled hearth on one foot, with the heel of the other hooked over the high mantel. This rather unusual attitude was, she explained, a daily practice to preserve an elasticity of members, and she followed it up by turning a slow handspring that brought her feet to the parquet before her hands had left it and then hanging from the portière rod by one hand—after first ascertaining the strength of this fixture—and bringing her straightened legs slowly to a horizontal.

But while blessed abundantly with a sound mind in a sound body, the professor's daughter was a little slow on the uptake when it came to that form of modern persiflage known as wise-cracking. Her repartee was apt to arrive by night letter. Then it was good, but inopportune. She was rich in what the French call "*esprit de l'escalier*" and the English call "cab wit." As Doctor Smalley had once said of her: "Sally's sallies are at the sally port." This got her that sort of late laugh that is directed more at the person than at that person's *bon mot*, which the girl bitterly resented. In self-defense she had got the habit of falling back on such current thought savers as "hot," "rot," "not," "you, he, she or they *would*."

She was very pretty and eager, with a lot of common sense and no petty vanities, plucky as well as strong. She impressed Hapgood as a delightful tomboy who suddenly some day would discover that she was all girl. She seemed at this moment all kid to him, and he was determined that she should have a thoroughly good time, and from the kid angle. Her father, though a biologist, evidently regarded her as completely sexless, or at least he would have thought of her that way if he had thought about it at all.

Billy said cheerfully, "Well, you'll have a jolly, congenial party aboard the yacht, and you won't be crowded. That's the important thing."

"If the party is congenial enough," Payson observed, "crowding doesn't matter."

Edith Brown observed a little hesitantly, for she was not inclined to unfriendly gossip: "The only one aboard apt to crowd is Suzy MacWilliams."

"Why Suzy?" Hapgood asked.

"She craves attention," Billy told him. He always backed his wife's play and modified it, if too open. "Like a hotel child. She always gets it too. There are some women who make you want to stroke their hair gently with one hand and wring their necks with the other. Not that there's any harm in Suzy. Just a neglected pose."

"She looks like a dark angel," Ralph said. "Or Josephine after Bony put her from him. Does her husband neglect her?"

"Not with his check book at least," Payson said. "She's always sporting the latest cars and Paris models and furs and things."

Billy hated this sort of talk. Fun was one thing and criticism of a friend's intimate affairs another. "Suzy was a New Orleans belle and only daughter and cotton planters' toast, and as such is used to being cottoned up to."

"Leave Suzy to me," said Doctor Smalley. "If she gets the offshore blues I'll put on a slicker and let her weep on my shoulder. Her trouble is nervous prosperity. It was rough sledding for a while with Mac, and then suddenly he made an awful lot of money—counsel for an oil outfit in Louisiana, and took his retainers in shares. Then they brought in a flock of gushers. Now we call him Ready Money Mac. He told me that for so many years his hand always went down into a dry hole when he reached for the price that now he never travels without a roll that would choke a sperm whale."

Hapgood happened to be looking at Ralph as Sam made this statement, and he caught a sort of flare in the man's light eyes of a gull. He noticed something else. Up to this time Ralph had impressed him casually as a man in the late thirties, becomingly weathered by a good deal of outdoor life. But now for a moment he looked much older, as if he might be close to fifty. The lines of character were deepened and hardened, and the blond in his crisp military mustache too bleached. Most of all, there was about his eyes a sort of struggle against the appearance of fatigue that was different from that of dissipation in a younger man. It looked chronic, the result of a good many years of nervous tension.

And yet, despite this sudden aging of aspect, the family resemblance to Avis was unmistakable and strong. There could be no doubt of the close consanguinity between these two. But just as Ralph now impressed Hapgood as a much older man than he pretended, so had Avis come gradually to impress him as younger than the twenty-four or five that he had given her at first.

The thought leaped at Hapgood that these two could not be brother and sister. The age interval was certainly too great. More than twenty years separated them, and while this spacing was possible, yet it was unlikely. But they might easily be father and daughter, supposing Ralph to be much older than he looked, and Avis younger.

But why such a deception, if it were indeed the fact? Hapgood thought then of Sam's veiled questionnaire and wondered again what had prompted it.

Sam, Hapgood felt convinced, would tell him nothing. He knew his friend's voluble patter to be a camouflage for a tight reticence that never under any circumstances sprang a leak. This was one of the several qualities that had made him so excellent a specialist in nervous disorders. No, Sam would tell him nothing, even if he were to ask—which Hapgood did not intend to do. He desired to work the problem out unaided. It looked as if Ralph and Avis were involved in some affair about which Sam knew just enough to make him eager to learn more.

Ralph said abruptly, but speaking more slowly than in his usual jerky way: "I feel pretty badly about all this."

"What's the matter?" Payson asked.

"Now that my normal sense is coming back, it strikes me I've acted like a rotter. Got Happy into a lot of bother and a complete change of his plans. If he'd wanted a party to cross with him he'd have made it up in the usual way. The suggestion popped out of him last night, and I rose for it like a salmon to a fly."

"Oh, come, Ralph; we all rose to it," Edna Worden said.

Ralph disregarded her. "It was one of those inspirations not expected to be taken seriously, and the rest of you would have laughed and passed it by if it hadn't been for me. I feel like a grafter."

"I must say, I've been feeling rather uncomfortable about it myself," Professor Bates said.

"Once you had followed my lead," Ralph went on, "Happy was sound sport enough to carry on. I've just begun to realize that I've acted like a sweep."

"What about the rest of us?" Payson asked, frowning.

"You're not so much to blame. That sort of thing is contagious, like a resolution rushed through by acclaim. If I had laughed and passed it by, nobody would have taken it seriously, any more than if Billy had told us that his house and grounds were ours, and he wanted us to live here with him for the rest of our lives."

There was a moment's silence, then Hapgood asked, "Well, what about it, my dears?"

"I move we offer Happy a vote of thanks and call it off," Ralph said.

"Second the motion," Payson said promptly. He looked round the table at a group of very fallen faces. "Motion made and seconded that we offer a vote of thanks to that A-1 at Lloyd's, seagoing sportsman, Hapgood Standish, and pass the resolution not to penalize him. All those in favor will signify it by saying 'Aye.'"

There was a lifeless chorus of ayes. Sally looked as if she were going to cry.

"Those opposed?"

There was no response. Then Hapgood said cheerfully: "Oh, shut up and sit down, Paysie. I'm glad you sprang this, Ralph, and that the rest of you fell into line. When I woke up this morning I did feel a little as if I'd been sandbagged, even while admitting I'd asked for it. But this action makes it all right. Without reference to the inspiration of my broadcast invitation, I have herewith the honor to ratify it with all hearty and heartfelt cordiality, and trust that you will all disregard the digression and carry on as previously."

A wave of relief swept round the table. "Hear, hear," said Payson, "and likewise hip, hip. There speaks the truest sport that ever backed a bum bet. If that's the way you really feel about it, you're on, old man."

Sally sprang up, capsizing her chair, ran round to Hapgood and embraced him with vigor, then sprang for the portière rod and chinned herself rapidly ten times.

"That," said Edna, "was a close corner, but we got round it on two wheels. I thought for the moment it was the ditch for ours."

Hapgood rose. "Away the gig," he said. "Rendezvous at South Brooklyn tomorrow noon."

Ralph went up to change from flannels into city clothes. Hapgood went out to the garage, Avis with him. His chauffeur, who

For old and new model razors of this type

GET SMOOTHER SHAVES

OR YOUR MONEY BACK

ONE of the oldest and largest razor blade manufacturers invites you to make this money-back shaving test. You to be the sole judge—your word to be law. Buy a package of Probak blades. Use two in your double-edge razor—old or new type. Get quicker, smoother, easier shaves—or return the package. Your dealer will refund every cent.

Probak is patented from edge to edge. Butterfly channeling in 17% heavier, duo-tempered steel gives this double-edge blade the straight-edge principle. Quality is uniform. You won't find a sour blade in a million. There's no drag, pull or vibration. Probak glides through the wiriest beard with light, easy strokes. Buy Probak now. Compare it with your present blades—shave with each in turn—day after day. Let your face bring in the verdict. If Probak doesn't outclass other blades—get your money back.

$1 for 10, 50c for 5

Guaranteed by

PROBAK CORPORATION

Division of

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., INC.
656 First Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Probak Blades give wonderful shaves in your present double-edge razor—but even better shaves in the new Probak Razor. If your dealer cannot supply you send $1 for Probak's introductory package including one Probak Razor and eight Probak Blades.

Just print your name and address clearly on the margin. Inclose $1 and mail this coupon to the Probak Corporation, Dept. P-18.

PROBAK BLADES

Protected by Patents Nos. 1,633,739; 1,639,335. Reissue No. 17,567. Other patents pending.

served as launch man aboard the yacht, was awaiting orders.

"There was a man here just askin' for you, sir," he said.

"For me? What did he want? Why didn't he come to the house?"

"He said he was wanting but a few wor-rds and did not wish to disturb anybody, sir."

"What sort of man?"

"Now, if I was to make a guess, sir, I'd say he was some sort of a top-kick cop. He wint over by the dog kennels."

As the chauffeur spoke there came round a mass of ornamental bushes on the outcrop of a ledge of rock a quietly dressed middle-aged man who, at sight of Hapgood, standing in the door of the garage with Avis beside him, came toward them. Drawing near, he slightly lifted his straw hat and said: "Mr. Standish?"

"Yes."

The man gave Avis a brief, keen glance. "I'm an immigration officer, sir, and I've just come from Doctor Smalley's sanitarium, where I've been talking to a patient named Croydon."

"Croydon?"

"Yes. He landed in New York three weeks ago, suffering from acute alcoholism. He had lost his passport and some other papers of no particular value aboard the ship, but was duly vouched for by friends and permitted to land and then sent out here."

"Why come to me about it?" Hapgood asked.

"The chief of our bureau in Washington advised me to speak to you if you happened to be out here and I needed any help."

Hapgood nodded. The chief in question was a personal friend who had formerly assisted him in a difficulty about two alien sailors whom he had signed on in Barbadoes and who had jumped ship on the yacht's arrival in New York.

"I see. What seems to be the trouble?"

"We have reason to suspect that Croydon's passport was stolen when he was drunk by an acquaintance aboard. We believe this man to be impersonating Croydon and visiting friends of a Mr. Penfold, who had given Mr. Croydon some letters. One of them was to Mr. Brown."

Hapgood said easily, "Well, the guests here now are all duly vouched for. What is this man's description?"

"About forty-five or a little older, athletic build, about six feet and a hundred and seventy-five pounds, handsome, fair, close-cropped mustache, ruddy or tanned, light gray eyes. There might be with him a pretty young woman whom he claims to be his sister."

"Claims to be?"

"Yes, sir. He hasn't any sister. We believe that she's his daughter."

Hapgood slowly shook his head. "No, I'm afraid I can't help you out. Mr. Brown's guests are all accounted for. What else is there against this man?"

"He has no right in the country. He was deprived of his citizenship toward the end of the war for proved traffic with the enemy. He was known to have cashed some large German drafts in Amsterdam."

"What is his actual name?" Hapgood asked.

"Since the war he has gone under that of Carroll."

Avis asked, in a voice that was casual but insistent, "And before he took that name?"

"I'd rather not give you that, lady."

"Why not?" Hapgood asked.

The officer hesitated.

"Well, sir, Mr. Croydon refused to tell me anything at all until I'd promised to suppress the name and to avoid publicity as much as possible."

"That seems curious," Hapgood said. "If he is being misrepresented one would think he would want to give the affair as much publicity as possible. Doesn't it look a little like collusion?"

The officer nodded. "Just what I told him, sir. He explained then that this man is a relative, and so he wanted to keep the matter hushed up for the credit of the family."

"Indeed? Have you talked to Doctor Smalley?"

"Yes, I saw him yesterday. He couldn't help me."

"Well, Mr. Pomeroy Penfold, who is a friend of mine, knows quite a lot of people here in Greenwich."

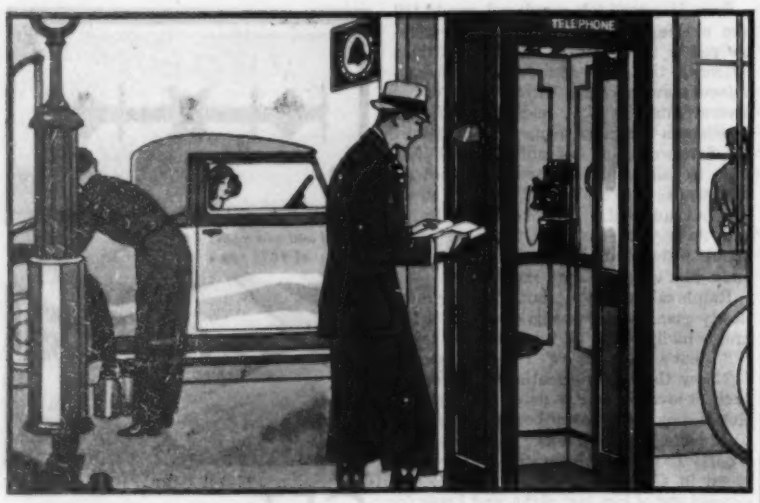
"Could you give me a few of their names, sir?"

Hapgood did so. The man thanked him and walked away down the drive, to a car waiting outside the grounds. Hapgood, with Avis still beside him, started slowly back for the house. At the end of several steps she asked in a low, tremulous voice that still had a faint challenge: "Well, and where do we go from here?"

Hapgood looked at her with a faint smile. "To the Mediterranean," he answered, and added gently: "Don't tell him. Don't spoil his good time."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"If You Really Loved Me, Oswald, You Wouldn't Notice the Old Mosquitoes!"


# LIKE A FRIEND FROM HOME

## WHEN YOU TRAVEL, A CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY IS WAITING TO GUIDE YOUR BUYING

THIS year, your trip will be more enjoyable if you make full use of the Bell telephones you find along the way. Every Bell classified telephone directory will lead you straight to the things you want, the services you need — in the shortest possible time.

This book is a ready reference to local business. It tells you where to find authorized service for your car . . . where to find a nearby drug store, barber, hotel, restaurant. It locates all sorts of interesting places, from antique dealers to airports — giving street addresses and telephone numbers.

In addition, you will find nationally advertised brands of products and services conveniently listed. Two minutes with the classified directory before you shop sends you to the right place the first time . . . avoids the annoyance of being offered something just as good.

Look at your own book now. Notice the convenience of its pages . . . the completeness of its service. Plan to use the classified directory freely this vacation. It will save you hours of precious time.

"FIND WHERE TO BUY IT IN YOUR CLASSIFIED DIRECTORY

# *In step with modern broadcasting*

# RADIOLA Super-Heterodyne

© 1930, RCA Victor Co., Inc.

## *is your best guarantee of lasting satisfaction in the years to come.*

**MODERN broadcasting is rapidly revolutionizing radio set building. Only the most modern radio sets can do justice to today's marvelous programs. One certain guarantee of continued enjoyment, today and tomorrow, lies in the RCA Radiola Super-Heterodyne—supreme in selectivity and brilliant tone . . . the most advanced achievement in radio . . . developed after years of research by the world's foremost radio engineers.**

**The Super-Heterodyne is used in steamship direction-finders, in transoceanic radio communication circuits, in the radio compass and in leading broadcasting stations where reception of distant stations must take place directly under the powerful transmitting antenna.**

**Some day you will own an RCA Radiola Super-Heterodyne . . . It is no longer a luxury for a fortunate few . . . Quantity production has reduced the cost of manufacture and this aristocrat of radio instruments now costs little more than an ordinary radio set. Designed to harmonize with fine home interiors, Radiola Super-Heterodyne sets are available in a variety of models and in combination with the electric phonograph, giving you the finest music of the world whenever you desire it. Why not get one now for your greatest radio enjoyment? Your Radiola dealer is prepared to make convenient terms on the Radiola Time Payment Plan. Radiola Division, RCA Victor Company, Inc.**

*Look for and insist upon* RCA *the famous RCA trade-mark*

# RCA RADIOLA

**TUNE IN—THE RCA HOUR, EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT, OVER A COAST-TO-COAST NETWORK OF N. B. C.**

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF TO THE ONE AND ONLY WOMAN

The one and only woman is more than an adornment of the hearth, she is the purchasing agent of the home. Most things you use must first get her okay. For example, she buys 84% of all the tooth-paste sold.

She may, or may not, know Ipana. Hundreds of thousands do. But, in case she doesn't, show her the few simple but important statements below:

1 Ipana does more than clean the teeth. It tones and stimulates the gums.

2 If your tooth brush ever "shows pink", massage and Ipana will remedy the condition; for Ipana contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used by dentists in treating gum disorders.

3 Ipana has a splendid taste. It gives an instant and lasting feeling of cleanliness!

•

Ipana's extra virtues have earned it the right to ask your trial. Modern in formula, helpful to the gums, delightful to the taste, its great success is a tribute to its benefits.

So please start the good habit of Ipana by handing the coupon below to her who directs your dentifrice destiny.

*To My One and Only . . .*

I'd like to try this modern tooth-paste, Ipana. When next your footsteps take you to the drug store, will you please order—on my behalf, and your own as well—one tube of

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

*Signed*_____

# THE MIRACLES AT HORNBY CORNERS

(Continued from Page 32)

"If your father should wish for another opinion, it shall be procured," Doctor Ludlow said.

"But he's too ill to know whether he wants it or not," Zeta protested.

"My dear young lady, leave everything to me. If I thought another opinion necessary, you may be sure I would take immediate steps. It is a plain case of influenza, complicated by cardiac weakness. I am taking care of the heart, and the influenza should run its course in a day or two. There is no need for anxiety."

On Tuesday two more reporters came down from London but departed again without seeing any member of the vicar's family. The Morning Press had contained a highly colored account of the Miracles at Hornby Corners, and already a brisk correspondence on the subject of faith cures had been started in its columns. The vicar grew worse, and Zeta and Christopher tiptoed about the house with white faces and spoke in whispers. Doctor Ludlow said there would be a crisis that night, and admitted that influenza had developed into pneumonia and that the situation was grave. The village nurse was installed in the house and on Tuesday afternoon Christopher went to the post office and sent a wire to his brother, Humphrey, and Sir John sent Edmunds in the car to fetch another doctor from Dorminster, thirty miles away. But the car returned empty, for neither of the two good doctors in Dorminster could come; one because he had fallen and broken his collar bone; the other because there had been an outbreak of typhoid in the poorer quarter of the town and he couldn't leave. Meanwhile Doctor Ludlow did his best, and when he left the house at ten, and the crisis had not yet been reached, he left word that he was going to see a patient between Hornby Corners and Allerford, and that if he was wanted he would be either at his home or at the address he gave them.

The vicar was no longer conscious and was fighting for his breath. He had made Emily and Zeta promise the day before that Chris should not be allowed to come into the room, and although they knew that it was Chris he most wanted to see, they feared his presence would only excite the sick man and agreed that he should stay outside. It seemed to Zeta that the old man's chances of life were poor indeed. His heart, even before his illness, was weaker than he had ever allowed them to guess, and now it was in no fit state to withstand the terrible strain put upon it. Miss Hoskins, the village nurse, told them they had best be prepared for the worst, and the whole village knew that the vicar was very near death. Sir John's big gray car was at the young people's disposal and waited outside the gate while Edmunds, the chauffeur, warmed himself by the kitchen fire and read a detective story. Now and then Chris came in and talked to him. He and Edmunds were friends, and Edmunds had even taught him to drive the car—a thing he delighted in doing. He would never own a car of his own, he told Edmunds, nor did he want one; it was enough for him to know what it felt like to control and guide so much power.

At half-past twelve Zeta, who had hardly slept for two nights, came flying down the stairs and into the kitchen, where Chris and Edmunds were talking.

"Chris, Miss Hoskins says the crisis is very near now. Edmunds had better go for the doctor." And she dashed from the room again. Edmunds seized his cap, but Chris held him back. His face was white, and his eyes were wide and intensely blue, as they always were when he was excited.

"Edmunds," he said, "let me go instead. I must do something. I'll go crazy if I don't. They won't let me into father's room. Stay here, in case they want help. I'll be back with the doctor in no time."

He dashed out of the room, and Edmunds went to the front door and saw him leap into the car and start her as quickly as he could himself. He returned to the kitchen a little dubiously. Ought he to have let Mr. Chris go? Well, it was too late to think about that now. He sat down by the fire again but didn't attempt to read. He had never before been in a house where someone was dying, and he understood why Chris had preferred to go out rather than stay in with nothing to do. Several times he thought he heard the car come to the door, but it was only the rain—which had begun an hour or so earlier—driving against the windows. He began to grow nervous. Supposing Mr. Chris had driven the car into a ditch? He was an inexperienced driver, and a skid might catch him napping, so to speak. He'd been a fool to let him go. He went once more to the front door and opened it, and as he did so the car slid up to the gate and Christopher jumped out, alone, and ran into the house.

"Couldn't find the doctor," he said as he went up the stairs. On the landing he met Zeta, who had been watching from a front window.

"Where's the doctor?" she whispered.

"I couldn't find him. He wasn't at his home or at his other patient's. I left word that he was to come as soon as he could." Suddenly he seized Zeta by the arms. "Zeta, I've got to go in there."

"What do you mean, Chris? To—to say good-by?"

"No. To save his life. I can. It's the only chance. I can do it. Doctor Ludlow can't do anything for him now. You know he can't. Let me try. Zeta, you believe in me, don't you? Then let me try."

She gave a little groan. "Oh, Chris, he'd hate it so!"

"He needn't know. He's not conscious. I'll never tell I did it, if you won't. Zeta, it's his only chance. Don't you believe I can save him? Say you do. Say you'll let me try."

"Oh, Chris dear, I don't know what to say. If Doctor Ludlow can't save him —— Yes, try—try—you may as well."

"Well, get Miss Hoskins out of the room."

Zeta put her head in at the door and beckoned.

"Miss Hoskins, Chris is going in to see his father for a moment. He couldn't find Doctor Ludlow, but he'll be here presently, I hope. Chris wants to be alone with his father."

Miss Hoskins was a meek little woman who stood somewhat in awe of Christopher since the happenings in the village, but professional duty forbade that she leave her patient. She shook her head vigorously and was about to return to the bedside, when Christopher pushed her gently and quickly out of the room and locked the door.

"He shouldn't have done that," she said to Zeta in a frightened whisper. "I ought to be in there. If Doctor Ludlow should come to hear of it ——"

"It's father's only chance," said Zeta, "and you know it. Believe Chris can do it, Miss Hoskins—believe it with all your might. I do."

They stood close beside the door, Miss Hoskins much too nervous and agitated to give any mental help, and holding the door knob, so as to dart into the room as soon as Christopher should open the door. The oil lamp threw their exaggerated shadows on the bare wall, and except for the beating of the rain on the windows and presently the murmur of Christopher's voice, there was not a sound in the house.

Christopher tiptoed toward the bed. The first thing that struck him was the change from a bedroom into a sick room. Its businesslike and unfamiliar aspect affected him immediately, and the sight of his father's shrunken and discolored face frightened him. He was lying on his back, with closed eyes, and his breath was coming lightly and rapidly. As he looked at him it seemed to the boy that the end must be very near indeed, unless the power to avert it were given to him, and he was suddenly awed by his responsibility, and a terror of failure entered his heart and weakened his knees. Diffidently he approached the bedside and lightly placed his fingers on his father's forehead.

"Father," he said in a low voice—"father, it's all right. You needn't fight for breath. The trouble is going—it's going. Soon you'll be better. You're better now. You're going to get well, father. You can lie quietly, now; you're going to get well."

No change came over the sick man's face. Christopher's hands felt cold and lifeless.

Where was that intense and curious tingling he had felt before? Where was that vibrating sense of power? Before, he had felt as though the blood were leaping through his veins, now he felt only a chilling fear and uncertainty.

"Father," he said again, with all the confidence he could muster in his voice—"father, you're better. You're going to get well. This trouble will soon be over. It's Chris speaking. You'll soon be well now."

And suddenly he felt lost and frightened. He didn't know what words to say. Before, they had come rushing from his mouth without any thought or premeditation; now he was inventing them, and they seemed to him poor and weak and meaningless. He heard his father's breathing grow louder and more rapid. He was gasping. His lips parted, his eyes opened and fluttered, he struggled, and there were terrible sounds in his throat. Chris dashed from the bedside to the door, unlocked it and threw it open.

"Miss Hoskins—Zeta—come quickly. I was too late. Father's dying."

The nurse ran to the bedside and did what she could. Chris stood in the doorway, pressing his hands over his ears, shaking and terror-stricken. But he could hear Zeta's cry, "Oh, father—father, don't go! And I haven't even thanked you —— Oh, he's dying! Chris—Chris!" And then her heartbroken sobbing. He could bear no more. He ran down the hall to his own room and threw himself on the bed in the dark; and in a despair and self-abasement such as the young seldom know, he let the bitter tears come and prayed for death.

Early the next morning, by the first train to reach Hornby Corners, Humphrey arrived. He had been in London on business when the wire was sent and it had been forwarded on to him by his wife. He had come at the earliest possible moment, and now found himself at the station at six o'clock on an exquisite spring morning. Birds, after the downpour of the night before, were singing their loudest and flickering from tree to tree, and there was a dewdrop on every twig and blade of grass. Humphrey walked to the vicarage, as there were no vehicles about at such an hour, and when he rang the bell, Emily, red-eyed from weeping, was busy preparing an early breakfast. She had known him since he was a boy, and at the sight of him she burst out crying and put her apron to her face.

"So I'm too late?" he said, and she nodded. He slowly took off his hat and coat and hung them up. He was a big, burly, thickset man, as unlike the slender, fair-haired, fair-skinned Christopher as it was possible to be. He had started life with nothing, and now had money enough to keep two servants and a car and send his children to expensive schools. He was an aggressive, self-satisfied man, proud of the fact that he worked hard, and was considered a difficult fellow to do business with. He most resembled his mother's father, a bullying man from whom she had gladly escaped to marry a poor young curate. He had grown a heavy mustache in the past few years and looked older than he actually was.

"Where's Chris?"

"He's in his room, poor boy," said Emily. "I don't think he closed his eyes all night.

(Continued on Page 74)

R.K.O.'s new comedy whirlwind, "The CUCKOOS," starring BERT WHEELER and ROBERT WOOLSEY, with DOROTHY LEE, features Technicolor in several of its most hilarious sequences.

TODAY, with the screen brought to life by color, you realize how *monotonous* were the pale black-and-grays. When Technicolor quickens your heart-beat in a tender love scene, you recall how casual were your reactions in the past. Before, it was *acting*. In Technicolor, it is *life*. Not until you have seen Technicolor portray *comedy* will you realize how completely *natural color* has intensified setting and theme alike—especially the laugh-provoking talents of such favorite entertainers as Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, and the lovely Dorothy Lee, starring in R.K.O.'s newest cyclonic blues-chaser, "The Cuckoos."

# The laughs are heartier in Technicolor

**SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS**

**BRIGHT LIGHTS,** with Dorothy Mackaill (First National); **DIXIANA,** with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures); **FOLLOW THRU,** with Charles "Buddy" Rogers and Nancy Carroll (Paramount); **HELL'S ANGELS,** all-star cast (Caddo), Technicolor Sequences; **HOLD EVERYTHING,** with Winnie Lightner, Joe E. Brown, Sally O'Neill (Warner Bros.); **KING OF JAZZ,** starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); **MAMBA,** with Eleanor Boardman, Jean Hersholt and Ralph Forbes (Tiffany); **THE TOAST OF THE LEGION,** with Bernice Claire (First National); **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE,** all-star cast (Paramount), Technicolor Sequences; **SONG OF THE FLAME,** with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); **SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS,** with Claudia Dell and Percy Askam (Warner Bros.); **THE FLORODORA GIRL,** starring Marion Davies (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), Technicolor Sequences; **THE MARCH OF TIME,** all-star cast (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), Technicolor Sequences; **UNDER A TEXAS MOON,** all-star cast (Warner Bros.); **WOMAN HUNGRY,** with Sidney Blackmer and Lila Lee (First National).

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Makes cars look new again

.and keeps them exquisitely beautiful for years

EXCLUSIVE ADVANTAGES OF SIMONIZING

Makes and keeps cars beautiful.

Renews and restores the lustre.

Makes the finish last longer.

Keeps the colors from fading.

THERE has never been anything as wonderful as Simonizing for restoring the lustre and making cars look new again. It is the perfect way of cleaning and protecting the finish—and has made it possible for millions of motorists to drive cars that always look sparkling and beautiful.

Traffic stains and dullness are signs warning you that the finish of your car is in danger and needs Simoniz to save it from destruction. Really, the sooner any car is Simonized the better, for Simoniz protects the finish from dust, dirt, traffic fumes and other elements that dull, age and eventually destroy the lustre. It makes the finish last longer and keeps the colors from fading.

It's surprising the difference Simonizing makes in the appearance of any car. Even though a car is dulled and discolored, the wonderful Simoniz Kleener, like magic, makes it sparkle like new again. It thoroughly cleans and quickly removes all grime, discolorations and blemishes—truly the only way of restoring the original lustre. And then Simoniz gives the finish a distinctive lustre and the lasting protection which every car should have to retain its beauty.

*Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener*—for Simonizing is the secret of keeping cars looking new and beautiful for years.

"EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH"

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 72)

I've just boiled some water in the spirit lamp and taken him up a nice cup of tea. Miss Zeta's asleep still, and Miss Hoskins too."

"I'll go upstairs and see Chris."

"If—if you'd like to see the master," the old woman whispered, "you can go in there. He looks beautiful." She began to cry again.

Humphrey nodded and went up the stairs. He had never been particularly fond of his father, and of late years had seen little of him, but the thought of his death depressed and afflicted him. The morning sunlight was now flooding the silent house, and outside the birds' gay clamor seemed to grow louder. He knocked on Christopher's door and went in without waiting for an answer.

"Well, Chris, I hear I'm too late. Couldn't I have been sent for sooner?"

Chris was now half dressed. He tried not to let Humphrey see his swollen eyes, and made a great effort to speak naturally.

"Hello, Humphrey. Yes, it's over. Doctor Ludlow thought it was only influenza, and told us not to worry, but I think it was really pneumonia from the first. And his heart simply gave out. You know it wasn't strong."

"It's sad I couldn't have seen him before he went. I'll go in and see him presently. I had to take the night train—left London at 2:30. I'd been out with some friends, and when I got back to the hotel I found the wire. I suppose Zeta's feeling pretty badly."

"Yes."

Humphrey suddenly took Christopher by the arm and looked at him curiously.

"Look here. Is this stuff true that I've been reading about you in the paper? Or is it some hokey-pokey? Eh?"

"It happens to be true."

"H'm. I wonder! Did father know about it?"

"Yes," said Chris, putting on his coat. "I'd rather not talk about it though. I'm ready now. You'd better come down and have some breakfast, if it's ready."

An hour or so later Zeta came down and found Humphrey sleeping on the sofa in the study. He woke, and she talked to him for a while, then went out into the garden to find Christopher.

She discovered him sitting on a bench in the farthest corner of the garden, with his head in his hands.

"Chris!"

He looked up, and she thought she had never before seen such an unhappy and haggard face.

"Oh, Zeta, I failed—I failed! I thought I could do it, and I couldn't. Can you bear to speak to me?"

"Chris darling, it wasn't your fault. You did what you could. It was too late. Nothing could have saved him."

"I think he fought me, even then," the boy groaned. "I think he knew, dimly, and struggled against it. I felt helpless. But it isn't only that. I did something terrible, crazy—something you'll never forgive me for, and that I'll never forgive myself for. Zeta, I wish I'd died before I thought of doing it."

"Oh, Chris!" cried Zeta, frightened. "What is it? Tell me? You're imagining things. Nothing could have saved father then. Doctor Ludlow couldn't come, so you did what you could. You've no need to reproach yourself."

Chris groaned and buried his head in his arms.

"Zeta, I never went for Doctor Ludlow. I only pretended to go."

"Chris!"

"No, I got into the car, meaning to go, and when I got nearly to his house I thought, 'What's the good? He can't do anything. No one can save father now but me, and if I fetch Doctor Ludlow I won't get the chance.' So I turned the car around and went back, and I pretended I couldn't find him. And I feel like a murderer. I suppose he was dying, even then, but I oughtn't to have done it, and now I'm punished, because the power's left me, and I believe it's gone forever."

Zeta dropped down on the bench beside him and put her arm about him.

"Don't, Chris—don't. You oughtn't to have done what you did, but I understand, and you meant it for the best. Miss Hoskins says Doctor Ludlow couldn't have done anything then. Father's heart gave out. It was wrong of you to do it, but you needn't feel like a murderer, darling; that's foolish. Wrong as it was, it didn't make any difference."

"Oh, Zeta, it would have been so wonderful if I could have done it! But the strength and power I felt with Jimmie and with Alfred weren't there at all. I felt like an empty sack. And now perhaps I've lost it altogether. I was a crazy, conceited fool. I deserve to lose it."

She drew his head toward her and kissed his cheek.

"I believe in you still. It was too late, that's all, and you had father's disbelief to struggle against, even though he may not have realized you were there. Perhaps the conditions have to be just so. We know so little about it. Now don't make yourself more miserable than you need, Chris dear. You'll be ill if you do."

"Don't say anything to Humphrey about it. I don't want him to know."

"Neither do I. He won't know if I can help it. We ought to go back now, I think."

But they had momentarily forgotten Doctor Ludlow. Surprised that he had not been sent for during the night, he got up at 6:30 and, getting into his car, drove to the vicarage, arriving there while Christopher and Zeta were in the garden. The first thing he noticed was that the blinds were drawn down, and finding the front door unlatched, he walked in without ringing. Humphrey, who had heard his car, went out into the hall and met him.

"Ah, Doctor Ludlow. You're several hours too late. I suppose you've heard the sad news."

The doctor gave him a nod, saying, "I can guess," and hung up his coat and hat. He was evidently much disturbed and went up the stairs at once, remarking as he went, "I'll see you presently."

In a few minutes he came down again, and sitting beside Humphrey, began to interrogate him.

"Why wasn't I called?"

"Called? But you were. They sent for you and you weren't there."

"Wasn't there? Wasn't where? I told them I would either be at my own house or at the address of a patient who was critically ill. I left here to go to her. Who sent for me, and when?"

"Christopher went out at about one, when my father suddenly grew worse, couldn't find you, and left word for you to come as soon as you could."

"He did no such thing. Or if he did I never got the message. At what time did the vicar die? Miss Hoskins says it was 1:45. Is that correct?"

"I believe so. I wasn't here. I only arrived early this morning."

"At 1:30 I was back in my own house. As there was no message, I lay down, hoping to snatch a little sleep. When I woke it was nearly six. I drank some coffee and came here."

"There's something very queer about this," said Humphrey, frowning and thrusting his hands into his trousers pockets.

"There is indeed," said Doctor Ludlow, bristling with anger. "I would like to see your brother, please."

"Yes, I think you'd better. He's out in the garden somewhere."

"Are you acquainted with the incidents that have taken place here in connection with that young man?"

"I saw something about it in the papers. Somebody drew my attention to it just a day or two ago. I asked him about it, and he said it was true."

"True! A packet of absurd lies."

"Well, of course I don't believe in such things myself," said Humphrey, "but Chris

(Continued on Page 77)

# "It certainly showed us that we could get a fine Summer lawn in less than 14 days"

## The result of a test conducted on one of the largest lawns in the country

Widely known as one of the largest firms of landscape developers in their part of the country, Thomann-DeNeve, Inc., of Rochester, N. Y., have the contract for building all the lawns for the University of Rochester.

"Naturally," says Mr. E. J. DeNeve, "we are constantly studying the latest improvements and are much interested in anything that will get quicker and better results for our clients.

"In line with this policy, we made a thorough try-out of Lōma last summer on one of our established lawns. I might say that the grass on this lawn had been rather badly starved and hard hit by the drought.

"We first marked off the section to be treated, so that it was distinct from the untreated section. Then after applying Lōma to the marked-off section, the whole area, on both the treated and untreated sides, was given a thorough watering. These waterings were repeated four or five times during the next twelve days.

"At the end of the twelfth day, photographs were taken. These plainly show the difference between the Lōma-treated section and that which was untreated. Lōma was responsible for the increased vigor of the grass, a rich, green growth that tends to choke out weeds and makes a beautiful lawn.

"We are now using Lōma in the building of our new lawns, as well as in the treating of our established lawns."

THERE's no need to wait longer for a beautiful lawn. With Lōma you can obtain one in a fortnight. And Lōma will benefit your vegetables and flowers as much as your grass. Use Lōma now. Then repeat once during the early fall. You'll be amazed at the results.

This scientific plant food is a rich combination of nitrates, potash and phosphates—clean, odorless and easy to use. Comes in convenient-sized packages and is obtainable from any dealer in lawn or garden supplies. Tennessee Copper & Chemical Corporation, New York, N. Y.

## DESIGNS ON LAWNS

### . . . *you see them all around the town!*

Stars, emblems, monograms growing in the grass. For everywhere, thousands of people are taking part in the National Lōma Grass Design Contest. They've sifted Lōma in the form of a design on their lawns . . . wet it down . . . and now they have discovered for themselves that they can have thick, April-green grass in midsummer. Try it yourself. Write now for free contest carton of Lōma. Feed it to just part of your lawn. Wet it down thoroughly. In a week or ten days you'll be amazed at the difference in the Lōma-fed grass—so thick and velvety—while the unfed grass is yellow and scraggly. After this you'll immediately nourish and stimulate all your grass with Lōma. And remember, right now is the time when your grass *needs* this feeding.

# Lōma

*Use it now* + to keep your Lawn lovely

© 1930, T. C. & C. Corp.

# *Hundreds of* French *and old-time Southern dishes, but only this one* COFFEE!

IN the old days of luxurious living, the proprietors of the old Maxwell House were not content that their guests should enjoy the finest Southern cooking in the land. They desired to also offer them as distinguished a French cuisine as if Nashville were Paris.

And so they prevailed upon Antoine, a famous French chef, to come from New Orleans to Nashville and preside over the immense roasting jack, the gridirons upon railways, the huge copper boilers that stood in the Maxwell House kitchen. Thus the old Maxwell House offered a choice of *hundreds* of zestful French and old-time Southern dishes. Why then did it serve only *one* coffee?

Because the rare and mellow blend which was the pride of the old Maxwell House was —and is—unique in the richness of its flavor. No other coffee in the world so nobly topped off the prize specialties of Dixie and of France, provided so triumphant a climax to each memorable meal. No other coffee won such high praise from the distinguished men and women who gathered to enjoy the delicious cooking of the finest hotel in the Old South.

Do you know that this same superb coffee blend can now be had in a cheerful blue tin at your grocer's? Try it for breakfast tomorrow.

Try it without risk of disappointment—for if you are not fully satisfied with Maxwell House Coffee, your grocer will unhesitatingly return your money.

# MAXWELL HOUSE *Coffee*

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

GOOD *to the* LAST DROP

*Don't miss the Maxwell House radio program every Thursday evening at 9:30, Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Broadcast from WJZ in N. Y. C. over National Broadcasting coast-to-coast hook-up.*

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

(Continued from Page 74)

was so upset this morning that I didn't question him much. I intend to though."

"I fear he has been partly responsible for your father's illness and death. All this silly talk in the village, and then the newspaper notoriety that followed—it naturally upset him very greatly. Will you please find your brother now? I want to speak to him."

They went to the door leading into the garden.

"Here he comes," said Humphrey.

Christopher and Zeta were walking across the lawn, arm in arm. At the sight of the doctor and Humphrey waiting for them they threw each other a swift glance that seemed to say "Now for it" and quickened their steps.

When Christopher was within earshot Doctor Ludlow said, "Now, then, young man, kindly explain what you were up to last night."

Before Christopher could speak Zeta said, "Perhaps we'd better all go into the dining room. We can talk quietly there." And they filed in, only Humphrey seating himself.

"Why wasn't I informed when your father's condition became critical?" Doctor Ludlow demanded of Christopher.

"Won't you please let me tell you about it?" pleaded Zeta.

"I am speaking to Christopher. Why wasn't I told? Sir John Forcel's car and chauffeur were waiting here, I understood, on purpose to fetch me when the crisis came. I said I would either be at my patient's house or at my own house. You knew both addresses. No one came and there was no message left for me. Why was this?"

Zeta dared not look at Christopher, knowing what this moment meant to him. She winced, as though expecting a blow to fall, and turned aside. But when she heard his voice it was steady and firm.

"It was entirely my fault, Doctor Ludlow," he said. "I had better tell you the whole story. When Miss Hoskins said you had better be sent for I got into Sir John's car and drove to your house as fast as I could get there. But before I reached it I realized that if my father was dying—and I believed he was—nothing short of—well, what most people would call a miracle could save him. And I believed I could do it. It seemed to me that my chance had come, and that if I loved my father and wanted him to live I ought to seize it. So, instead of fetching you, I turned and came back here, absolutely convinced that I had the power to save his life. I made Miss Hoskins and Zeta leave the room—I made them, remember, by force—and I tried to—to do for my father what I had done for Jimmie Stebbings and Alfred Swane. But I found I—I seemed to have no power. And I lost confidence. And suddenly I saw that he was at the point of death, and I was frightened, and then, of course, I could do nothing. I ran and unlocked the door, and Miss Hoskins did what she could, but he—he died. I did very wrong—I know it. I meant it for the best, but I shall be sorry all my life."

"You young ass!" said Humphrey, getting to his feet and making a move in his direction. "You conceited young fool! You'll pay for this!"

Doctor Ludlow stepped between them.

"Do you realize, young man, that what you have done is very nearly criminal? Do you realize that I might have been able to save your father's life? And do you realize that you have no power of healing whatsoever, and that a few silly, credulous country folk and a few sensation-hunting newspaper reporters have completely turned your head? You ought to be severely punished, and if I had anything to say about it you would be. As it is, I shall merely tell you what I think of you and leave the rest to your elder brother."

Christopher reddened and then paled again while he was speaking.

"Haven't I told you that I was sorry, and that I'd be sorry all my life?"

"Never fear, I'll see that you are," said Humphrey.

Zeta went quickly to the older man and took him by the arm.

"Humphrey, don't you understand? Chris believed he, and he alone, could save father. He was right to try, believing that. He ought to have gone for Doctor Ludlow—that was wrong not to—but he wanted his chance. I understand, Humphrey, and you must try to. And I loved father more than you did. He was far dearer to me. You must be fair to Chris—you must—you must!"

But her pleadings left him unmoved. His face was dark and grim with anger.

"That will do, Zeta. I have my own idea of what's wrong and what's right. Chris, I'll deal with you later, after the funeral. We won't have a row, with father lying dead upstairs."

"I think you show admirable self-control," Doctor Ludlow said to Humphrey. "And now will you come upstairs with me, please?"

When Zeta was alone with Chris she flung her arms about him.

"Chris, what does Humphrey mean to do? I'm frightened—I'm frightened!"

"I don't care what he does," said Chris dully. "I ought to be punished for what I did. If he still feels the same after the funeral he can do what he likes. Nothing matters now. The power has left me." He dropped into a chair and covered his face with his hands. "But I did have it—I know I did. They can say what they like. I know—I know!"

"I know you did, too, Chris. Don't, my darling. I'll be on your side, whatever happens. You know I will."

She was still trying to comfort him when Doctor Ludlow returned. Once more he addressed himself to Chris:

"I'm going to take your word for what happened; though, properly speaking, I oughtn't to. It would teach you a lesson, perhaps, if an inquest were held. But out of respect for your father and for what I think his feelings would be, I'll let the matter drop. I believe you have been criminally foolish, but only foolish. Now I must go. Humphrey is in charge of things, and you will do as he says in everything, I hope. Good day to you."

He went out of the house and got into his car. And all that day it seemed to Zeta that so great were Christopher's remorse and misery that even she could not reach him, and that his spirit was an infinite distance away, solitary and forlorn.

Most of Hornby Corners came to the vicar's funeral, and a great many curious looks were directed at Christopher by the villagers. Why couldn't he have cured his father, they wondered, as he had cured Jimmie Stebbings and Alfred Swane? Mrs. Stebbings was there with the boy, and so was Alfred Swane, in his wheel chair. Annie and he followed the procession to the grave side, and there he got out of his chair and stood leaning on his daughter's shoulder, as though to show the world what he could do. Mr. Hawksley took the service and talked for a long time about the late vicar's goodness and his long and unselfish work in and for the parish. And after it was all over, Miss Marle, dressed in most lugubrious black, came and pressed Christopher's hands and said:

"If only he had believed, you could have cured him too."

And then Sir John came and insisted on taking them all back to the vicarage in his car, and Zeta longed to tell him what had happened, and how Humphrey was going to punish Christopher in some way, and to beg him to avert such a catastrophe, but she had no opportunity. "What is Humphrey going to do?" she kept asking herself. Her mind had been so constantly occupied with that problem that she had passed two nearly sleepless nights and was in a state of nervous tension and excitement that made her exaggerate even minor worries and turned this one into an impending horror. On the day before the funeral she could think of nothing but ways in which it might be averted, and in the afternoon, knowing that until the vicar's body was out of the house Christopher was safe, she slipped away and bicycled in to Allerford and spent a half hour at the chemist's, talking to Mr. Sidgewick, and, when he was busy with customers, staying in the little room at the back of the shop where most of the medicines were kept. She was in a state of terror about what would happen when the funeral was over. Nothing, she knew, could make certain people more bloody-minded than moral indignation, and she was aware that Humphrey had worked himself up into a righteous fury that might well lead him into excess. So great were Christopher's remorse and chagrin that he was in no mood to defend himself from attack, and it was this vulnerability of his that made her search so wildly for some means of defending him. On their return to the vicarage, after the funeral, she hardly left his side, and waited in agonising suspense for the dreaded moment. It came after supper that night. For the first time in nearly three days Humphrey addressed his brother:

"I'm going away early tomorrow, so I'd like a few words with you tonight, and it might as well be now as later. . . . Zeta, will you kindly go up to your room now, and leave us alone?"

"I'd rather not, Humphrey," said Zeta, looking into his eyes and hiding her fear. "I'm as much to blame as Chris, and what you have to say to him you'd better say to me too."

Humphrey went to a cupboard, and returned, holding something behind his back.

"What I have to say to Chris is going to be said in private, and with this." And he showed them an old horsewhip that had been hanging up ever since the vicar had ceased to drive the dogcart he could no longer afford.

"Humphrey!" cried Zeta, her worst fears now confirmed. "You're not going to ——"

"Let him alone, Zeta," said Christopher, sitting in his chair as though what was happening did not concern him. "I don't care what he does."

"I won't! He shan't do it! I won't let you, Humphrey! You're twice Chris' size! You're a great bully! You'll have to whip me before you can whip Chris!"

"You mind your own affairs, Zeta, and go upstairs. I'll have no nonsense from either of you. I'm going to teach Chris to give up quackery and trickery and earn his keep like an honest man, and I believe this will do it. A little faith cure of my own invention. Now leave the room before I make you, like a good girl."

"I'm going to stay here," she told him and, drawing a chair beside Chris, she took a firm hold of his arm. "I'm not going to let you touch him. Two wrongs don't make a right, and please remember that father spent his whole life teaching brotherly love. If he were here you wouldn't dare to do it."

"It's just because he isn't here that I'm going to do it," replied the big man grimly.

"You talk as though Chris killed father."

"As near as makes no difference."

"That's a cruel lie, Humphrey, and you know it."

Chris tried to take her hand off his arm.

"You'd better let him whip me if he likes, Zeta," he said quietly. "I don't care what he does. Let's get it over."

"He's not going to touch you!" she cried fiercely.

"Take off your coat," ordered Humphrey, and unwound the whip.

Chris took Zeta's hand from his arm and stood up. He removed his coat and flung it into a chair. Beside Humphrey he looked so slight and boyish and delicate that it seemed to her anguished and overwrought imagination that a few blows from the whip would kill him. And if it didn't kill his body, what mightn't it do to his spirit? He stood there, looking at nothing, as indifferent to what was taking place as though it did not concern him. Why couldn't that great bully Humphrey see that he was heartbroken and despairing? That if ever he needed kindness and help and encouragement, he needed it now? She ran to him and flung her arms about him, and he tried to push her away.

"You'd better go upstairs, Zeta dear. Humphrey can do what he likes. Perhaps this will finish me, but if it does I don't care."

"It'll be the making of you," said Humphrey, and took off his own coat. "I'll teach you to pretend you're a saint and a miracle worker. . . . Now get out, Zeta."

"I won't—I won't!" she cried desperately. "I won't let you touch him." She darted at Humphrey and tried to wrench the whip out of his hands. She was in a frenzy of fear, but her puny efforts compared with his strength only made him smile.

"Now, Zeta, you know very well that when I've had enough of this I'll put you out. Don't be a fool. This is going to do Chris more good than anything that's ever happened to him. I'll teach him to be a charlatan and to bring about his father's death."

"He didn't—he didn't!" she cried, sobbing now.

"I'll teach him to play tricks on ignorant people. I'm going to whip him within an inch of his life. He'll stop pretending when I've done with him."

She struck at him with her small fists.

"He didn't pretend—he didn't—and I can prove it!"

Humphrey took her by the shoulders and propelled her toward the door, but she twisted herself out of his grasp and darted round the table, putting it between them. Her eyes were blazing, and her face was white.

"I believe in Chris. He can heal people. He has before and he can again." She slipped her hand in the pocket of her black jersey and it closed on a small vial. "I'll show you. I'll show you he can. Do you want me to prove it?"

"Look here, Zeta. I've had enough of this." Humphrey made a determined move toward her. Suddenly she held up her hand.

"Do you see this? It's poison! I'm drinking it! See? I've drunk it! I've—I've—drunk it! Now, Chris—now ——"

Both men sprang at her. She reeled, dropped the little bottle and would have crumpled up on the floor had not Chris seized her and lowered her gently, a look of terror on his face.

"Oh, Zeta! Oh, Zeta! What have you done?"

Her face was contorted, her eyes open and wild with agony; she seized and held herself with rigid hands and rolled from side to side.

Humphrey snatched up the bottle, smelt it and gave a horrified cry.

"She has!" He knelt on the floor beside her, his face greenish white. "What can we do? What do they give for this? Shall I go for the doctor? It may be too late!"

Zeta writhed and whimpered, "Chris, save me! You can—you can! I have faith, Chris!"

"Zeta, my little darling—oh, why did you? Zeta, darling, if you die I shall die."

"Save me, Chris!"

He pushed Humphrey aside. "Get out of the way. I can do it." He bent over her, his face nearly touching hers. "It's all right. I felt the power come back. It's all right, Zeta darling; I can save you. There, my darling; the pain is going—it's going. Nothing can hurt you. Can you hear me? Nothing can hurt you. Nothing. I can make you well." He laid his hands on her forehead. "There, darling—there. Be quiet—be quiet. You're better. That horrible stuff cannot hurt you. Nothing can hurt you. My hands are on your head, protecting you. Nothing can hurt you. Be still—be still."

Humphrey, crouching on the floor near them, with a look of terror and awe on his face, saw her presently cease to roll from side to side, saw her spasms and writhings and agonized whimperings cease, saw her hands release their rigid, clutching hold and

(Continued on Page 80)

# The

## through

YOU seek of c
tire value for
is easy to find, if y
firmly in mind.

Over a period o
have beaten a bro
that gives the utm

That trail, mark
of the Goodyear A
has beside it as
monumental fact:

MORE PEOPLE RID
TIRES THAN ON A

It seems to us t
clusively answers
tire quality, perf
service and price.

THE GOODYEAR

# blazed trail

## the wilderness of claims

urse the utmost
your money. It
u keep one thing

f years the people
ad trail to the tire
ost value.

ed by the pattern
ll-Weather Tread,
a guide-post this

E ON GOODYEAR
NY OTHER KIND!

hat this fact con-
every question of
rmance, value,

It is not *our* answer; it is the answer of millions of folks like you, who have used Goodyear Tires and found them best.

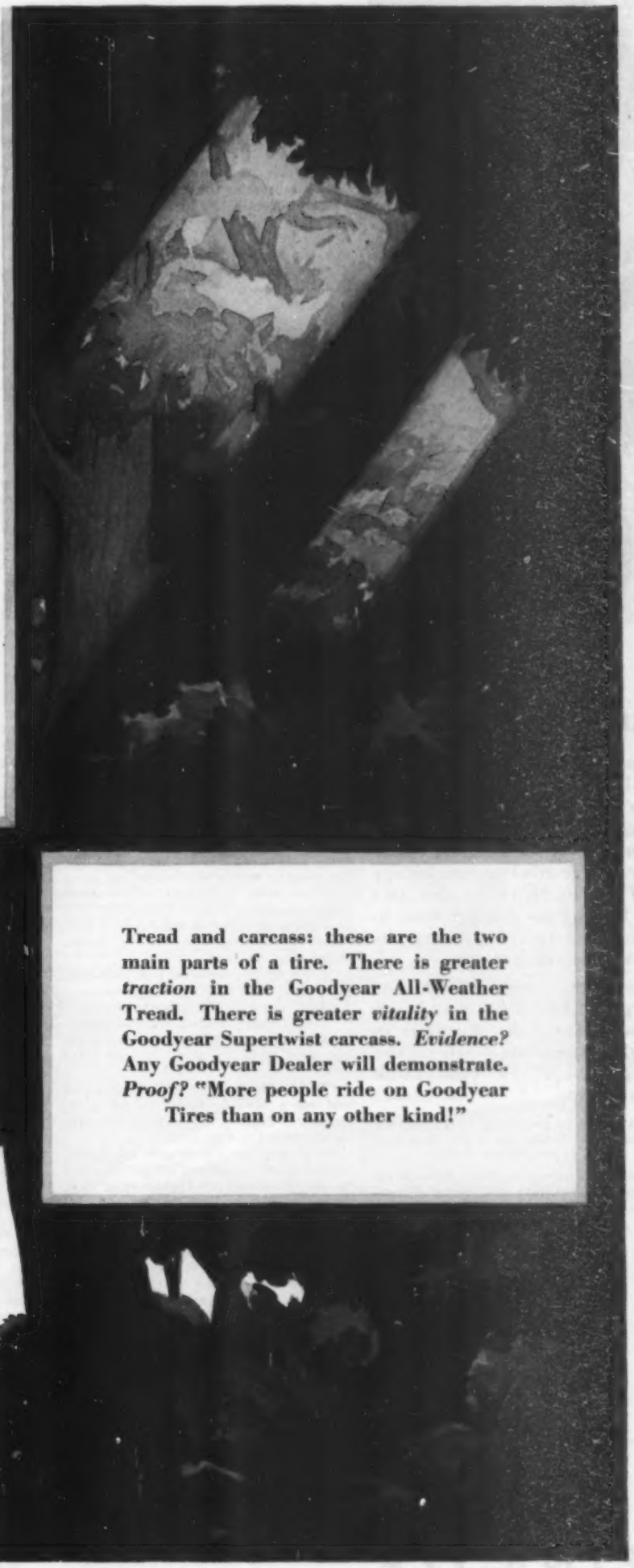
As the strongest testimonial behind any tire in the world, it should powerfully influence *your* buying.

If it does not—if you do not use Goodyear Tires—we should therefore very much like to know why.

What other fact, what other reason do you know, that can prevail against this *great* fact, which is not an advertising claim but is the essence of millions of people's *experience!*

Won't you write us at your convenience and tell us what it is?

TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY, INC., AKRON, OHIO



Tread and carcass: these are the two main parts of a tire. There is greater *traction* in the Goodyear All-Weather Tread. There is greater *vitality* in the Goodyear Supertwist carcass. *Evidence?* Any Goodyear Dealer will demonstrate. *Proof?* "More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind!"

Copyright 1936, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

# Sunset is the burglars' sunrise!

Your night—their day! You're out! They're in! And again you're "out," in more ways than one, unless you Ætna-ize! An Ætna Residence Burglary Policy not only reimburses you for any and all articles stolen, but pays the bill for any damage done to your premises or property by those who come to steal.

*Now* is the "open season" for burglars! *Now* is the time to get in touch with the Ætna-izer in your community—before the burglar "touches" you! Look him up!

Ætna is the first multiple line insurance organization in America to pay its policyholders one billion dollars.

Ætna writes practically every form of Insurance and Fidelity and Surety Bonds. Ætna protection reaches from coast to coast through 20,000 agents.

ÆTNA

Ætna Casualty and Surety Company
Ætna Life Insurance Company
Automobile Insurance Company
Standard Fire Insurance Company
Hartford, Connecticut

ÆTNA-IZE

(Continued from Page 77)

slip down to the floor beside her, saw her eyes move and her fixed, glazed stare soften and change. Presently she gave a long, shuddering sigh and relaxed, and her eyes closed and she lay as though asleep, her hair, which had become uncoiled, lying in a dark pool under her head. Her breath came softly and regularly.

"My God!" whispered Humphrey, staring.

Chris then began to stroke the now calm forehead, brushing the dark hair back with his hands, gently, and like a lover.

"There, my darling; sleep now. You're well again. I'll lift you up and lay you on the sofa, and then you'll sleep and sleep. There, my little darling." He put his arms under her, and lifting her up with a strength that amazed his brother, laid her gently on the sofa and put his coat over her. He knelt beside her, murmuring softly to her, "My darling, my little Zeta, you'll sleep now."

Humphrey got up, staring at his brother. He went to the table and picked up the little empty bottle, and sniffed it again.

"Almonds," he whispered, as if to himself, and shuddered. He took up the lamp and approached Zeta, and bending over, examined her mouth. He saw that her lips were burnt with the acid. He set the lamp down again, and sank into a chair, putting his head in his hands. Chris paid no attention to him. His eyes were fixed on Zeta's face, and he stroked her forehead with a touch as light as the touch of a feather. His own face was curiously lit up, his blue eyes looked unnaturally large and bright and dark, as though the pupils were much distended. Humphrey presently picked up his own coat and dropped it about Chris' shoulders. Then he tiptoed out of the door. Half an hour later he returned, and saw Christopher still sitting beside the sleeping girl. He started to speak, changed his mind, looked wonderingly at his brother and went quietly out again. Soon after, Zeta opened her eyes, smiled at Christopher and then quickly put her hand to her lips with a little cry of pain.

"Oh, my mouth hurts."

"You burnt it a little. It'll be all right soon. You've had a lovely sleep. And now I'm going to carry you upstairs."

"I can walk, Chris dear. I remember everything now. Where's Humphrey?"

"I think he's gone to bed."

Just then Humphrey, hearing voices, looked in at the door.

"I was waiting to know how Zeta was. Are you all right?"

"Yes," she said. "I'm going to bed now."

"Zeta, I nearly made a brute of myself. Please forgive me. What I've seen tonight has—well, we'll talk about it some other time."

"We'd better forget it all," she said, and held out a hand to him. "Good night, Humphrey dear; Chris is going to carry me up now. I'm very tired."

She wouldn't let Christopher call Emily, but put herself to bed and left her door ajar in case she should feel frightened or ill in the night. But she slept till nine, and then got up and found that Humphrey had gone and that Christopher was out in the garden waiting for her. For the first time in her life she was diffident about meeting him, and it seemed that he shared her diffidence, for when they met neither could speak of the events of the night before, and a queer kind of constraint had fallen between them which it seemed impossible to throw off. That afternoon visitors came to offer their condolences and to ask what plans the two young people had made, but Zeta saw them alone, Christopher having a horror of such visits. He went out and didn't return till dark, and when he did they still found they couldn't speak about what had happened or about themselves. The next day Sir John sent his car for them and gave them luncheon at Hornby Hall. He had heard all the circumstances of the vicar's death from Doctor Ludlow and carefully avoided all references to it. One look at Christopher's face was enough to tell him what the boy had gone through, and he did his best to cheer and amuse his guests and help them to forget past troubles. He told Chris that if he still thought of going to London he was certain he could find a job for him there, but the boy answered that he would like to wait a few days and think things over before deciding. It was clear to Zeta that Christopher was wrestling with a problem, and she felt it was best to let him work it out in his own way. She was quite content that neither of them should speak of the subject that was uppermost in their minds.

On the afternoon of the third day after the funeral, when Zeta returned from her work in Allerford she found Christopher in his room sorting over old clothes, old books, and a lot of miscellaneous boyhood treasures.

"What are you doing, Chris?" she asked.

"I thought I'd better clear these things out. A good many of them can go on the bonfire. I shall want to travel as light as possible."

"Travel? Why? Where have you decided to go?"

He paused in his work and looked at her in surprise.

"I'm going to do what we once said I'd do—go about the country making sick people well. I've got no more doubts. I know it's what I've got to do, and what I was meant to do. And I can't stay here."

"What am I going to do, Chris?"

"That's just what's been worrying me, Zeta. As we'll have to give up this house anyway, I thought perhaps you could find a room in Allerford and live there until I can make enough money to send for you."

"And when do you think that will be?"

"I don't know. But it will be some day; you know that, and meanwhile I don't think there's any doubt about what I've got to do. I was doubtful before, but since—since that night I'm sure."

"Since that night I ——"

"Yes. I couldn't speak about it before. I don't think I can yet. What you did ——"

"And that's convinced you that you can really heal the sick?"

"Wouldn't it convince anybody?"

Zeta was silent. She watched him emptying a drawerful of shells onto the pile of rubbish he had accumulated.

"Chris, are you sure you want to throw those things away?" she presently asked, with a little catch in her voice.

"What do you mean? Of course I do."

"Where do you think of going first?"

"I thought I'd go first to Dorminster, and if I were successful there, go to London later. By that time, perhaps, I'd have saved up enough money to send for you."

"Chris, do you know why I asked you if you really wanted to throw those things away?"

"No. Why?"

"Because, though you're the same age I am, you seem such a child still."

"That's the sort of thing, I suppose, that girls like to say to men."

"Oh, Chris, don't do what you're planning to do. Take Sir John's advice and let him find a job for you in London. Then we could be married almost at once."

Christopher looked at her in amazement.

"Zeta, after what happened the other night, don't you realize I must do this? What sort of creature would I be, after having proof like that given to me, to turn aside and consider taking some job that anyone could do? Has someone talked you round? What's the matter."

Zeta looked away and her face was troubled.

"I thought you knew," she said in a low voice.

"Knew what? Zeta, why are you so queer?"

"Oh," she whispered, "what am I going to do?"

Chris got up and went toward her.

"Is it because you don't want me to go away? But it needn't be for very long, darling."

"It isn't that—though I would hate it. It's—I don't know how to tell you."

He began to look frightened. "Zeta, tell me, please. What is it? Why don't you want me to go? Tell me."

"I had no idea you didn't know. I thought you guessed from the very first. This is awful—awful!"

He took her by the shoulders and shook her gently, and she burst into tears and hid her face.

"What's awful? What is it? Tell me at once."

"Oh, Chris, that night I was only pretending. I was so frightened of what Humphrey would do, I was desperate. I thought and thought and racked my brains for some way of stopping him. He's so terribly strong, and he was so terribly angry too. I had to do something. So I went in to Allerford the day before, and at the shop I—I found just what I wanted, and I emptied the stuff out of the little bottle into a bigger one, and kept only a drop. That's why only my lips were burnt. I didn't drink any of it. I was only acting, and I thought you were too. I thought anything was better than that you should get a beating, and if Humphrey lost control of himself there was no telling where he might stop. I never dreamt that you ——"

She broke off, sobbing bitterly. Chris was sitting on his bed staring at her.

"Zeta, it's a lie! Tell me it's a lie!"

"Chris—Chris, it's true—every word of it. That's why I said just now that you were so young in some ways. Don't you know what that stuff would have done to me? Do you suppose I'd have been brave enough to take it? I don't think anything or anyone on earth could have saved me if I had. But Humphrey was frightened, and that was all I wanted. He wasn't sure, at first, but he smelt the bottle and he thought I must have taken some. But you—I thought you knew, I thought you guessed, and were playing your part."

"I wish Humphrey had beaten the life out of me," he said, "rather than that."

"Oh, Chris, no, no, don't say that—don't!"

"Then you never believed in me."

"Yes, I did—I do—in a way, but not ——"

"How can you believe in a way? You either do or you don't." He got up from the bed and went to the door.

"Chris, where are you going? Don't leave me, Chris!"

"I've got to be alone," he said and rushed out of the house.

He came home late that night, muddy and exhausted. Zeta had gone to bed but was lying sleepless, waiting. With the utmost relief she heard his footstep in the hall and closed her eyes. She pitied and loved him from the bottom of her heart, but there was nothing now that she could do to help him. He would have to find himself.

When she went down to breakfast the next morning she found a little note from him on the table.

"Have gone to see Sir John about a job," he had written.

Three months later Sir John met Miss Marle in the post office.

"Dear Sir John," she said, blinking up at him through her pale eyelashes, "do tell me about the young people. What news of them? How are they getting on?"

"Well," he said, dropping some letters into the box, "it's going to be a bit of a struggle, I expect, but I fancy they'll come through it all right. I succeeded in getting Chris a job at the Natural History Museum, and he seems to be very happy there. Zeta is secretary to a doctor in Harley Street, you know. She likes the work, but misses the country, she says. They're getting married next month, and I've just written to say I'll go up for the wedding. With what they both earn, I think they'll manage very nicely."

"Oh, I'm so glad! How good you've been to them. Dear things, I hope they'll be happy. Sir John, tell me, what is one to think about Chris? It's all so puzzling. There's Jimmie Stebbings, as well as any other boy, as far as one can tell. At any

(Continued on Page 82)

# *Many a girl is glad her boy friend believes*

# Dill's Best *is* America's Best . . .

"I love the smell of it!"

When wife or sweetheart says that about a tobacco, it's just one more reason for liking it yourself. Clean, wholesome fragrance is a pretty sure sign of pleasant, satisfying taste.

The more a man likes a pipe, the more likely he is to say Dill's Best is America's Best. Honest, unadulterated, natural-tobacco taste and fragrance win and hold men to Dill's. It is America's oldest brand of smoking tobacco—made, sold and smoked every day for three generations.

There are *no stems,* disguised or otherwise, in Dill's. Nature stores real tobacco taste and fragrance in the tender *blade* of the leaf—not in the *stem.* Only the tender blade is used in making this clean, dust-free, *natural*-tasting tobacco that doesn't "bite"—or clog the pipe.

For the utmost pipe smoking *enjoyment,* try Dill's Best. Smoke pipeful after pipeful . . . all the way to the bottom . . . and you'll find the bowl remains dry and sweet. J. G. Dill Company, Richmond, Va.

• • •

*Dill's Best (rubbed or sliced) is sold almost everywhere in 15-cent tins, and in half-pound and full-pound sizes. And in vacuum-pack tins, pounds or half-pounds, the smoker has a choice of rubbed or flaked slice.*

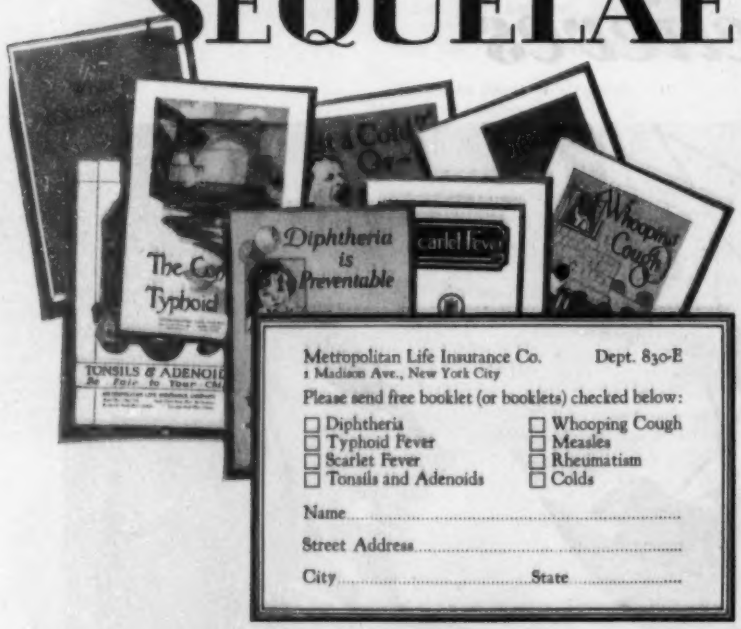
15¢
*and a pipeful lasts longer*

SINCE 1848

# Dill's Best TOBACCO

AMERICA'S OLDEST BRAND • • ESTABLISHED 1848

# Perils of SEQUELAE




"SEQUELAE" (seh-kwee-lee) is the doctor's word for the whole range of consequences and serious complications following certain illnesses. Weakened hearts, kidneys, lungs, defective hearing or eyesight and other physical impairments may be the Sequelae of many diseases.

There is a homely old expression, "not out of the woods yet", which fairly describes the condition of a patient who has successfully passed the crisis of a serious illness.

Your doctor will tell you that sometimes the Sequelae, or after-effects, are more to be dreaded than the disease from which you are apparently recovering. Don't think him an alarmist if his orders are strict about not getting up from bed too soon, or if he makes a thorough physical examination after you think you are entirely well.

The Metropolitan health booklets tell in plain language how some of the Sequelae of diseases may be avoided. If anyone in your family is suffering or recovering from one of the diseases which may leave serious after-effects, send for the Metropolitan's booklet concerning it and learn just what you should know about the possible Sequelae. Address Booklet Dept. 830-E and name the booklet you want. It will be mailed free.

**COLDS** break ground for pneumonia, influenza, or tuberculosis. Deafness, sinus infection, or chronic rheumatism, or a weakened heart may follow an ordinary cold.

**SCARLET FEVER** may affect the heart, kidneys or ears.

**RHEUMATIC FEVER** often seriously injures the heart.

**DIPHTHERIA** may injure the heart dangerously or cause paralysis.

**MEASLES** may be followed by pneumonia, kidney trouble, loss of sight or hearing.

**WHOOPING COUGH** may be followed by pneumonia or tuberculosis.

**TONSILAR INFECTION** may be followed by rheumatic fever or heart trouble.

**TYPHOID FEVER** leaves the patient more susceptible to other diseases and sometimes affects the heart and gall-bladder.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.


(Continued from Page 80)

rate, he's had no more fits; and there's Alfred Swane walking about with only a stick, as well as you or me. I never see him without wanting to rub my eyes. What is the truth of it? I do wish I knew."

"Ah," said Sir John, "no doubt you do, and so do I, but is it likely we ever shall? Proof's wanting, and always will be, I suppose. If he had the gift of healing, it's probable that he had it only for certain people and certain cases. But how is one to be sure about those things? We're so ignorant still. Well, work won't hurt him or his gift. In fact, nothing was so likely to have turned him into a charlatan—though of course he never could be one—than having to depend on his cures for his livelihood. I was against that. Of course, Ludlow swears there's nothing in it, but I'd like to see him make Swane or anyone else get out of his chair and walk. Well, well, it's all rather mysterious. . . . Ah, there's Edmunds with the car. Can I take you anywhere, Miss Marle? No? Then another day perhaps. Good-by."

Miss Marle went to the grille and spoke to the postmistress:

"Good day, Mrs. Jonas. I hope you're well. . . . Oh, yes, I can't complain of my health, thank you. Lovely weather we're having, isn't it? What did you think of Mr. Bedale's sermon on Sunday? Charming man, isn't he? I think he's going to be very popular. In many ways he reminds me of our dear Mr. Gradely, but of course he's younger and more modern. I must say I find him distinctly refreshing. . . . Yes, half a dozen postcards, Mrs. Jonas, please. Thank you so much. Good day."

She stepped out into the bright June sunlight. Hornby Corners pursued its uneventful way, and already the miracles of three months ago were being forgotten.

"Yes, my Jimmie's getting on wonderful," Mrs. Stebbings was saying to a friend from Allerford. "Doctor Ludlow always did say as how he might outgrow them fits one day. He's so much brighter at his lessons too. It was a worry, I can assure you, Mrs. Jebb."

Across the street Alfred Swane had just gone into the Crown and Feather for a drink.

"Oh, I'm able to get about fine these days," he was telling Mr. Pate. "Them doctors at the War 'Ospital always said I'd get better if I didn't get no worse. Still a bit numblike, that right leg, but there, it carries me about all right, so I can't complain. . . . Mine's half a pint o' bitters today, Mr. Pate, thank 'ee. Your good 'ealth!"

(THE END)

## POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 22)

They waited a moment for her signal and sang:

*"We generally do what we start to do;*
*If we sign for a job we see it through.*
*It's a habit of which all Browns are proud.*
*We sing their praises long and loud.*

*Brown, Brown, that's the grand old name,*
*Brown, Brown, here's to years of fame——"*

Father signaled for silence. "Listen, folks, the meat is getting cold and we'll simply have to get down to business. What I started to say pertains to the butter situation. To be perfectly frank and perhaps a little blunt, we're going stronger than the traffic will stand. I see by the grocery bill that we used nineteen pounds last week, and we didn't have any company either. What I'm asking you to do is to be saving. Don't stint yourselves, but think of the cost now and then. Am I asking something unreasonable?"

"No."

"Is our name Brown?"

"Yes."

"If we try, can we cut down this butter bill?"

"Yes."

"Are we downhearted?"

"No."

"That's the spirit, folks. Now let's eat."

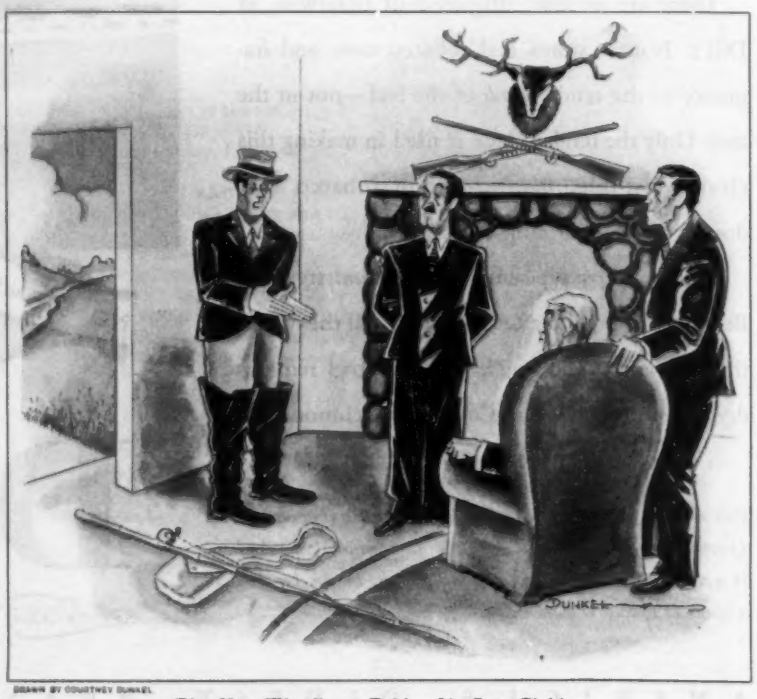
There was a moment of silence and then everyone shouted: "Pass the butter, please."

—DAVID B. PARK.

### *Seasonal*

*TO THIS end only do I sing:*
*That I know you are listening.*
*To this end only do I smile:*
*That you reply once in a while.*
*To this end only do I try*
*To live each day as it goes by:*
*That you might find some little deed*
*Of mine appropriate to your need.*
*Don't let it worry you, my dear.*
*I get this way once every year.*

*—Myra M. Waterman.*




DRAWN BY COURTNEY DUNKEL

*The Man Who Never Told a Lie Goes Fishing*

# Why Bake Yourself to Bake a Ham

## —*when Hormel cooks Ham for You?*

ALL you need do is 30 minutes of oven browning—for Hormel Flavor-Sealed Ham is already cooked to perfection.

Flavor-Sealed cooking—which means the ham is cooked in its own sealed container—retains all the juices and flavors that ordinary cooking loses to the open air. The flavors are cooked *in*, not *out*. As you would expect, the result is a ham flavor you have rarely tasted. Hormel ham is cooked completely to juicy tenderness. A moment or two garnishing it with brown sugar and cloves adds a delicious touch. Not more than 30 minutes in a very hot oven—and you're ready to serve it with 1/5 the usual kitchen time and labor. To grill this ham takes but 3 minutes. Serve cold instantly.

There's no waste to Hormel Flavor-Sealed Ham. No bone, no skin, no surplus fat. Cooking shrinkage is almost nothing. Every morsel is usable and delicious. The juices are marvelous flavoring for soups, sauces and vegetables.

Please try Hormel Flavor-Sealed Ham at our risk. All leading food stores have it. If you are not satisfied just mail your purchase slip to us, tell us why and we will refund you what you paid for it. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

★ **FLAVOR-SEALED ECONOMY**

Flavor-Sealed Ham is without bone, skin, or surplus fat—while ordinary ham is about 1/4 such waste; also there is almost no cooking shrinkage in Hormel Ham, compared to a shrinkage of nearly 1/4 the weight in home cooked ham.

*Ready Cooked Whole or Half*

# HORMEL ★ *Flavor Sealed* HAM

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ALSO FLAVOR-SEALED SPICED HAM, PORK TONGUE, LUNCHEON MEAT AND CHICKEN (WHOLE AND HALF), are cooked like the Sealed Ham—in the sealed package. Fine flavors for appreciative palates, and hours of kitchen drudgery saved. Instantly ready food. Keep on hand.

# *Faster freezing*—*with the* COLD CONTROL

# *Fresher vegetables*—*with the* HYDRATOR

# *Greater beauty*—*with all* PORCELAIN·ON·STEEL

## Frigidaire now offers you all of these important advantages . . .

*The Hydrator can also be installed in all household Frigidaires now in use.*

*The famous "Frigidaire Cold Control" which reduces freezing temperatures to zero.*

You don't have to wait for ice cubes if your electric refrigerator is a Frigidaire. Just turn the "Cold Control" to six and they begin to freeze *at once.* They can't help but freeze! For the extra-powerful mechanism runs the temperature down below zero . . . *quickly.* And, of course, what the "Cold Control" does in freezing ice cubes it also does in freezing desserts. You get *positive* action and you get it *at once.*

And you don't have to use covered pans or dishes for vegetables, if your electric refrigerator is a Frigidaire. For Frigidaire not only keeps vegetables fresh, but goes a step further. By means of the Hydrator, Frigidaire actually makes wilted vegetables fresh again! It performs a service made possible only by the correct combination of ventilation, moisture and cold.

And here's another advantage you'll enjoy if your electric refrigerator is a Frigidaire. You'll have a refrigerator with surfaces that can be kept clean and sanitary inside and out. For the mechanism is in the *bottom* of the cabinet . . . out of sight and out of the way. The top is smooth and flat. And the finish throughout is a new semi-flexible Porcelain-on-steel . . . a material so smooth and durable that it won't scratch, peel, rust or blister.

You can place your Frigidaire right next to your stove and the heat won't affect its beauty. And because of superior insulation neither will heat affect the low temperatures inside the cabinet. Food is kept safely cold . . . always.

### *Send for our free book of salad recipes*

Let us tell you about the low prices and liberal terms now offered on Frigidaire. Let us show you how Frigidaire is equipped with elevated shelves that make stooping unnecessary. Let us give you *all* the facts. Send for our free book of salad recipes and full details. Mail the coupon today.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION, *Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation,* Dept. A-75, Dayton, Ohio. Send me, free, a copy of your book of salad recipes together with complete information about Frigidaire.

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

If you live in Canada, address Frigidaire Corporation, 1604 Sterling Tower, Toronto, Ontario.

# FRIGIDAIRE

*Electric Refrigerators for Homes . . . Heavy-duty Refrigerating Equipment for Stores and Public Institutions . . . Electric Water Coolers . . . Ice Cream Cabinets . . . Milk Cooling Equipment . . . Room Coolers*

# AMERICAN BUSINESS AND BUSINESS MEN

(Continued from Page 34)

Administration policy. For he was one of the men who gave up a profitable law practice to answer the summons of service which the Chief Executive, with characteristic insistence, has extended to successful men when wanted for positions of responsibility.

"The Attorney-General of the United States," said Mr. O'Brian, "is not and cannot be an arbiter in the field of economic interests. His powers and his duties relate solely to the enforcement of law. It is not within his power to change the legal standards of business conduct as defined by Congress and the courts, and if you stop to reflect upon this, you will not wish him either to have or to attempt to exercise any other power. The conduct of business should be guided by standards of law and not by the discretion or caprice of any official. All of us know only too well that difficulty and often danger arise when officials of Government undertake to regulate by their individual standards of discretion the intricate problems of the business world.

"The Department of Justice, therefore, is interested only in the acts and conduct of individuals and corporations. It deals with groups of individuals only in those cases where the individuals are alleged to have combined for some illegal purpose. It is not within the power of the Attorney-General affirmatively to approve trade rules or practices. A practical reason for not attempting this is that neither he nor any other law officer can accurately forecast what individuals may undertake to do in a particular industry pursuant to trade rules. In short, the Department of Justice is not concerned with 'codes of ethics' or 'codes of trade rules' or 'trade plans,' unless illegal practices result from their operations or unless—as in rare cases—the rules on their face obviously contemplate action which, if taken, would be unlawful."

What has led to some confusion is the fact that the Federal Trade Commission, in its desire to aid business, has developed the custom of holding trade-practice conferences. Mr. O'Brian says frankly that the Department of Justice has no hostility to the Federal trade-practice conferences, but approves them, believing that within their legitimate field they afford "valuable opportunity for education and for constructive progress in industry." He adds, however, that here and there illegal practices do come to light, some of them being discriminatory or designed to monopolize channels of distribution.

"But the complaint most often made," he declares, "is that of price fixing, and in certain quarters convincing evidence of this practice has been found by the Department of Justice. For many, many years the fixing of arbitrary prices by the agreement of competitors has been viewed as contrary to sane public policy. The courts have long since declared it to be illegal. There is nothing vague, intangible or difficult to understand about this practice. Everyone knows that it is illegal. No one can be engaged in this practice without knowing it, and no one needs a lawyer to tell him whether he is, in fact, fixing prices by means of understandings or agreements with competitors.

"On this as on similar questions the Trade Commission and the Department of Justice are, so far as I know, entirely in harmony. Neither one has ever sanctioned or intended to sanction this practice. There have, nevertheless, been recent instances where this practice of price fixing has been attempted by the misuse of so-called codes of ethics or trade rules. Fortunately, the number engaged in these practices is relatively inconsiderable and their conduct has not been imitated or approved by trade associations generally. In this one respect, at any rate, when individuals violate the law they must not expect to justify or excuse their illegal conduct by the adoption of formal resolutions or trade rules.

"Where these illegal practices exist the Attorney-General intends to check them by appropriate legal action. That is his duty. Fairness to the other trade associations and justice to other business interests, as well as to the public, generally require that this duty be firmly, impartially performed."

There is the whole story of the Government's attitude toward trade associations. Mr. O'Brian says there are no revolutionary policies impending, that the number who take chances is relatively small, and that those who do take chances should not complain of the consequences. The Government appeals to the trade associations to use their powerful influence to eliminate business practices which result in price fixing by agreement.

It is a twilight zone in which trade associations are sometimes tempted to travel because of the difficulty of legal proof. Mr. O'Brian's speech is just a gentle warning that the Government also knows a thing or two about that twilight zone.

*The Mendenhall Glacier, Near Juneau, Alaska*


Mary, Mary, quite contrary

how does your bobbed hair grow?

NOW that the dreadful growing out stage is here for so many of us, what is Mistress Mary to do? When her hair is healthy, the long locks are very, very nice, and when it's not healthy, they are horrid! Flying strands not yet long enough to pin in . . . bunchy ends that come out under her hat in the back and simply won't stay curled . . . split ends . . . frizzy remains of permanents. All of these are problems peculiar to the growing out stage.

Let "Vaseline" Hair Tonic help you solve these difficulties. Do get a bottle and begin using it at once. Before your weekly shampoo—apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp. Then with both hands massage the head beginning at the temples and back of neck and working up to the crown of the head. Don't be afraid to be vigorous—make the scalp actually move under your fingers. The Tonic cleanses the hair follicles thoroughly—gives the new hairs room to grow out. And the massage stimulates growth-promoting circulation.

Follow this simple treatment faithfully once a week before your shampoo. Surely you are willing to spend this small amount of labor and money to have thick, strong, "live," lustrous hair.

Your druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic in shaker-type bottles—two sizes. It is made by the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Cons'd, 17 State St., New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd. 1930

# QUALITY WINS FIRST PLACE

## IN GROWTH OF TIRE SALES

**It's the quality in a tire that determines its standing. And it's quality that has made ALLSTATES the leader in popularity . . . that jumped their sales 500% in four years! ALLSTATES perform *better* because they are *better* built — they have always been made with vitalizing "non-oxident" or "anti-oxident" rubber. ALLSTATES cost you less because we sell them in such huge quantities, with great economies in direct distribution.**

***We guarantee* ALLSTATES *without limitation as to time or mileage. If any* ALLSTATE *fails to give you the road service you have a right to expect, we will repair or replace it, charging only for the proportionate wear it has delivered.***

### 5 POINTS of ALLSTATE superiority

"NO FLIPPING" TREAD. The tread of ALLSTATES has no sharp, disconnected points to flip out and wear when released from pressure.

HEAVIER TIRE. ALLSTATES have extra weight—4 to 12 cubic inches more quality material—which means extra endurance and wear.

STRONGER CORDS. ALLSTATE super-elastic cord fabric has greater resistance against breaks and cuts.

TOUGHER TREAD. Special processes toughen the ALLSTATE tread to stand severest service.

THICKER TREAD. Laboratory tests show the ALLSTATE to be .593 inch thick.

**ALLSTATES**
29 x 4.40..... *$5.55
33 x 6.00..... *$13.10

**SUPER ALLSTATES**
30 x 4.50..... *$9.75
33 x 6.00..... *$17.45

*All other sizes are priced proportionately low*
**Slightly higher in some states*

# ALLSTATE

AND SUPER-ALLSTATE BALLOONS AND CORDS

# SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.

RETAIL STORES

MAIL ORDER STORES AT • CHICAGO • PHILADELPHIA • MINNEAPOLIS • KANSAS CITY • ATLANTA • MEMPHIS • LOS ANGELES • DALLAS • SEATTLE • BOSTON

# THE BUSINESS OF THE GOLF GAME

(Continued from Page 36)

close of the World War, the demand for clubs was so great that the bench-made supply was utterly inadequate. The golf business of the manufacturers began to draw neck and neck with the baseball business, and in a few years surpassed it. The manufacturers made a popular-priced line around the three-dollar price for irons and four dollars to five dollars for woods. The pros made only one class of club, and even though it sold at a price allowing only a scant profit for time and no premium at all for craftsmanship, the rank and file of golfers wanted only to hit the ball with any implement having a head, a shaft and a grip.

When the big demand for cheap clubs came in, golf's new legionnaires got the idea that the pro-shop prices were high, and it took a good part of the next decade for the professionals to correct this erroneous impression.

As a matter of fact, the American influence revised the whole idea of pro golf. America made business men of its pros, and golf has this to thank for the game's substantial development. It has made the professionals salesmen of the game, golf instruction and golf merchandise.

One of the greatest and most difficult lessons of salesmanship has been taught the professionals only during the past three or four years. We have learned to ask for enough money for first-class playing equipment. The balanced set of clubs did this. Every good playing professional had a balanced and matched set of clubs, brought into harmony often after years of experimentation—the cut-and-try method. An inventor who dedicated his patent to the American public went after this matched-set idea on scientific lines; then the manufacturers and professionals worked out their valuable contributions. The market was presented with the most helpful and practical score-reducing idea since the start of the game—the matched set. Prior to its introduction the pro would stutter, gag and grow faint when he mentioned ten dollars as the price a player should pay for a good club.

To his delight, he found that the public took to the matched-set idea and would readily pay from fifty dollars to one hundred dollars for a matched set of irons and from forty dollars to seventy-five dollars for a set of a spoon, brassie and wood. He became able to talk money, and this is the real start of any business success.

Now the pro is on the threshold of another great era in his business history. The women are joining the army in droves. As near as can be estimated, on the basis of the growth of women's golf during the past five years, there will be more women than men playing golf by 1938.

During the past three years I have seen the volume of women's golf instruction constitute the larger part of the pros' teaching income, and this is a significant factor in forecasting. Some one of these days one of our professional golfers is going to develop a happy and effective combination of golf instruction and reducing exercises for women, and that will provide another powerful, logical impetus to golf among the fair and fat-fighting sex.

### *A Movie of a Hole in One*

Golf-instruction income from men players also seems due for a marked increase due to the effectiveness of teaching done with the small motion-picture camera. The little movie outfits, according to pro work that has been done with them during the past two years, seem to represent the nearest approach to a royal road to golf proficiency that has been determined since the game's birth. It is hard to teach an adult the proper golf stroke. When one gets older than twenty-one the muscle memory so vital to the playing of good golf seems to congeal. Pictures thaw it out much easier than do words. Then, too, with many of our men pupils, the psychological set-up is not conducive to resultful instruction. For instance, at my own club, Old Elm, our membership is composed entirely of very wealthy men. They are accustomed to command, and the baffling difficulty of commanding and coördinating involved performances of muscles that have been out of active use since their college days provides them with a serious handicap to good golf.

Frankly, the situation is rarely helped by the words of a professional whose annual income is separated from that of these genial tycoons by about the distance to the newly discovered planet. Competent and terse comment on motion pictures of the player's swing, and comparison of the player's own film with that of some of the stars seems to be definitely established as the illuminating and impressive way to instruct. I only hope that I may some day be as successful with motion-picture golf instruction as my young pro friend, Eddie Loos. This spring Eddie was taking a film of a Cleveland woman during her instruction in a playing lesson. The lady proved such an apt pupil that she holed her tee shot, 126 yards, and became the first of record to make an ace that was beyond all question and sardonic comment by locker-room doubters, if such blights there be in the women's departments of our clubs.

### *No Babe Ruth Salaries in Golf*

We hear much about the high cost of golf. Like our other pleasures, golf can be dear or thrifty. The good, thrifty golf that is available today is provided by establishments that are operated by men who know the business of golf. Making due allowance for the price we expect to pay for having the fancy trimmings of exclusive club life, it strikes me that many of our private golf clubs are confronted with recurrent assessments simply because they do not draw the line properly between amateur playing of the game and its professional operation. In this respect I do not limit the term "professional" to the golf instructors but include the house manager, or steward, and the greens keepers.

From my own observation and those who have made studies of golf-club financial statements, I should say that of the newer eighteen-hole clubs probably 40 per cent have interest charges on expensive capital investments that are primarily responsible for the club annual-assessment habit. In keeping with the popular notion of my birthland's temperament, I have not been unmindful of the financial development of the game during my thirty years' association with it in the United States, and to see clubs in modest circumstances paying out $6000 to $15,000 annually for interest charges has been, to my way of thinking, characteristic of the manner in which an opulent nation jumps with enthusiastic extravagance into its pastimes. To my plain way of thinking, the main hope of reducing these interest charges is by turning the usual clubhouse annual deficit into a profit that can be applied against the amortization of the investment. The food-service part of a club can't make money unless it has volume and prices that are in line with food costs.

Golf-clubhouse managers tell me that the growing amount of women's business is bringing them to the point where they hope to be able to turn into their club treasuries a fair sum from each year's operation, or at least not conduct their operations in the red.

There is a tendency to be very loose with figures in golf-club business operations. This is mystifying to me, for the precision of the score card ought to have some influence in all departments of the game. The professionals are victims of one phase of this lack of acquaintance with the facts. The popular idea of the annual income of the professional is a flattering fallacy that is an especial danger for the younger men in our business. There are no Babe Ruth stipends in professional golf, even for the National Open champion. Walter Hagen, consistently one of the big money-makers in professional golf, had one year when his earnings undoubtedly topped the figures of golf's history. The Haig is still among the leaders in pro earning power, due to his consummate showmanship and his unfailing ability to attract big galleries in exhibition contests. Hagen, incidentally, is one of the biggest spenders in the field. They tell the tale of Sir Walter at one of the Canadian events having a three-day hotel bill of around $300, while his team mate in the exhibition matches of 1928 and 1929, young Horton Smith, wrote down in his expense account an item of twenty-seven dollars for a four-day sojourn in the same hotel during the same event.

Canny Smith for the past two years has been the biggest money-maker among the playing professionals. He is a lad who is a great credit to his profession and to his country. His habits are exemplary, and this serves him in good stead during the exacting winter-tournament schedule, when half a dozen missed putts spread out over the season would mean a reduction of $1000 a putt in his income. There are plenty of these prominent young professionals whose clean living not only is notable for its effect upon thousands of youngsters who consider these youthful stars paragons, but is as significant in its revelation of the exacting demands made by the necessity of good, steady golf. John Farrell and his financial partner in the tournament events, Gene Sarazen, Joe Kirkwood, Henry Cuici and a host of others are total abstainers. The old notion of the golf pro, like the newspaperman of outgrown tradition, being the bosom comrade of John Barleycorn, has no place among today's facts. I have known only two men who could combine thirst and results in pro golf. Of another man I must say that I shall always consider him the possessor of the grandest competitive-golfing temperament a human could have. This man I saw win a United States Open Championship after coming straight to the first tee from an all-night vigil by a sick wife's side and the deathbed of their firstborn. In all the tradition of Scottish golf I cannot recall anything like the numerous competitive feats of this American under stress.

### *The Professionals Organized*

I can recall that in the early days there was somewhat of a doubt attached to the healthfulness of a pro golfing career in this country. I remember a doctor in New Jersey telling me to get a job away from the swampy golf course, because it was going to bring me malaria. In those departed days the pros did avail themselves of liberal quantities of a then-legal antitoxin. That practice has passed with the changing times, and I dare say that an accurate survey today would find the professional golfers among the most general observers of prohibition. Contrary to the popular idea, many of the old-timers in American pro ranks were teetotalers. I call to mind George Sargent, winner of the United States National Open in 1909 and now professional at Scioto Country Club at Columbus, Ohio, as one of the veterans who never has tasted liquor.

Erasing the last remnants of the old error that the pro is a lovable but irresponsible vagabond king is but one of the collective duties of the experienced professionals who are gathering in the loose ends of a business that for the past seven years has been running wild. The golf profession has groaned through growing pains without making its agonies a nuisance to the public, and today finds itself splendidly established for progress.

The Professional Golfers' Association of America, the ruling body of pro golf, recently engaged as business administrator Mr. Albert Gates, a prominent Chicago attorney who for four years was president of the Western Golf Association. The situation governing the establishment of this office was solely one of a desire to have professional-golfer activities so organized, directed and promoted that they would continue to expand in their value to the game and its players. This performance of the golf professionals probably brought to the golfing public at least a momentary consideration of the professionals as earnestly concerned with work other than that of breaking course records. This playing part of the professional's duties is, unfortunately for him, only a detail of his job at his club. Even in the rich tournaments many of the boys rate their playing as part of a vacation, as well they might, for I dare say that not a dozen out of the 1100 who participate in the open events during the summer and winter seasons find themselves on the right side of the year's books.

### *In Condition the Year Round*

The burning the boys are giving the courses makes tournament play an exceedingly precarious means of livelihood, as you can well appreciate when you are reminded that Frank Walsh and Harry Cooper divided fifth-prize money at the San Antonio Open early this year for four rounds that were only one stroke over par per round. It took eleven under even fours for four rounds to win the event. Again this year Horton Smith led the small group of pro winter-circuit prize winners, with tournament earnings of approximately $15,000. Gene Sarazen, with a big-money triumph at Agua Caliente and one in Florida, was up among the top-notchers. The swarthy, silent Al Espinosa and Densmore Shute, a youngster who is now only in his third year of professional golf, were the only other two of the journeymen pros last winter who made amounts that could be considered in keeping with the popularity of golf and the demands the game makes on those who rate as its stellar performers. Perpetuation of these winter golf tournaments as resort attractions apparently calls for a wider spread of the prize money.

A professional in tournament play is in one paradoxical respect a Simon-pure amateur. No one pays his expenses in any fashion, except himself by his own earnings, and if you doubt that his traveling play isn't done for sport most of the time, his income-tax statement would enlighten you. To keep from imperiling his earning power, the playing pro must keep in keen condition from one year's end to the next, not an easy task with all the barnstorming he has to do.

An idea of the importance of the playing pro's keeping fit will be gained when we consider his probable earnings if he has a banner year. Take the case of the average National Open professional winner, for example. He earns for the year:

| | |
|---|---|
| National Open prize money | $ 1,000 |
| Salary and shop earnings from his club, net | 7,500 |
| Exhibitions, 100 @ $200 | 20,000 |
| Other prize events | 3,000 |
| Testimonials | 2,000 |
| Theatrical engagements | 3,000 |

The estimated amounts are generous figures. Seldom does a pro get a guaranty for exhibitions; he must play for his share of the gallery income and deduct from this his traveling expenses and a percentage to the manager who books him and handles other details of the exhibition. Pros appreciate the public's feeling for them at the National Open, when they hear the frequent statement that it only means a trophy for an amateur winner, but it means a fortune to the pro who might win the event, but the popular guess of the sum involved is from two to three times the actual figure.

This same expansive misconception concerns the average professional who is no tournament luminary. His members think because he pays no rent and has his collection done for him, his business career is one sweet dream. They forget that he has a sharply restricted market, in which it might be dangerous to employ any but the most tactful suggestion in selling. They lose sight of the facts that he has a short season, a comparatively big inventory, a high theft-insurance rate and other items that run up his expenses, not the least of which is dressing to be the glass of fairway fashion and the mold of clubhouse form. He must pay his assistant, his club maker, his club-cleaning boys and sizable caddie fees with tips that indicate his keen recollection of his own caddying days. Contrary to the general notion, he doesn't get all the golf balls he wants for nothing. The moaning member who complains about the cost of playing would hear a real tale of woe if his pro would tell of the expenses of a pro's playing in addition to that done strictly in performance of his duty at his club.

At the average eighteen-hole metropolitan-district club a pro's operating annual expenses will run about as follows: Burglary insurance, $180; fire insurance, $50; auto for business use—club travel—$400; miscellaneous tools, $25; assistant pro, $1260; club-cleaning boy, $700; balls and clubs for personal use, $150; miscellaneous merchandise for prizes to members, advertising, and so on, golf clothes, shoes, caddie hire, $250. The salaries of the club-cleaning boy and assistant pro are based on a seven-month season.

Now, if a pro at an eighteen-hole club does a gross business in his shop of $10,000, he is doing very well. The average annual volume for such shops is slightly more than $6000. You can figure a gross profit of 30 per cent and quickly see that if it were not for club cleaning and lessons the pro would be lucky to break even for his season's service to his club. These youngsters who think the pro's lot is altogether a happy one mistakenly believe that all there is to it is playing golf. There are many pros who play less than a dozen rounds of golf a year, so busy are they with instruction, their shop duties, conducting tournaments and handling other responsibilities of their positions. The pro is in a comparatively new business and he has had to content himself with a modest average income until the day when all the club officials are made acquainted with the qualifications of a good professional and his definite value to the club and its members. The pro's general complaint of low earnings is shared with his associate in golf-club operation, the greens keeper. Even though greens keepers often are responsible for the maintenance of courses representing a realty and construction value of $200,000 to $2,000,000, the majority of them don't get much more than the head locker-room man. You can figure out the latter's monthly income this way:

| | |
|---|---|
| Salary | $150 |
| Valet fees | 100 |
| Tips | 50 |

In addition to that $300 a month, the head locker-room man often gets a percentage of the ginger ale sold. Out of his gross he pays an assistant around $80 a month, leaving him a net of $220. I would make a very safe guess that not more than 10 per cent of the greens keepers at the nation's golf clubs get more than $3000 a year.

If there is a merit to any complaint that golf is an expensive game, I can say that the professional, the greens keeper and the clubhouse-manager salaries are not responsible. The Britisher is amazed at the cost of golf-club memberships in this country. On the other side, thirty dollars are the annual dues of some very exclusive and famous clubs. St. Andrews, the capital of golf's league of nations, is a public course. At St. Andrews, the Royal and Ancient has its clubhouse by the course, being allowed this privilege in return for meeting the expense of the course maintenance. To that spot the rest of the golf world has been in the habit of coming in reverence on playing pilgrimages and for rulings of the world court of golf. However, this world court is accepted by American golfers with reservations, as the United States Golf Association legalized the steel shaft for play in this country long before the Royal and Ancient approved the steel shaft for official tournament play in November, 1929. The U. S. G. A. further departed from its adherence to the R. and A. in legalizing a larger and lighter golf ball to be official for tournament play in this country January 1, 1931. An interesting side light of this action is that the new ball ruling was passed by the U. S. G. A. under the presidency of Findlay Douglas, a former St. Andrews University student who was national amateur champion of the United States in 1898, the fourth year of the event.

Mr. Douglas is now serving his second term as president of the United States Golf Association, and we pros of the old guard are pleased to think that honoring Mr. Douglas is a gracious gesture of golf's new homeland toward the heath of the game's nativity.

# ENGLAND'S WAR ON UGLINESS

(Continued from Page 17)

known in England as sky signs, were beginning to disfigure the sky line of every English city that made any pretensions to progressiveness. Its founder, Richardson Evans, died in 1928; and the few lines with which the Scapa Society refers to him in one of its brief reports might possibly be scanned with profit by persons whose most important achievement has been the damaging of their country's scenery with five or fifty or five hundred billboards.

"The devoted service which he gave to the cause of beauty" says the Scapa Society, of Richardson Evans, "did more than almost anyone else's to stem the rush of the tide of outdoor ugliness and to make possible the concerted resistance to it which has now developed and which sooner or later will assuredly prevail."

The word "Scapa" comes from the initial letters of the name under which the society was founded—the Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising. For many years its president has been Viscount Lascelles, now known to the cognoscenti as the Earl of Harewood. On its executive committee appear the names of distinguished British architects, authors, jurists and artists—of Lord Dunsany, Lord Newton and the Earl of De La Warr.

The objects of the society are:

First, to protect the picturesque simplicity of rural and river scenery and to promote a due regard for dignity and propriety of aspect in towns; with special reference to the abuses of spectacular advertising. Second, to assert generally the national importance of maintaining the elements of interest and beauty in out-of-door life. Third, to combat the nuisance caused by the scattering of litter.

### *Legislation for the Public Eye*

The Scapa Society is neither a showy nor an expensive organization. It maintains no plate-glass front and does not coddle itself with luxurious office fittings. Most of its administrative staff donate their services; and its offices, on the third floor of an ex-dwelling house in a sedate London square, far from the tempting turmoil of Bond Street and Piccadilly, are provided virtually as a gift by a companion organization—The Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society.

In 1929, the Scapa Society functioned for approximately $1780, or the price of a few mediocre billboards. It is obliged to function for that amount; for it is a distressing but understandable fact that beauty lovers too often expect their country's beauty to be protected and preserved, but are unwilling to go to any expense by way of assisting in the protection or preservation; whereas those who are willing to deface it expect to pay high for the privilege. In at least one country, and possibly in more, there are wealthy men who would listen with considerable interest to a proposal to spend $100,000 on a Rembrandt to improve the scenery of a local art gallery, but these same men, urged to spend $10,000 in helping to abolish the billboards and kindred eyesores along the nation's thoroughfares, would be inclined to regard the suggestion as coming from a fanatic, and might even call a policeman in order to have him expeditiously removed.

It was in 1907, after fourteen years of vigorous work and persistent propaganda against the horrors of billboard advertising, that the Scapa Society succeeded in obtaining the passage of the first Advertisements Regulation Act—that of 1907.

Looked at in one way, this first act for the regulation of advertising was not so good, but looked at in another way, it was highly encouraging to all Englishmen who preferred to take their England straight, so to speak; who had a craving, in other words, to view the fields of Kent and Surrey, the Shropshire and the Cotswold Hills, the wooded coombs and granite tors and rampartlike hedgerows of Devon, and all the other beauty spots of England, without peering around advertising signs.

It was encouraging because, for the first time in the history of English jurisprudence, it recognized a principle which, as yet, has not been generally recognized in America—the principle that members of the public, as they go to and fro in town and country, have an interest in the visible beauty of their surroundings—an interest which the law can recognize and protect. The English law says, in effect: "The countryside belongs to all the people. If all the people do not wish it ruined by eyesores, then it cannot be ruined by eyesores."

In America, on the other hand, the law is silent about such delicate matters. If most of the people do not wish their countryside ruined by eyesores, there seems to be little that can be done about it. They can either look at the eyesores, or they can keep away from the eyesores. The law, by preserving a thick silence on the subject of eyesores, implies that the members of the public have no recognizable interest in the visible beauty of their surroundings. It implies that ten or twenty advertisers are free to ruin the scenery of Maine and Pennsylvania and California and Oregon and Connecticut for 10,000,000 Americans, and that the 10,000,000 cannot legally do anything about it. There are some who go so far as to contend that if there is any trace of justice or a square deal in this state of affairs, the motto on the American coat of arms should be altered to Commodore Vanderbilt's celebrated bon mot: "The public be damned."

The original English Advertisements Regulation Act read in the following manner:

Any local authority may make by-laws:

1. For regulation and control of hoarding and similar structures used for the purpose of advertising when they exceed twelve feet in height.

2. For regulating, restricting or preventing the exhibition of advertisements in such places and in such manner, or by such means, as to affect injuriously the amenities of a public park or pleasure promenade, or to disfigure the natural beauty of a landscape.

This act might have done the trick if it had not been for the words "a landscape," but because of these words it was often considered necessary for local lawmakers to specify exactly which landscape it was that should be protected from disfigurement. Any such specification is difficult, and it is only human to overlook a landscape or two. Consequently, local authorities were constantly passing by-laws with a landscape or two left out, whereupon the billboard interests would unobtrusively sneak down to the section which had been forgotten, and put up a large billboard.

### *Clearing a Hazy Landscape*

The confusion which resulted from this seeming lack of definiteness in the Advertisements Regulation Act of 1907 caused the Scapa Society to work diligently for the passage of a law in which no one could find, or pretend to find, any haziness. At the end of another eighteen years of work it succeeded in its endeavors, and the results are known as the Advertisements Regulation Act, 1925.

A year later it was definitely shown, in the case of a bill posting company against the Somerset County Council, that the phraseology of the original Advertisements Regulation Act of 1907 had not been as indefinite as many sticklers had thought, but the new Act of 1925 removed all doubt.

In the case of the billposting company versus the Somerset County Council, the company contended that it had been done a grievous injustice when it was convicted of having exhibited six advertisements on a hoarding so as to be visible from a public highway on Wembdon Hill, and of thereby disfiguring the natural beauty of the landscape contrary to a by-law made by the County Council of Somerset in accordance with Section 2 of the Advertisements Regulation Act, 1907.

The company went into court and claimed that the said by-law was *(a) ultra vires, (b)* uncertain, *(c)* unreasonable, and *(d)* repugnant to the law of England as being in restraint of trade; but the lower court decided that the by-law was none of these things, and was a good and valid by-law. Thereupon the case was taken before the Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Hewart of Bury, together with Mr. Justice Avory and Mr. Justice Shearman.

In handing down his decision, the Lord Chief Justice said: "The complaint against the by-law is that it is uncertain and void for uncertainty. Nothing is more clearly settled than that 'a by-law must contain adequate information as to the duties of those who are to obey.' Now, the criticism which is offered of this by-law is that it does not say what a landscape is, and it does not say where are the particular places or spots which an advertisement upon a hoarding would disfigure. Mr. —— contends that this by-law ought to have given better particulars of the alleged landscape of natural beauty. He says that the requisite certainty could not be given to this by-law except by means of a schedule particularizing all places in the County of Somerset which might be disfigured by advertisements. In my opinion, the criticism fails. I think the County Council is doing something well within its power when it says: 'Apart from anything which is named and particularized, you must not anywhere erect an advertisement in a prohibited way so as to disfigure the natural beauty of the landscape.' Mr. ——' argument seems to proceed from the implied doctrine that every billposter has a common-law right to post his bills wherever it is physically possible for him to do so. In my opinion, this by-law, dealing with the necessarily somewhat ambiguous matter of the natural beauty of a landscape, has condescended to all the requisite particularity and is not to be held to be invalid on the ground of uncertainty."

Mr. Justice Avory followed the Lord Chief Justice, saying: "I am of the same

(Continued on Page 93)

# $5,000.00 Contest

## *open to everybody . . . 328 Cash Prizes*

"The jar is going to win," says W. B. Faraday, Manager of London Branch Office

*"Ingram's has done so astonishingly well with its distinctive blue jar, that more than a million men like the cool, stingless shaves it brings them! You Americans are all for the new and up-and-coming. But, however good the tube, habits aren't broken overnight! I put my shilling on the cool shaves in the good old blue jar."*

W. B. Faraday

"Place your money on the tube!" says J. W. Brooks, Manager of Chicago Branch Office

*"In England it may be different, but this is Chicago! The great majority of men prefer a tube! A big percentage of those men who used the old jar, because of the fine* cool *shaves Ingram's gives, will be glad to know the new Ingram tube is here! The tube will win—put your money on it."*

J. Williams Brooks

# "Long live the jar" *cries England*
# "Then give us the tube" *says Chicago*

CHICAGO and England are at it again. For Mr. Faraday, our London manager, with true British conservatism, sticks out for the cool shaves held by the historic blue Ingram jar. And our Chicago sales manager, with breezy insistence, can't see anything but a violent victory for the new blue and white tube. It's a hot fight about the coolest shaving cream ever put together.

We've stirred up the most violent partisans since we decided to give away $5,000.00 for the best opinions as to which would win.

Shortly before January 1st, Ingram's was brought out in the new tube. Of course, *it's still sold in the jar.* And remember, in five years, that jar built one of the largest shaving cream businesses in the world!

Here are Ingram's sales for the last four years:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1926 | 751,392 Jars |
| 1927 | 1,148,628 Jars |
| 1928 | 1,560,828 Jars |
| 1929 | 1,992,998 Jars |

The blue jar introduced the first and best of all *cool* shaving creams. But many men, we know, prefer a tube. Now, they can have their choice of either package at the same price.

### *The Great $5,000.00 Ingram Contest*

Consider the relative advantages of the tube and jar. Then write, *in 75 words or less,* how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have on the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we will give $5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| First prize | $1,000.00 |
| Second prize | $500.00 |
| Third prize | $250.00 |
| Next 325 prizes | *each* $10.00 |

Have you ever tried Ingram's? It was the first of all COOL shaving creams. Because of its three cooling and soothing ingredients Ingram's tightens and tones the skin *while you shave.* Your druggist carries both the tube and the jar. Or send the coupon for a free 10-day supply of COOL Ingram shaves. But, whether you use Ingram's or not, enter the contest! Do it today!

# INGRAM'S
## *Shaving Cream*

### CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness, we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.

2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.

3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest, but none must exceed 75 words in length. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.

4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.

5. Address Contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 233, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

**Clip Coupon for 10 COOL SHAVES**

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 233, General Post Office
New York, N. Y.

I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

*(Coupon has nothing to do with contest. Use only if you want free sample.)*

AIR-FLIGHT
TIRES *by* FISK

# Fisk Spent

A LARGER VOLUME
OF SOFT AIR IN A NEW
TYPE TIRE OF AMAZING
LONG MILEAGE . . . .

# $1,091,925.00

## to perfect the first Air-Flight Tire

Mr. E. E. Dearth, Chief of the Fisk Technical Staff, creator of the Air-Flight principle

When Fisk engineers undertook to build the easiest riding automobile tire in the world, ***without sacrifice of mileage,*** neither time nor money was spared. As evidence, Fisk spent $1,091,925 to perfect this revolutionary, new-type of tire—the AIR-FLIGHT. To produce the AIR-FLIGHT tire it was necessary to improve present day types in seven important ways. » First of all, the proportion of *air* to rubber and fabric was greatly increased. » Now the air, which heretofore has been buried beneath heavy, bulky material, becomes the prime factor in cushioning your car. You ride more on *air*, less on *rubber!* » The beneficial results are many: a riding ease heretofore unknown—easier steering—faster pick-up—quicker brake action—greater traction—increased safety. And road shocks are so cushioned as to definitely lengthen the life of your car. Read the seven points of AIR-FLIGHT superiority. » And remember—Fisk AIR-FLIGHTS are *guaranteed* to give maximum mileage. Blow-outs can now be forgotten. Punctures are reduced to a minimum. Utmost *economy* and *dependability* are assured. » Over 12,000 reliable, *independent* merchants service and sell AIR-FLIGHTS. Your local Fisk dealer will supply you at *standard* tire prices. » » The Fisk Tire Company, Inc., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

## 7 points of Air-Flight Superiority

1. Large Air Chamber—Your car rides *less on the rubber—more on the air.*
2. All-Cord material reduces internal friction and adds strength without rigidity or weight.
3. Multiple Cable Bead gives added strength at the rim while increasing sidewall flexibility.
4. Increased length of Flex area at the sidewall provides greater use of the air cushion.
5. Rim-width, streamline tread, eliminates the useless overhanging tread rubber and allows greater air-cushioning.
6. Greater Road Contact—results in better and longer lasting Non-Skid qualities.
7. The Air-Flight Balance.

The newly perfected balance between Air and Materials achieves the maximum of *Air Cushioning* and *Mileage.*

TIME TO RE-TIRE

GET A FISK!

# FISK

# mileage

### Hoover Dusting Tools

Quickly and easily attached to your Hoover. Designed for thorough dusting, without bending, stooping or the use of step-ladders. Light, well balanced and easy to handle. Patented swivel joint, where the tool attaches, relieves the hand of any twisting strain. Connections that snap together and lock. Powerful suction. A special feature of Hoover Dusting Tools is the new "all-purpose" brush, with suction concentrated at the point of cleaning, for faster and more thorough removal of the dirt. This is a patented exclusive feature. The Hoover Dusting Tools may be purchased with a Hoover on convenient terms.

### Hoover Dustette

A light, swift-cleaning, hand-held dusting device. As efficient as any product of its kind on the market. Inexpensive and very useful for cleaning anything within hand reach—upholstered furniture, clothing, the interior of motor cars, etc. Switch in easy-to-grip handle; quiet, light ball-bearing motor; amply powerful suction for light dusting; brush back of nozzle opens up nap of fabrics, aiding dirt removal. Dust bag easily detached and emptied. May be purchased on convenient terms.

### Hoover Duster

A self-contained dusting unit of unusual power, efficiency and convenience. Glides along the floor, relieving the hand of all heavy lifting and handling. The light, easily-held dusting tools have widest cleaning range. Draperies, upholstered furniture and all difficult-to-reach places quickly dusted. The most efficient and least tiring method of dusting available today. Ball-bearing motor, easily emptied bag, convenient switch and other important features. The Duster may be purchased separately for use and permanent attachment to any Hoover dusting tools purchased since February 1924, or may be bought complete with dusting tools. Purchased on convenient terms.

# THREE *good ways to dust - only* HOOVER *offers them all*

How do you like to dust—with light, easily-handled dusting tools attached to your electric cleaner, by means of a convenient duster with attached tools, or with a hand-type duster? ¶ Hoover offers you all three methods—you simply choose the one best suited to your requirements and your convenience. Whichever one you select, you know that it offers those qualities which Hoover standards require of any cleaning device—efficiency, convenient handling, long life. ¶ Telephone your Hoover dealer for a home trial or demonstration of any or all of these three Hoover dusting devices.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners

The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

© 1930, The Hoover Company

(Continued from Page 88)

opinion. I do not think there is any such uncertainty in this by-law as to render it too vague."

Mr. Justice Shearman declared: "I am of the same opinion. The real truth is that natural beauty, and the disfiguring of landscape of natural beauty, is a thing which cannot be closely defined by specified instances. It is a thing which in itself is indefinable, and the only objection really made is that the county council have not attempted to define that which is indefinable."

Consequently, the appeal of the billposting company was dismissed with costs, and the six advertisements on a hoarding on Wembdon Hill have disappeared from the sight of man.

### *Rural Scenery Means Rural Scenery*

Under the new Advertisements Regulation Act of 1925, a billposting company must be either excessively dense or unusually desperate to attempt any resistance when it finds itself afoul of a law made by any local authority under the act. The act of 1925, which is the last legal word in England in the fight against scenery defacement, says:

> The powers of a local authority shall include powers to make by-laws for regulating, restricting or preventing within their district or any part thereof the exhibition of advertisements so as to disfigure or injuriously affect:
> *(a)* The view of rural scenery from a highway or railway, or from any public place or water; or
> *(b)* The amenities of any village within the district of a rural district council; or
> *(c)* The amenities of any historic or public building or monument, or of any place frequented by the public solely or chiefly on account of its beauty or historic interest.

The act of 1925 further specifies that the expression "advertisements" includes any structure or apparatus erected or intended only for the display of advertisements, and that "this section shall not apply to the exhibition of advertisements on or upon any railway station, yard, platform or railway approach belonging to a railway company; or, except within the district of a rural district council, upon any dock, quay, pier, landing stage, wharf, lock or toll station belonging to any harbor, dock or canal undertaking."

It should be explained at this juncture that there are two sorts of local authorities in England that have the power of making by-laws which regulate advertisements. These are the authorities of the counties, or county councils, which correspond roughly with the legislatures of the different states of the United States; and the authorities—the urban district councils—of urban districts whose population is greater than 10,000.

It is comparatively easy for a county council, under the new law, to rid itself of billboards and eyesores, for it has been definitely and finally decided, in England, that the words "rural scenery" mean exactly what they say. They cannot be construed to mean spots that are particularly beautiful, but must be taken to mean all scenery in the country—all fields, hedgerows, woods, streams, hills, downs, moors, meadows, cornfields, banks, braes, burns, leas, coppices, coverts, spinneys and any other portion of English scenery, no matter how familiar or how peculiar their names may be.

Once a county passes a by-law which says that no person shall erect any advertisement so as to disfigure or injuriously affect the view of rural scenery from a highway or railway, then any further construction of billboards in the rural sections of that county is as dead as a kippered herring, and all signboards that were standing when the by-law was passed can be rudely taken down at the expiration of five years.

Laws passed by a county council, however, do not apply to urban districts of more than 10,000 population; and in every county there are plenty of urban districts of more than 10,000 population. Urban districts are regarded as cities, and cities are allowed much less leeway in the making of anti-billboard laws than are counties. Unfortunately, there are some of the most picturesque villages in England within the limits of urban districts of more than 10,000 population, just as, in California, there are many small towns within the city limits of Los Angeles.

These English villages, being in urban districts, do not come under the clause of the Advertisements Regulation Act, which specifies that no person shall erect any advertisement "so as to affect injuriously the amenities of any village within the area of a rural district council." They have plenty of amenities—plenty of charming houses and cottages, trees and gardens, pleasant inns and village shops—but they cannot protect themselves as effectively as can the villages that are entirely rural. They cannot protect themselves because the English Home Office, which is the government department that says how the laws shall be administered, insists that a town—an urban district—cannot make by-laws against advertisement defacement unless the by-laws shall specify the exact portions of streets, particular views, areas of rural scenery, et cetera, which must not be disfigured.

Those parts of the town which are not specified, the advertiser may post as much as he pleases.

Since it is very difficult to meet the requirements of the Home Office and also to give adequate protection to all parts of the town, a large proportion of England's urban district councils have failed to protect themselves with by-laws against advertising. Nearly all the counties in England have passed by-laws to protect themselves; but of the 261 urban districts with populations greater than 10,000, only forty-nine have passed by-laws against billboards.

The whole business seems somewhat complex and mixed to the person who looks into the matter for the first time; and, as a matter of fact, it is indeed complex and mixed, largely because the English failed to make their law as comprehensive as it should have been made.

Public opinion in England, however, is becoming more and more violent against the eagerness with which billboard interests persist in wriggling through loopholes and hiding behind technicalities in defiance of all the rules of beauty and good taste; and it will be only a short time, as time is reckoned in England, before every loophole in the existing law is carefully plugged by the English Government, and before every small village is protected against billboards, whether the village lies within the technical limits of a town, or whether it stands in the middle of the most desolate of English wastes, Dartmoor.

### *Backing Up the By-Laws*

A large part of the energies of the Scapa Society is devoted to persuading local authorities to pass the by-laws which they are entitled to pass, and then to doing everything in its power to see that the by-laws are enforced.

"The best regulations," says an official of the society, "are of no avail unless they are enforced, and to secure enforcement there must be in existence a strong and vigilant body of local opinion. The Scapa Society has urged from the first, as a condition of thorough reform, the formation of amenities committees in every district. It is of vital importance that they should be in close and friendly relations with the local authorities. Those who desire a beautiful world in our sense of the term must take their part in the hard work of municipal and county administration. The complaint is sometimes made that aldermen and councilors are insensible to considerations of taste. That is the fault of the people of taste who keep aloof from the general management of local affairs. Men and women of all parties and political opinions should make it a point to impress upon the candidate whom they support, whether in municipal or parliamentary elections, the weight they attach to this factor.

"If individual members of the community throughout the country would exercise their influence and act in concert, they would form a much stronger force than the various classes which, for the immediate convenience of their own business, disregard the rights of those who desire to see nature without molestation. Great good may be done by a resolution to abstain from purchasing commodities or patronizing businesses which are forced on their notice by methods which they resent as offensive and unfair. The virtue of this rule, however, depends on the willingness of those who observe it to explain their reasons for adopting it. The idea might, at first, appear eccentric to shopkeepers, hotel proprietors and others, but it would gradually become familiar and, in the end, self-evident; for no one who stops to think would suppose that the comfort and convenience of society can be promoted by practices which convert things which would otherwise give pleasure into occasions of discomfort.

"All experience shows that a certain amount of compulsion is necessary in order to guide the actions of human beings into the most salutary channels. The law, which in the first instance is obeyed only because it is a law, becomes in the course of years a standard which people voluntarily respect. If there were no by-laws with penalties for infringement attached to them, the conditions of our most flourishing towns, in respect of sanitation and convenience of traffic, peace and order in the thoroughfares—in fine, freedom from nuisances and command of facilities—would be unattainable."

### *Beautifying the Petrol Stations*

The outcry in England against unsightly, garish, messy gasoline filling stations has been nearly as violent as the outcry against uncontrolled outdoor advertising, and as a result, in 1928, Parliament passed the Petroleum—Consolidation—Act, giving power to county and borough councils to make by-laws "to regulate the appearance of petroleum filling stations and to prohibit their establishment in certain situations."

"The legislature," declares Mr. Humphrey Baker, acting secretary of the Scapa Society, "has definitely recognized that it is a matter of national importance to prevent our country from being disfigured by petrol filling stations in the wrong place, or of a ramshackle, untidy or unsightly appearance anywhere, and has intrusted local authorities with the duty and privilege of protecting their own neighborhoods from these things."

The Home Office appointed a committee under Sir Lionel Earle to consider and report on the model form of by-laws to be used in controlling petrol filling stations, and the form that they recommended in May of 1929 was as follows:

> *(a)* A general by-law prohibiting the occupier of any filling station in the area from allowing its appearance to affect injuriously the enjoyment by the public of any view of or from rural scenery, or of any place of beauty or historic interest, or any park or pleasure promenade, or any street or place which is of interest by reason of its picturesque character.
> *(b)* A by-law imposing certain requirements as to appearance on all stations in the area. Stated briefly, these are:
> No advertisements, except the filling-station sign, the name of the proprietor and the premises—once only—and—on the pumps themselves or their incidental apparatus—letterings and trade-marks of different brands of fuel or oil, and guaranty disks of quality.
> Uniform coloring at each station for all pumps and visible apparatus, except for bands of distinctive colors indicating the different brands.
> No unsightly material in construction or roofing.
> No galvanized or corrugated iron in any visible position on new stations. On existing stations it is to be painted.
> Tidiness and order to be maintained in all stations and garages.
> *(c)* A by-law requiring everyone, before establishing a new station or altering the appearance of an old one in the area, to give notice to the local authority, accompanied by plans showing what is proposed to be done, in particular as to walls, fences or screens, materials and colors.
> *(d)* A by-law prohibiting altogether the establishment of visible filling stations in certain areas where they would be completely out of harmony with the surroundings.

Once these laws have been passed by any local authority, the fine for their contravention is a maximum of twenty pounds a day; and if a filling station is not removed from a prohibited area, after conviction, within the time allowed by the court, the local authorities may remove it themselves and recover the cost from the offender.

The Scapa Society emphasizes the fact that it is possible to work ardently and continuously against unsightly advertising and still to remain on good terms with the advertisers, who are peculiarly susceptible to public opinion. This is particularly true, the society claims, of national advertisers. The ones who give the most trouble, as in America, are the small local advertisers, many of whom are unbelievably stubborn, thick-skinned and devoid of good taste or good sense. In 1924 the Scapa Society made representations to the leading British gasoline companies to the effect that their colossal roadside advertisements were highly offensive to enlightened Englishmen. As a result of these representations, a great light dawned on the leading oil companies. They abandoned their rural billboard advertising; and in the six years which have since passed, they have learned—just as the Standard Oil Company of California and the Eastman Kodak Company have learned—that the abandonment of billboard advertising has resulted in added prestige, but no loss of revenue whatever.

The society is often, its officials declare, able to obtain greater results by negotiation than could be reached by mere opposition. One of its recent achievements was its persuasion of a cycle company to change the color of all their existing roadside signs from blue and yellow to a far less strident color—green, with black lettering outlined with white—to submit the design and site of all their new signs to the society before erecting them, and to welcome any reasonable suggestions for alterations in the position of existing signs. In other cases the society has been able to persuade advertisers to remove signs, even though they were not an offense against the by-laws, by convincing them of the dislike which was felt for the advertisements by the public.

### *Appealing to Local Pride*

The cries of outraged Englishmen grow constantly louder, and day by day the efforts of England's hundreds of anti-ugliness societies arouse more and more Englishmen to an angry realization that they are being robbed of the rustic beauty which has always been a part of every Englishman's heritage. In October, 1929, there was held, in Manchester, England, a National Conference for the Preservation of the Countryside. It was attended by 340 delegates from more than 100 societies. At this conference the following resolution was moved by the president of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, seconded by Mr. Moran, of the Scapa Society, and carried unanimously:

> That in view of the grievous extent to which the aspect of our towns and countryside, which is one of the nation's greatest assets, is being disfigured by uncontrolled development, inharmonious building, unsightly roads, overhead electric-power transmission, outdoor advertisements, ill-designed petrol filling stations, litter, refuse dumps and indiscriminate tree felling, this conference calls upon all local authorities to utilize to the full the powers which they already possess to deal with these abuses.

The campaigns of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England and its constituent bodies continue with unabated

vigor. It fights against the destruction of ancient bridges; it shows towns and villages how to preserve their peace and quiet by having through roads routed around them; it persuades towns to regulate their future growth with carefully drawn plans and thoughtfully made restrictions; it helps in the preservation of picturesque estates and districts, and sometimes in their purchase for presentation to the nation; it protests against the destruction or closing of interesting old inns; it provides towns with designs for electric-light standards that shall not be eyesores; it opposes the building of bridges where they do not belong; by education in the schools, it struggles against the litter nuisance, which is even worse in England than it is in America. It is on the alert to secure laws that will make it easier to control advertising in cities and towns. "Disfigurement," says the Scapa Society, "is no more excusable in towns than in the country. There is no reason why anyone should be allowed to disfigure the surroundings in which he carries on his business, any more than any other place. Advertising on railway stations is usually so conducted as to make the advertisements unattractive; whereas it can easily be made attractive, as has been shown by the arrangement of advertisements in the stations of the London Underground Railway."

Englishmen are slow to move, but once they start, they are hard to stop. They have started to move against unsightly advertising, and the outcome is a certainty. In ten years' time the beautiful sections of England will be stripped of their advertisements. The traveler by road or by train will look across the hazy fields of Surrey and Dorset and Hampshire, or any other section of rural England, and find, between him and the winding rivers and the rabbits that crouch in the shelter of the hedgerows, no billboards.

In ten years' time England will have recovered a part—an important part—of her fading beauty, and it is a well-known fact that there never was a faded beauty whose beauty secrets couldn't be studied to good advantage, even by such a gay and irresponsible young thing as America.

# OUT-OF-DOORS

### The Throat Cutter

ABOUT daylight one Friday morning, I chanced to be down near the eastern end of Echo Valley, just where the little creek leaves my valley. I saw two men on the bridge just over my fence, where Kipling Avenue crosses the stream.

"Can we go through your valley?" they called as I came near. "We're after two mink that have just gone up. They killed four hundred and thirty-eight pullets for us overnight. If we go through your place we can get them before they reach cover."

I thought rapidly, knowing there was no cover for the animals until they passed the bend at the Big Pond.

"Yes, indeed," I responded quickly, "but only one of you go through my place. The other should cut across the road and head them off. Just following them up the creek, they might get to cover before you get them."

The mink had indeed just passed along the creek recently, for their fresh footmarks could easily be seen in the muddy bank. When a mink has had a good feast of blood, or a regular blood orgy as these two had had, he will hunt cover and lie down and have a good sleep. These two mink were on their way up the creek. All the way through my valley, the banks were clean and well grazed, for I had quite a large flock of many varieties of wild geese. These wild geese kept the grass clipped quite short and I had no brush piles where mink could hide. Below Echo Valley, where the mink had just passed, was a hundred-acre golf course; there the grass was well mowed by machinery and there was not a spot on it where even one mink could hide. Just below the course lay the chicken farm of the two brothers who were on a deadly earnest hunt for those two mink.

Several minutes passed. Then I heard a shot, then another. Running up the creek, I was elated to learn that the man I sent by the short cut had intercepted the murderers in time, just as they were loping around the bend. Both men were highly pleased they had been successful in securing the two animals. They were poor men and could not afford such a terrible loss as they had sustained.

### Ready for Cold Storage

"Now," I consoled them, "you should at once gather up your pullets and rush them down to cold storage. The slash of the mink, on each pullet's throat, would bleed them to perfection, and you could save them for table use if not for the spring egg laying."

This incident had happened on a very warm day, the end of March, when mink are pairing. As a rule, a mink is a lone wolf when it comes to hunting. Very rarely, indeed, do they hunt in pairs.

Some years ago, when I was up in Muskoka, I saw a more amusing incident, in which a mink played the principal part. Sucker Lake is an L-shaped lake, and at its northern end are two little islands which have a few shrubs on them but are mostly covered with low blueberry bushes. These blueberries are of the low variety that grows in rocky soil, and are the very best blueberries one can find. As a boy, I had picked them off in handfuls when I camped not far from this little lake, over on the shore of Lake Rosseau. Recalling those old days, I went over to take a look at these isles where, on one visit after berries, we had been nearly caught by an old she-bear and her cubs. As it was only the first week in September and there had not been a frost, I might even get a few berries, for they hang on the bushes long after ripening.

### Decoying a Mink

Reaching the shore of Sucker Lake, I swam across to the western island. On landing, and looking about me, I noticed some men hidden in a clump of bushes on the eastern isle. But I did not see them until I had seen a duck decoy set out in the lake in front of them. I often wonder how ducks can be deceived by metal or wooden decoys; to me, they never look anything like the real thing. Stooping down, I did see some blueberries hanging on the low bushes growing by the shore, and I ate some of the nearest bunches, when my attention was drawn to a big mink, not loping as is his usual gait, but creeping carefully along the rocky shore on his belly, all intent on the metal decoys. This was, indeed, most interesting. Here was that most astute and circumspect animal fooled by these bobbing but silent decoys. The little wavelets moved the ducks in an animated manner and as they were anchored they did not move shoreward. Probably, this gave the mink the idea they were real live ducks.

When the big mink reached a point nearest the decoys, he slipped into the water in a noiseless, splashless way as only a mink can. Forty feet away he popped up at the throat of the nearest decoy and the two men and I heard a powerful clink on the throat of that metal duck. One slash was all he made, for he realized fully he had made a mistake. But what surprised the three of us was that he went through that entire flock of nine decoys, striking each one of them a hard blow on the neck, before he quit, finding all was not as he had expected. Slowly he swam, not back to my island, but to the one on which the two men were still hidden, for I was standing up, discussing the incident with them, while they kept under cover.

In the course of my travels I reached the North Pacific coast and there I met an English gamekeeper, Bill Cummings, who was in charge of a large game farm; in fact, a government game farm. One spring, he had forty-three pairs of mallard ducks in an inclosed yard close to his house. Every duck had a drake, every drake had a duck. It was nesting time, and every duck was sitting tight as only mallard ducks can sit on eggs. One morning he went outside and found that every drake had had his throat slashed during the night, but not one duck had been disturbed. Knowing several thousand mallard ducks as I do, I can well understand such an occurrence, as a mallard duck will lie absolutely motionless in the position you happen to catch her, or rather in the position when she hears or sees you, as she hears or feels your footstep on the ground. Many a time I have pointed out an almost undistinguishable duck on eggs and we all walked over the top of her, while not a move did she make. Thus were the ducks saved while the forty-three frightened drakes, who all had their wings clipped and were unable to fly, were killed. When ducks are nesting, they seem to have no odor.

### A Creature With Few Enemies

Mink come in quite close to large cities and are very often far more numerous there than they are farther out, but, also, they are far more cunning. Like the skunk, their only enemy besides the fur hunter and the vermin hunter is the great horned owl which, on his quest up and down the creek for muskrats, will see a lone mink ambling up or down the stream. A mink loves to run up and down the creek and around the shores of small lakes. While he is, indeed, a prowler of the darker hours, you can sometimes see him abroad on long summer days, when his habit is to wander out along about four o'clock in the afternoon and, sometimes, even at noon, when the hours of darkness are short and he does not feel like staying under cover through the long stretches of daylight.

### Deminking a Creek

One summer I was terribly annoyed at a mink killing one of my favorite blue ganders, a youngster who was helping his parents look after their babies of a few weeks. I determined to go after the mink tribe that were running up and down my creek and eliminate them. So I thought it out, and finally reasoned I could secure every mink that passed in or out of my valley, with absolute assurance. I placed a fence, one yard high, across the creek at its entrance into my valley, and set it in fifteen feet on each bank. The fencing was one-inch-mesh wire and I secured it tight to the ground and tight to the creek bottom, leaving an aperture a foot from each bank and one aperture in the center of the creek. At these three openings I set a No. 1½ jump trap. Each trap was set in the exact center of each aperture, under the wire. Up the creek and down the creek, on each side of the trap I placed a rather high flat stone so that none of my wild geese could poke their beaks on the pan of the trap and get caught; at the same time, the mink could not slide past the trap and escape, as he would have to jump down on the pan of the trap to pass through the aperture on his way up or down the creek. I placed a similar trap at the creek's exit.

The first morning, I secured three mink up the creek and two down the creek. The next morning, there were three up the creek and one down, while the third morning I got one up the creek. I did not secure any more for nine days, when I got another. This last was the largest mink I had ever seen; in fact, I have never seen so large a one since. Then it was three months before I found another mink at the fence trap and shortly after that I left the place, and my caretaker is no trapper.

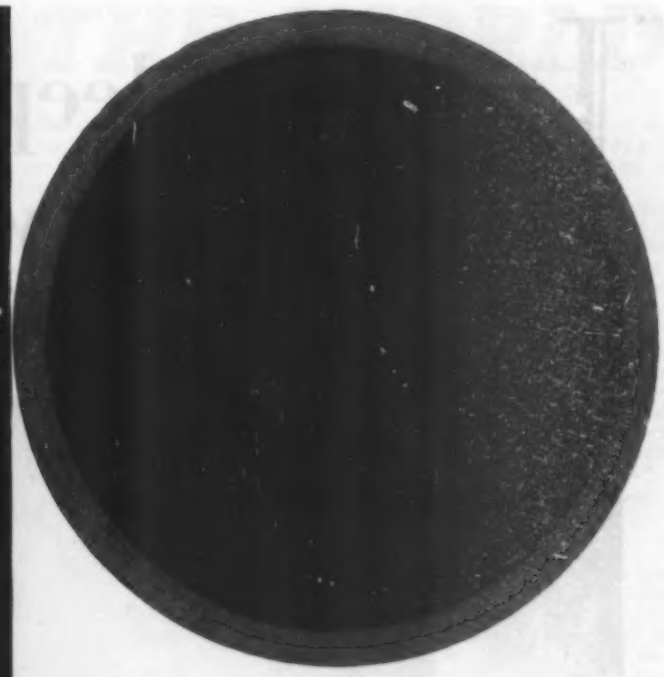
To show you what an extraordinarily powerful creature a mink is, I set a trap for a rat, one night, just outside of my camp, and tied the trap to my bicycle. In the night, I was awakened by a terrific commotion.

"My word," my wife exclaimed, "surely a dog has jumped the fence and walked into that rat trap."

But when I went outside and put the flashlight on the commotion, I saw merely a fair-sized mink that had given my bicycle three side somersaults. The mink was squealing with rage. Now, if you or I were as strong in proportion, we could upset an ordinary-sized shed.

—GEORGE HEBDEN CORSAN, SR.
*Manager, The W. K. Kellogg Bird Sanctuary.*

*Indians of the White Earth Reservation, Minnesota*



# *Any color you want*

**on furniture, woodwork or floors . . . with "61" Quick Drying Enamel! Sixteen charming, standard colors, and any other shade your fancy dictates by simply mixing two or more of these. So easy to use . . . free-flowing, self-leveling, without trace of brush mark or blemish. Dry in four hours . . . the surface is ready for use. Durable, wear-resistant and water-proof. Paint and hardware dealers sell this quick, transforming finish in all size cans. Go now; get your favorite shade; dip your brush and play with color! It's a joyous and profitable pastime . . . if you're sure you are getting "61" Quick Drying Enamel. Interesting color chart will be sent you free upon request.**

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC., 83 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N.Y.
In Canada, 25 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario

**PRATT & LAMBERT**

# "I used to sleep eight hours yet wake up exhausted"

## *Now I sleep soundly and wake up feeling fit as a fiddle*

*Always tired? Nerves upset? Unable to sleep? Read the interesting experience above, one of many reported to us.* And try the delicious chocolate flavor food drink that doctors everywhere are recommending.

"I WAS SO run down that even eight hours in bed every night didn't rest me. I hated to get up...and I couldn't shake off that heavy, exhausted feeling all day.

"In the office, I'd begin to feel so fagged about eleven o'clock that I could hardly wait for noon. Then I'd go out and eat a big lunch, thinking that would pep me up. But in the afternoon I'd get so drowsy, I couldn't even think.

"A friend in the office saw how things were, and he advised me to cut out the heavy lunches and take Cocomalt and a light lunch instead. I felt better after that change. Then I began taking Cocomalt instead of coffee with my dinner. I liked it so much, I took another glass before retiring. And how I slept! My digestion is much better now—I sleep soundly—and wake full of zest for the day."

• • •

*Poor digestion — restless sleep — over-eating* — these are three great contributing factors to a run-down physical condition.

Those who exhaust themselves in nerve-racking activities day by day *must recharge with vital energy* if they expect to keep fit. They must see to it that their food is well-balanced and varied, supplying all the energizing elements the body requires. And at the same time they must be careful not to burden the digestion, for that causes sleeplessness and destroys rest.

### *Why Cocomalt is so beneficial*

There is one food that provides the varied nourishment of a hearty meal, yet is remarkably easy to digest and assimilate. That food is Cocomalt, a delicious chocolate flavor food drink which supplies essential proteins, carbohydrates and minerals.

Cocomalt adds 70% more nourishment to milk, *almost doubling its food value.* Physicians everywhere are adding it to the diet of nervous, run-down men and women—convalescents—growing children.

### *Contains Vitamin D*

Cocomalt contains that vital element produced by summer sunshine...Vitamin D...so valuable in building vitality and resistance. Moreover, Cocomalt contains the enzymes which help to digest the starches in other foods.

### *Special trial offer—send coupon*

Cocomalt comes in powder form, ready to mix with milk —hot or cold. Three sizes: ½ lb., 1 lb., and the 5 lb. family size. As high as Cocomalt is in concentrated food value, the cost is surprisingly low. At grocers and leading drug stores.

Or mail this coupon and 10c, (to cover the cost of packing and mailing) for a generous trial can of Cocomalt—enough for the whole family to judge what a wonderful food drink it is! Mail it *now.*

**Cocomalt**

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

DELICIOUS HOT OR COLD

R. B. Davis Co., Dept. 77, Hoboken, N. J.

I am enclosing 10c. Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

# GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

### *Profits in Bill Collecting*

MALCOLM WINTERS, who owns the largest furniture store in a small city in the Corn Belt, asked me to join him at luncheon with two credit men from local wholesale grocery houses.

Another wholesale house had threatened to sue Carl Larkin, an independent grocer, unless he made a substantial payment on account. The two local credit men were going to try to figure out a plan to help Larkin through the crisis. Winters had been asked to join them because of his knowledge of local credit conditions.

One of the credit men handed Winters a list of Larkin's accounts receivable.

"What are those accounts worth?" he began. "They represent Larkin's chief assets other than his stock of groceries, which is in good condition. He complains that he can't collect."

Winters spent a few minutes looking over the list.

"Emma Logan can collect 80 per cent of these accounts in three weeks," said Winters as he laid down the sheaf of papers.

The credit men agreed that they would postpone action until Miss Logan had been given a chance to collect Larkin's accounts.

After luncheon I made an appointment to see Miss Logan at her home and office. I found her at a desk in what had once been the parlor of an old-fashioned house near the business center.

"I have already made arrangements with Mr. Larkin," she told me. "I'm just checking his accounts against my list of bad risks. Aside from a few known dead beats, Larkin has a good list, but he has simply been negligent. A few days of persistent calling will collect nearly half of these accounts. Inside a month I can collect from 70 to 80 per cent of the amount on Larkin's books."

I explained that I was more interested in her work than in Larkin's financial predicament.

"For six years before I began this work I was in the accounting department at Winters' furniture store," she said. "Inside work didn't agree with me. Because I knew something about collections and credits, I prevailed on Mr. Winters to let me go after a lot of delinquent accounts. From that start I have built a regular business. I now handle the collections for many business houses, several doctors and dentists and the local hospital.

"I have found that most people are essentially honest. Those who fall behind in their payments usually do so because most merchants are so eager to make sales that credit is granted too liberally and some people can't resist the temptation of buying more than they can conveniently pay for. Of course, there are people who make a habit of dodging bill collectors as long as possible, and others who are known dead beats."

#### *All on the Cards*

"Here in this card file I have a list of almost every credit buyer in the community. This list is my stock in trade, because from the information on the cards I can tell just how to proceed. Here is the account of a man who owes Larkin a bill that is three months past due. On his card I find that I have previously collected one account from him, that he works at the railroad shop, earns forty-eight dollars a week and is paid twice a month. He has failed to pay Larkin simply because Larkin was negligent in following him persistently. I'll put his bill in my call-up file for the fifteenth of the month. If I am the first collector to reach him after he cashes his pay check, he'll probably make a substantial payment.

"Here's another account of Larkin's—a man whose record is bad. My card shows that I have had to turn one of his bills over to a lawyer for collection. It also shows that he has been employed by three different firms in two years, and that he owes two other merchants, and that I have already collected one hundred and forty dollars from him in small installments. He never pays anything until he has to.

"Here's the card of another man, who is perfectly honest, but who gets a month or so behind with his accounts every once in a while. All he needs is a little prodding. He's extravagant. He has held the same job for many years, is a member of two lodges, a church and our country club. He is paid once a month, and if I reach him on the morning of the first, he'll pay me.

"Now, this man," she said, withdrawing another card, "has had sickness in his family. I induced him to borrow money from a bank and settle up all his accounts. He was mighty happy to find that his past record was good enough to enable him to obtain a bank loan and was visibly relieved when he wrote me a check in full for several accounts. Most persons are happy to pay up an old account and get it off their minds. It is not unusual for them to thank me for pestering them.

"The trouble with Larkin," she explained, "is that he is afraid to ask for his money. Like so many other business men, he is more interested in selling than anything else. He's afraid he will lose a good customer. Many of his customers are inclined to live beyond their means. They have to put off somebody every month, and because Larkin is good-humored about it they pay some other bill. Once a bill is allowed to go unpaid for a month, it is mighty easy to pass it up the second and third months. After that, the customer often stops trading with Larkin, because he hasn't the nerve to face him. He has actually credited some people without knowing where they work. But, fortunately, most of them are listed on my cards and I can reach them. I am now making up a list of known dead beats for Larkin, so he can refuse to credit them. Because of his present financial condition, he ought not to sell to anyone who doesn't pay at least once a month. I am also furnishing him a list of persons who are likely to get behind.

"Correct information is the foundation of all credit work. On my cards I have a record of where each person is employed, how long they have worked there, where they live, how long they have lived at the same address, whether or not they have a checking or a savings account, what property, if any, they own, what lodges, churches or organizations they belong to, and a list of other charge accounts.

"The installment houses and the people who sell automobiles, washing machines, radios and musical instruments demand this information before granting credit, even though they can repossess the merchandise. But far too many merchants are so lax that they actually encourage dead beats and habitually slow payers.

"When I receive a batch of accounts like this list from Larkin, I sort out the bills of people who are just as likely to pay on one day as another. Then I file other bills by pay days, so I can follow them when I know the debtor has money.

"My first call on a debtor is invariably at his or her home. If I am put off or given cause to believe that he or she is trying to evade payment, my second call is made at the place of business. Often a man or a woman will pay up on this second call, because they don't want their employers to know that they are being hounded by bill collectors. I never call on them at their place of business until I have been unable to get satisfaction by calling at their home.

"At every contact with a debtor I make some definite suggestion. Of course, I always ask for payment in full. If this is refused, I ask for a part payment. Failing in this, I ask the person to name a definite date of payment. If he does promise to pay on a certain date, I make a note of it, in his presence, in my memorandum book, and assure him that I will be on hand the day mentioned. And I am always there too.

"The more I can learn about a debtor the quicker I can collect the account. Often some chance bit of information will enable me to collect a long-outstanding bill. I remember one man who consistently put me off, dodged me, failed to keep his promises. I learned that he was paid every Tuesday and that he cashed his pay check in a certain drug store a few minutes after five o'clock. One Tuesday I was there to present my bill just as the druggist handed over the money. He had no excuse, and I suppose didn't want the druggist to know how old the bill was. He paid in full.

"Another time I had a long-past-due account to collect for a doctor. People are terrible about paying doctors and dentists. The debtor in this case was a man known by all collectors in town as being particularly clever in finding excuses. He always tried to give me the impression that his time was too valuable to be taken up with bill paying. Tactful inquiries among his associates convinced me that he was a social climber. One afternoon I saw in the paper that he was entertaining several prominent families at dinner that evening. Just after the guests arrived I rang the doorbell and marched past the maid who opened the door. In front of his company, in an unnecessarily loud voice, I apologized for my intrusion, but declared that I was sure he'd be happy to write a check for 'this little account you must have inadvertently overlooked.' He did.

"Occasionally I make it a point to call on some woman when she is entertaining the bridge club, but that is the nearest approach to trickery I ever attempt. I have read a lot of stories about bill collectors who worked amazingly clever stunts, but I rely entirely on good-natured but firm persistence. Part of my job is holding the customer's good will as well. That's why I have kept nearly all of my clients. I try never to antagonize anyone, but I do not give up until I feel that nothing short of legal action will succeed."

Miss Logan's work is done on a commission basis, the rate depending on the age of the account, the size, and the person who owes it. She receives as high as 50 per cent.

Asked if any man or woman without previous training could hope to succeed at this sort of work, she answered:

"Anyone who is reasonably intelligent, tactful and patient enough to build up a file of information such as this, has the makings of a business that will pay several thousand dollars a year in time. In every small town there are merchants who would gladly pay a commission on collections."

—EUGENE WHITMORE.

*Cape Blomidon, Nova Scotia*

### *The First Sale*

I SUPPOSE the biggest moment in any salesman's life is when he lays his order blank on the desk in front of his prospective customer and sees him take the top off his fountain pen and sign on the dotted line.

I wish every young man just starting out could work under a man as understanding as my first boss. I was just out of college, young, green and, if I must admit it, very much scared. I didn't know whether I could sell anything or not.

I hung round the factory for a week after I had got the job, trying to absorb everything about the particular line I was going to carry, and going over my predecessor's territory on the map and his list of customers. Finally the fatal day came. The sales manager called me into his office and asked me if I thought I was ready to start out. I had to say yes.

Cleveland was to be my first stop. A Mr. Smith, I will have to call him, was to be my first customer. "I want you to tackle this man Smith first," said the boss. "He's a hard nut to crack. If you can handle him, you can handle anyone." And he went on expatiating on Smith's peculiarities until I could see him only as a cannibalistic sort of person lying in wait behind a huge desk to sharpen his teeth on some particularly green and tender salesman.

As I slipped my order blank into my pocket the next day in Cleveland, and went through my sample case for the fiftieth time, I was wishing that I had gone to medical school as dad and mother had wanted me to. The fifteen-minute wait on a chair outside Mr. Smith's private office, shifting my heavy case about on my shaking knees, didn't help matters any. Finally a man came out and I went in.

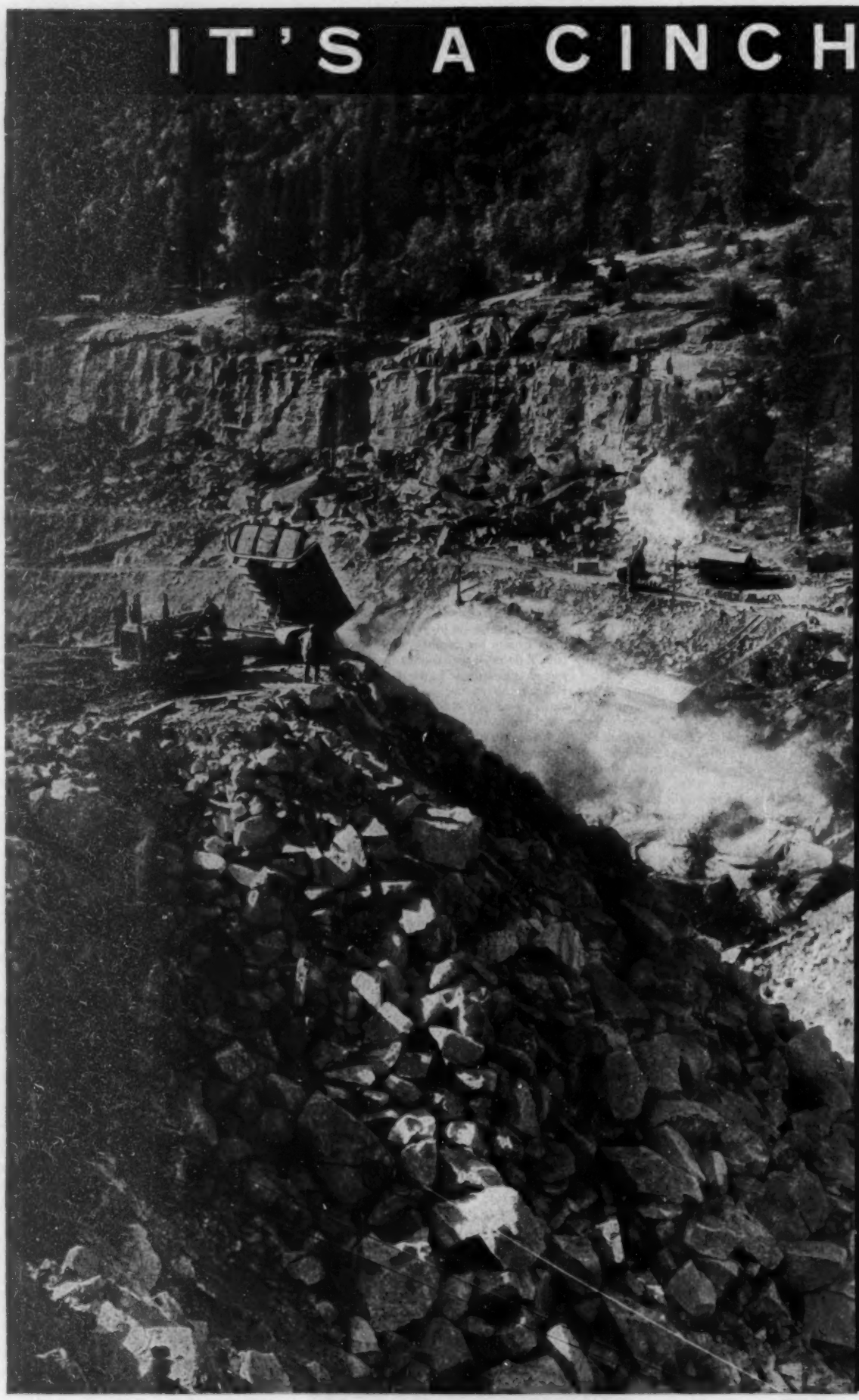
"Well, well. Mr. Setag, is it? Glad to see you, sir," said the cannibal. "You happen to be just the man I've been wanting to see. We need some grinders, and need them bad." And the grinders were not the only things they needed. He gave me the sort of order that I had seen the whole factory wax enthusiastic over. Then he shook hands with me and told me he'd always be glad to see me when I came to town.

Oh, boy! When I got out on the street again I could have sold pink silk camisoles to the Eskimos. I made six other sales in Cleveland, every one a good one. And I know now it was that first order that made me a salesman. When my knocks came, as come they did—and hard ones too—I was ready for them.

It was years afterward that I learned that my boss had written Mr. Smith to give me a good order. "If you don't need it all, write me personally, and I'll cancel that part of it," he had told him. Mr. Smith takes particular delight in telling me how he watched me that day, walking up and down in front of the store, trying to get up my courage to come inside.

Yes, it is often that first sale that makes or breaks a salesman. —JOHN SETAG.

# IT'S A CINCH FOR THE "CATERPILLAR"



Rough going the whole stretch, moving thousands of tons of blasted granite to form a dam! But the wide tracks crawl surely over the rocky fill and anchor the dump-wagon as it drops the load. Other "Caterpillars" move nimbly across soft fields, conquer the weather for increased profits. Build highways, grade roads. Speed things in the logging camps. Extra power, easy mobility, greater efficiency —"Caterpillar" track-type Tractors (there are five different sizes) bring all these in one package.

•

Prices—f. o. b. Peoria, Ill.

| | |
|---|---|
| TEN | $1100 |
| FIFTEEN | 1450 |
| TWENTY | 1900 |
| THIRTY | 2375 |
| SIXTY | 4175 |

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO.
PEORIA, ILLINOIS and SAN LEANDRO, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.
Track-type Tractors • Combines • Road Machinery
(THERE'S A "CATERPILLAR" DEALER NEAR YOU)

CATERPILLAR REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. TRACTOR

# THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW

(Continued from Page 13)

Sunday afternoon Uncle Alfred and Victorine called to pay their respects, for the first time in some weeks. And there were signs in him of the strain that he was undergoing. His lips were set, and though he smiled when he entered, it was only with his mouth. His eyes were hard. Victorine, however, was her customary sweet, gentle self, apparently unaware of anything wrong.

"We've just got a new tea table," she said laughingly, "and it's just thrown the whole place out of proportion! I've experimented and experimented ——"

The girls, at a signal from grandmother, promptly stepped up and surrounded her and, before she knew what was going on, had whisked her out of the room, for Uncle Alfred had begun to look as though he were going to explode. This itself marked the occasion as one of no little importance, for never before had Uncle Alfred ever looked as though he were going to explode. The men, left alone, sat down uneasily. Uncle Alfred had changed. There was no question about it; he had changed greatly.

"Well?" Uncle Frank said tentatively.

"She's still at it." Uncle Alfred spoke morbidly.

"Still at the divan, eh?"

"It's the dining room now," he said. "She's got the table and the dresser and the bureau and whatever else it is spinning around until half the time I'm sitting down to a jardinière or an umbrella stand to eat. Half the time I don't know where I'm at."

"Didn't you say anything to her?"

"I'm waiting."

"Waiting for what?"

"She'll reach a point some day."

"What point?"

"I'm not going to do or say anything rashly," Uncle Alfred explained. "I'm just going to be patient and see what happens. Maybe she'll shake herself out of it. If she doesn't ——" He stopped.

"Patience may be the best policy," Uncle Frank said, "but I doubt it."

"When the time comes, I'll act, and act promptly."

As it happened, the time came only two days later, and when I tell you about it, and the consequences, I want you to remember that it was all the occasion of much embarrassment on the part of the family, which had always prided itself on its circumspectness. Never before had such a thing happened to our family, and God willing, Margaret, nothing like it ever will again.

It seems that on Tuesday night Uncle Alfred had to work late at the office, making inventory or something like that. Midnight had come, with something like fifteen hours of hard work to his credit, when finally he was able to get away. Never, he told me later, had he felt so tired. Ordinarily his trip home from the office was a little depressing; he was worried usually about the probable whereabouts of his big, comfortable chair, which rarely was to be found in the same place two nights running. This night it never occurred to him. All he could think of was his bed, his soft feather bed—how warm it was, how comfortable, how delicious it would be to lay his tired frame in it, pull up the covers and drift off to the most welcome sleep he could remember.

Letting himself in softly, he found the apartment in darkness; Victorine had gone to bed. He struck a match, lest the glare of electric lights awaken her, and tiptoed through the living room. He could hear her breathing, softly and regularly, when he entered the bedroom.

Still in the dark, with his hands stretched before him, he found his night chair, and sank into it with a heavy sigh. For five minutes he rested there, relaxed. Then he began to undress, and as he went about it, slowly, with tired fingers, the soft breathing across the room touched him. The thought of her there, so quiet and innocent and sweet and gentle in her sleep, softened him, and he was ashamed of himself for his impatience with her. After all, she was such a child, and she couldn't know all of his peculiarities immediately; and this that had annoyed him was so trifling, so unimportant. He resolved to take a broader view of things.

Feeling his way to the bathroom, where, after he had closed the door, he turned on the lights and brushed his teeth, this thought sank deeper and deeper in him, and tomorrow, he told himself as he switched off the lights and started back to the bedroom, his wife would find the same old tender, understanding Alfred once more.

It was with this kindly thought in mind that he yawned and stretched and shuffled over to his bed—his warm, comfortable bed, where rest would come at last—and so thrilling was the prospect that, turning his back to it, he threw up his arms in pure abandon, and with a happy, ecstatic smile on his face, he fell straight back—back to a soft, warm, luxurious splash in the broad bosom of feathers.

The next instant, Margaret, the dark of the room, the still of the night, were split with a bellow of pain that cleared the windows and reverberated throughout the neighborhood, followed almost immediately by a shriek of fright, a long, high, superbly sustained screech, as Victorine sat up suddenly in bed and flashed on the light.

Uncle Alfred was scrambling to his feet, one forearm hugging the back of his skull, from the floor where his bed had always been, but now was not, having been shifted during the day in an unannounced rearrangement of the bedroom appointments.

Was Uncle Alfred mad? It is possible to say, without exaggeration, that he was beside himself.

A million stars spattered before his tear-wet eyes, spasms of pain shot through him from head to foot, and before his horrified wife he performed a kind of Indian dance in his bare feet and pajamas, clutching his throbbing head and roaring loud, unintelligible sounds indicative of suffering, fury and insane determination.

"That's a nice thing to do!" he kept shouting. "That's a mighty nice thing to do!"

"Darling, are you hurt?"

Lights were appearing in windows in near-by apartment houses, and there was a shout or two of inquiry, none of which my Uncle Alfred heard.

"Just wait!" he muttered, sitting down and squeezing his head with his hands to ease the pain. "Try to kill me, will you? Try to kill me in my own home! Well, just wait—you just wait!"

Talk like this alarmed Victorine, who still did not quite understand what had happened. Getting hastily out of bed, she donned slippers and dressing gown and ran to the bathroom for whatever first aid was there. When she returned with a damp cloth and a bottle of bicarbonate of soda, her favorite remedy for all ails, Uncle Alfred was on his feet, surveying the room, and at the expression on his face she dropped the rag and soda and nearly swooned.

"So that's it!" he said thickly. His eyes strayed to the bed, now located at the far end of the room. "So that's it, eh! Shifted it and wouldn't tell me! Trying to kill me ——"

His eyes lighted now on her, and at the insane demon lurking in them as he advanced on her, teeth bared, hands clutching, Victorine went pale and staggered back against the wall.

When the policeman arrived from the corner, summoned and accompanied by the superintendent, who opened the hall door with his pass key, Uncle Alfred had Victorine by the throat with one hand and was pointing violently to the spot where his head had banged the floor.

"That's where the bed belonged!" he was shouting. "That's where it always has been and that's where it always ought to be! The next time a bed is moved in this apartment ——"

The cop was a family man—as he said later, he respected American womanhood—and his blood boiled at the sight. Needless to say, neither he nor the superintendent, who also respected American womanhood as well as the specimen of Swedish womanhood that he had married, handled Uncle Alfred with anything like gentleness. In fact, they pushed him around quite a bit before approaching the formality of investigating the circumstances leading up to the assault.

"You brute!" the cop said finally. "You get a fine little wife like this little lady and you got to choke her! You're a fine American, you are! A mighty fine American indeed!" He turned to Victorine. "Don't worry, little lady," he said. "It'll be a long time before he'll have another chance to choke anybody." He glared at Uncle Alfred. "What's your name, you Bulshevik?"

"Parker," Uncle Alfred said—"Alfred Coolidge Parker."

"Well, Mr. Parker," the cop said, taking out his book and beginning to write, "I'll have you in the can for six months for this, or my name ain't Vladislov Kaminoffski."

"Put me down for witness," the superintendent said. "My name's Olaf Swenson."

"Now, little lady," Policeman Kaminoffski said, "let's hear all about it. What happened?"

Still sobbing faintly, Victorine tried to answer. "I don't know," she faltered. "All I know is he's become unbalanced. I was asleep and I was waked by his shouting, and he got to dancing around, and then when I went to help him he choked me." Then she broke down.

Policeman Kaminoffski clenched his fists.

"I'll call the wagon," Superintendent Swenson said.

"Good." Kaminoffski turned back to Uncle Alfred, who was beginning to get panicky. "Now, you," he said, jutting out his chin, "what you got to say for yourself? Spit it out, and be quick about it."

Uncle Alfred told him. Beginning at the beginning, he told him the whole story, from his heavy day at the office to his unhappy drop to the floor where his bed should have been. And as he talked a curious thing happened. At the first mention of the shifting of furniture, Policeman Kaminoffski started; he looked at Uncle Alfred suspiciously. Then, presently, as Uncle Alfred proceeded, his suspicion departed, and he began to nod his head sympathetically. Once, at a point that struck him as unusually noteworthy, he turned to Mr. Swenson with a significant look, and they both nodded their heads. Uncle Alfred, noticing but not understanding, took heart. When he had finished, Policeman Kaminoffski put one hand fraternally on his shoulder.

"My wife," he said, "is just about the same way, only worse. I just want to tell you one instance ——"

"Mrs. Swenson moves everything," the superintendent put in. "Half the time I don't know where the whole dining room is, much less the table itself."

"—— one instance," insisted Policeman Kaminoffski, taking off his cap and sitting down. "But sit down, Mr. Parker, and you, too, Swenson. I want to tell you about what my wife did the other day."

Swenson drew up two more chairs, which he and Uncle Alfred took, and Victorine, a little bewildered, withdrew across the bedroom.

"I had me a ash-tray stand, one of these smoking stands," the cop went on, "and I always like it at my right elbow, so's I can just flick my cigar without I've got to look for a place to flick it. Well, sir, you can believe me or not, but that ash-tray stand gets shoved around, from the left side to the right side, from the right side to the left side, and back and forth, and it just nearly run me crazy ——"

"Have a cigar," interrupted Superintendent Swenson sociably, taking several from his pocket and offering them.

double action

shaves are balanced

IN EVERY WAY you'll find new ease and comfort when you shave with Squibb's Shaving Cream. There's an extra measure of swift smoothness. There's a more natural and lasting feeling of velvet comfort.

For Squibb's Shaving Cream has *double-action*. Its creamy lather affords perfect balance between razor ease and face comfort. Squibb's contains a special balm which first shields your skin from the razor's rasp and then replaces the pliant oils which keep your skin soothed.

Each shave will be far more comfortable because of this unique second action. Most other shaving creams remove the vital oils and leave your skin parched and tight. Only from double-action do you really get *natural* lasting comfort.

*Use Squibb's for shampoos. Double-action makes it fine for the scalp and fine for the hair.*

Safety-Confidence-Quality-KLEINS

In the big utility field, the maximum in safety, the maximum in efficiency demanded a better Torch and a better Furnace. The new Klein Torch and Furnace fill this need. Rugged and sturdy, built to stand the gruelling abuse of the roughest service—assuring satisfaction.

NO gadgets or tricks to fool with on my new Klein Torch—just sturdy quality, simplicity, the minimum number of parts—a lifetime of service built right in. I've found that the best in Torches—the best in Pliers—the best in Belts and Safety Straps—the best in equipment for the lineman all carries the Klein trade-mark.

DISTRIBUTED THROUGH JOBBERS

If you are interested in better torches and furnaces—better made for the hard grind of service—mail this coupon for complete information on the new Klein Torch and Furnace.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State .....

Mathias KLEIN & Sons Established 1857

3200 BELMONT AVE., CHICAGO

"Don't mind if I do," Policeman Kaminoffski said.

"Thanks," said Uncle Alfred.

"Mrs. Swenson," said Mr. Swenson, lighting up, "don't count her day is complete until she nas changed things around a little."

"Don't it beat all?" the cop asked.

"The other day," Mr. Swenson continued, "she got a new little hassock. You know what a hassock is?"

"It's a fish, isn't it?" asked Kaminoffski.

"No, it's a little stool, kind of. Well, what I mean, gentlemen, if it was any of us that got a hassock we would say, well, we have got a hassock and what of it, and then we'd throw it on the floor and there it would be for whenever we wanted it. But Mrs. Swenson! If that hassock's been one place it's been a thousand. I bet I stumbled over that hassock a million times, without exaggeration."

"I'd like to bet you ten thousand dollars," the cop said to Uncle Alfred, "that this ain't the first time that Mrs. Parker has moved things around a little."

"The first time!" Uncle Alfred exclaimed.

Policeman Kaminoffski nodded. "I knew it," he said to Mr. Swenson. "You can always tell. If they move things once, they'll move them again. With women like that," he added, "nobody would ever get settled, if they lived as long as Methuslem."

"I can tell you another thing about Mrs. Swenson," Mr. Swenson said. "You take the time she got that corner closet ——"

The doorbell rang and Policeman Kaminoffski frowned in annoyance. Uncle Alfred went to answer it, and as he opened the door, two more policemen leaped in and grabbed him; but at his yelp of fright, Policeman Kaminoffski came to his aid and secured his release. The reënforcements, it seemed, had come with the wagon.

"Who sent for any wagon?" Policeman Kaminoffski asked irritably. "We don't need any wagon here."

"Somebody sent," one of the officers insisted. "We wouldn't come without we were sent for."

"It was a mistake," Kaminoffski said. "Take it back."

"No, it was not a mistake either!" Victorine stepped forward, her face white with anger. "That idiot," she said, pointing at Policeman Kaminoffski, "ordered it and he's going to use it. I'm charging my husband with assault and battery, if that's what it is, and you're going to take him."

All the policemen and Uncle Alfred and Mr. Swenson looked at one another, and then back at Victorine, now as furious as Uncle Alfred had been a short time ago.

"I'll arrest her, too," Kaminoffski said to Uncle Alfred, "if you say the word."

"What's all this, anyway?" asked one of the cops who had come with the wagon. "Don't you know who you're arresting?"

"He's arresting my husband," Victorine told him. "My husband attacked me like a fiend, and this idiot"—she seemed bent on making Policeman Kaminoffski uncomfortable—"has been sitting around here talking nonsense for fifteen minutes. So do your duty."

"Who's this dame?" asked one of the cops.

At a sign from Policeman Kaminoffski, the patrol-wagon men withdrew to one side for an explanation and a conference, while Mr. Swenson sought vainly to mollify Victorine. Uncle Alfred stood around uncomfortably. Finally they all assembled again.

"He ain't a bad fellow," Policeman Kaminoffski began persuasively to Victorine. "If you just get to thinking about it ——"

"I'm making a charge," she interrupted coldly. "Are you going to take him, or shall I report you?"

"All right," Kaminoffski said reluctantly, "but it's a shame—a mighty big shame indeed."

"I'd brained her," one of the other cops muttered.

Uncle Alfred spent that night in a cell, to the mortification of the whole family, and Victorine spent it in tears. He hadn't been gone ten minutes before she was on the phone, trying to undo the damage her emotional spell had done, and later she was in the station house; but it was too late; the charge had been docketed.

As a matter of fact, Uncle Alfred spent a reasonably pleasant night. His story had been passed on from the patrol-wagon men to the desk sergeant, and from him to the head keeper of the detention cells, and, to his surprise and gratification, prison turned out to be not so unbearable after all.

"My only disturbance," he told me later. "was when the head keeper's wife waked us all up about four o'clock. Or maybe it was five. She wanted to get us all out, because she had a new idea as to where the bunks ought to be hung in the cells. Aside from this everything was unexpectedly pleasant and everyone unexpectedly considerate."

Naturally, the thing upset the family. The idea of any member, especially Uncle Alfred, becoming involved in a brawl that ended in a police cell put all of them quite out; and all the influence possible was brought to bear on the district attorney to ease up the prosecution. Victorine was willing, eager, to withdraw, but the district attorney was adamant. Too many husbands already were playing ducks and drakes with their wives, and Uncle Alfred would serve as an example. Uncle Alfred would get the works.

We were all in court that morning, anxious and worried, when Uncle Alfred was brought in and arraigned. From a front seat we heard the gibberish necessary in the selection of a jury and saw ten men and two women finally selected after many tiresome harangues among the district attorney, Uncle Alfred's lawyer, and the judge. And finally we heard Victorine, her eyes red-rimmed from crying, reluctantly give her testimony under the insistent demand of the district attorney, who waxed eloquent every now and then, whether the occasion was plausible or not, on the subject of violence between husband and wife. Then the defense, and Uncle Alfred took the chair as his own witness.

"Now, Mr. Parker," the judge said, "just tell your own story in your own words."

He spoke evenly enough, but his glare showed what he thought of a man who would attack his wife in such wanton fashion. In fact, the whole court, the spectators as well as the jurors, leveled cold eyes on him. Nowhere was there sympathy save in the family.

Uncle Alfred began, and spoke so low that he had to be instructed to speak up. He began, by his lawyer's advice, with his courtship of Victorine. He told of their marriage, of their happiness, of the efforts he was making to better their condition. The court, from judge to attendant, listened coldly.

Finally he came to the matter of furniture. He put, obviously, the best construction he could on everything that had happened, but the truth was the truth, and had to be told. He explained his big chair, how he loved it, what sweet comfort it had given him, and how he had always found it, for the first month after his marriage, on the right side of the fireplace. He told of the first time it had not been there.

"I'll bet," the judge interrupted suddenly, "that it was on the left side of the fireplace."

"It was, Your Honor."

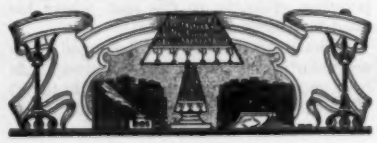
"And half the rest of the furniture in the room," the judge continued, "had been shifted."

"That's quite true, Your Honor."

"I see!" the judge said, and leaned back, nodding.

"I had a desk on the sun porch ——"

"Listen!" The judge suddenly sat forward. "You don't know anything! You think your wife shifted things. Well, I just want to tell you the experience I had with a night table. My wife ——"



He related a very long story concerning the perambulations of a night table. He went quite into detail about it, and when he finished he sat back. "Beat that one!" he said.

"Your Honor!" Uncle Alfred's lawyer had risen from his seat at the counsel table. "It was not two weeks ago that my wife stood in the center of our living room and ——"

"I object, Your Honor."

"Sit down!" the judge said to the district attorney. "Let us hear what the learned counsel's wife did."

"My wife," Uncle Alfred's lawyer continued, "stood in the center of our living room, and for a picture—for a single picture, mind you—decided to move every single, blessed piece of furniture in the room, regardless!"

"For a single picture!" the judge marveled. "And yet I shouldn't be surprised. I remember one time, ten or twelve years ago, when I was practicing law, before I was elevated to the bench. We had a card table, a kind of folding card table, that I just put up one night and never thought any more about it ——"

"We had a card table once," suddenly spoke up Juror No. 7, a man. "I'll bet your experience was something like ours."

"Your wife wanted to get a new one because the old one did not go with the rest of the furniture," the judge said quickly.

"Precisely!" exclaimed Juror No. 7.

"Can you beat it!" said the judge.

"She nearly drove me nuts," admitted Juror No. 7.

"Excuse me, Your Honor," said the court reporter, "but shall I take all this down?"

"No," the judge said; "let's see what Mr. Parker has to say. Continue, Mr. Parker."

Then Uncle Alfred took up the events of the night before. He told of his long day at the office. He explained how tired he was. He told of his weary ride home, and his thoughts of bed. He explained how all resentment against his wife for her weakness for moving furniture had melted away before an overwhelming love for her, and he remarked that he had not turned on the lights, lest their glare disturb her slumber.

And as he unfolded his story the judge began to nod his understanding of the situation. Presently the court reporter, reminded by the narrative of some familiar episode in his own life, laid down his pen and nodded also his appreciation of the circumstances.

Uncle Alfred's lawyer was, naturally, in agreement with the witness, and it was not long before Juror No. 7, followed almost at once by Jurors Nos. 1, 3, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12, were likewise signifying their accord by sympathetic nods. One or two black looks were directed at Victorine.

"All I wanted," Uncle Alfred explained simply, "was to go to bed, to rest, to sleep. And there I was, ready for slumber, and there the bed, as I assumed, in its customary place, where it had always been."

"Where it always should be," agreed the judge, clicking his tongue against his teeth as sign of his entire approbation of Uncle Alfred's assumption.

"And so," Uncle Alfred went on, "I went for it. I just decided to fall back, just to get a good swish in the mattress, and when I fell back ——"

He stopped, and there was a long silence. You could have heard a pin drop.

Then the judge spoke. "And when you fell back," he said softly, "the bed wasn't there."

"It wasn't."

"It had been moved during the day in a general rearrangement of the furniture."

"It had."

Another long silence, and then the district attorney spoke.

"Your Honor," he said, "when I was first married, my wife and I furnished an apartment. Well, sir, I thought that that apartment was just about as comfortable as a man could wish. I had a nice big easy-chair that I loved very much ——"

(Continued on Page 103)

# Why a B & O train was late the night of December 13th

TAKING last year as a whole, our through, fast trains were dependably on time.

Being on time is, of course, important, yet it is only number 3 in the list of instructions to our engineers.

Number 1 is *safety*. Number 2 is *comfort* to our passengers—no jolts or shakes. Number 3 is being *on time*. Any engineer who slows down because of a fog or other conditions that might be dangerous receives praise—and not blame.

Yet we make a very good on-time record.

One day last year, however, train Number 10 was a few minutes late. This letter tells why:—

*Late in the evening of December 13th, I was called by telephone to come to the hospital at Confluence, Pa., to operate on a young boy who had been accidentally shot through the abdomen. There was no train scheduled to stop at Braddock but through the efforts of your ticket agent he had No. 10 stop for me at Braddock and let me off at Confluence. The boy was operated on promptly and made a fine recovery.*

*J. B. Smith, M. D.*

Had they known the circumstances, all the passengers on the train would have been glad to be a few minutes late in order to save the life of that boy. Most people are inherently fair and courteous. They like to be treated courteously; they like to travel in a gracious atmosphere.

We try to create and maintain a gracious atmosphere on our trains—we 70,000 who operate the B & O.

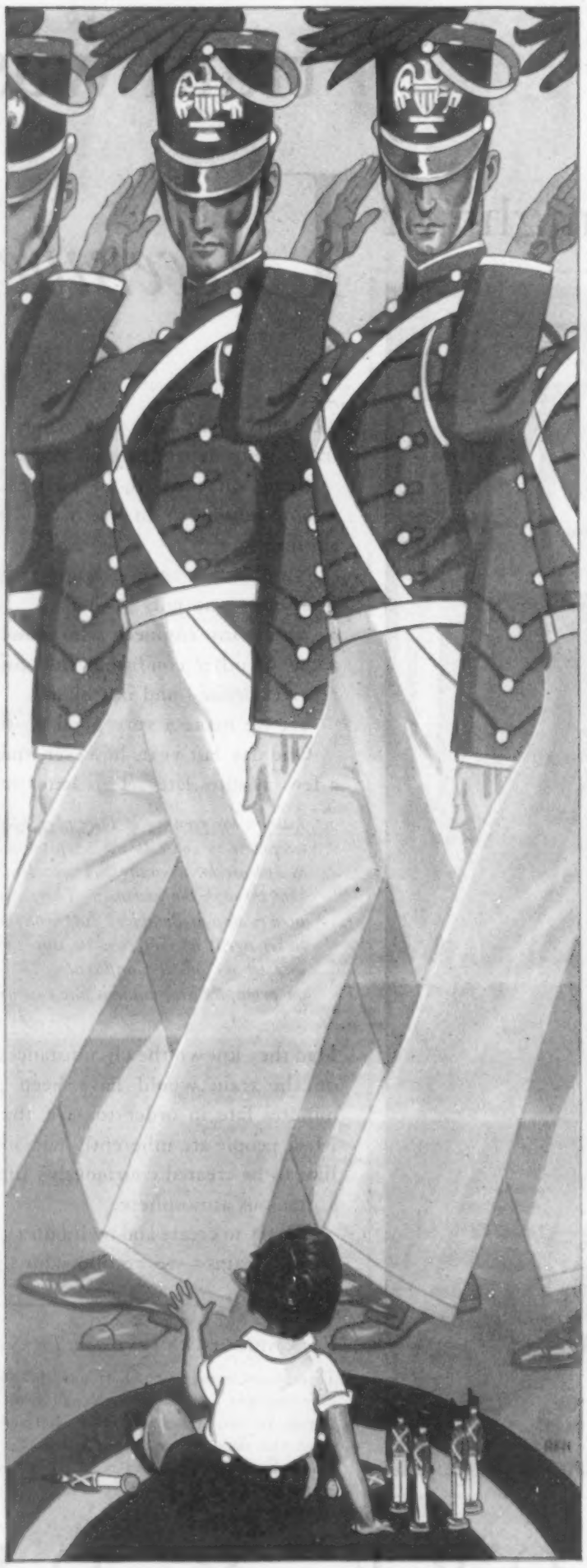
---

*The* CAPITOL LIMITED *and The* NATIONAL LIMITED

These trains between the East and the West have averaged 96% on time through years of service. Yet you are seldom conscious of undue speed. Our engineers try to start and stop their trains without jar or jolt, making it easy to read in the daytime and easy to sleep at night.

BALTIMORE & OHIO

70,000 OF US INVITE YOU TO RIDE ON OUR RAILROAD



THE ELECTRICALLY CONTROLLED AIR-CONDITIONING SYSTEM FOR WINTER HEATING AND SUMMER COOLING

# . . KEEP THE AIR IN YOUR HOME ON THE MARCH

NATURE at her best is teeming with activity . . . . never at rest. Rivers flow eternally to the turbulent sea—air is constantly on the march, kept pure by ceaseless motion. The elements are forever fighting stagnation.

Moving gently, ever moving—air charged with life and energy marches through the modern home equipped with Holland Vaporaire. This electrically controlled heating, cooling and air-conditioning system brings year around comfort to any sized home. You can have twelve Junes instead of twelve months.

Languor, discomfort and illness caused by hot, stagnant air—baked dry by obsolete heating methods—are banished forever. You have wide-awake days, lively evenings and restful nights. You breathe clean air that is purified, warmed, moistened, circulated and completely changed in every room every few minutes.

When it is zero outdoors a motor-driven propeller keeps a moistened current of warmth marching through your home, giving you the comfort of springtime.

When summer heat becomes oppressive a gentle, refreshing breeze marches through the whole house, keeping you delightfully cool.

Anyone can easily own a modern Holland. Prices are reasonable and terms liberal. Satisfaction is guaranteed by written bond. Every system is specially planned to fit the home it serves. Installation is made under direct factory supervision. You can burn any kind of fuel—including gas or oil—and save from 10% to more than 30% in operating costs.

You can command the air in your home to be forever on the march—through all the years to come. Let the Holland Vaporaire System bring you healthful comfort. Telephone our local branch or write for our illustrated booklet—"The Air We Live In."

VAPORAIRE DIVISION
HOLLAND FURNACE COMPANY
HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

World's largest installers of home heating systems, operating three large factories and 544 factory branches from coast to coast

HOLLAND VAPORAIRE

(Continued from Page 100)

"On the right side of the fireplace?" asked the judge.

"On the right side of the fireplace," the district attorney said, "where a man's big easy-chair ought to be."

"My wife thinks it looks better on the left side," spoke up Juror No 10. "Personally, I can't see any difference in the looks, whether it's on the right side or the left, but ——"

"But it feels better on the right," the judge insisted.

"That's what I tried to tell her," Juror No. 10 explained. "But Jane—do any of you gentlemen happen to know Mrs. Snapp?"

"I'm sorry," the judge murmured, and the others indicated their regret.

"Well, in many ways," Juror No. 10 resumed, "she is one of the most admirable women in the world. She has qualities you will rarely find in other women ——"

"Excuse me," His Honor interrupted, "but I'm afraid the district attorney has the floor ahead of you."

"Pardon me!"

"Not at all!" The district attorney nodded pleasantly. "All I wanted to say was I was very fond of this chair, though it may not have been much to look at; and then one day my wife went to an exhibition of modernist furniture ——"

"My wife went to one of those too," said the judge. "For about two weeks ——"

"Mrs. Gunther," the district attorney continued firmly, "fell for it. The next thing I knew, the living room was full of furniture made out of iron ——"

"Iron!" exclaimed two of the jurors in unison.

"Yes, iron—plain iron!" repeated the district attorney, pleased with the effect of this startling statement. "Some of the old pieces that were gone I didn't mind, but in the place of my old easy-chair ——"

"On the right side of the fireplace," insisted His Honor.

"Yes—was an iron easy-chair!"

"An iron easy-chair!"

The entire court stared at him in consternation.

"Who could be comfortable in an iron easy-chair?" demanded the judge. "I had just as soon sit in the electric chair and try to read a book."

"I'd rather," Uncle Alfred's lawyer said.

"Excuse me," said Juror No. 2—one of the two women in the box—"but what is this—a court or an experience meeting?"

Startled, everyone turned to her.

A grim-looking woman of middle age, she appeared to be holding her temper with some difficulty. She returned the stares boldly.

"Unless my hearing is bad," she continued, "we're here to try a man for an absolutely inexcusable attack on his wife. A poor, weak, frail woman, she was violently assaulted by this great hulk of a man now in the witness chair. As for all this gab-gab about his furniture, anyone with half an eye can see that he is of a particularly degenerate type and, unless placed behind the bars at once, is almost certain to return to his horrible and revolting practice of choking people."

"Madam," His Honor said with dignity, "that is almost contempt of court." He tried to fix her with a stern eye, but she proved to be a peculiarly unfixable type, and it was His Honor who finally looked away.

"Have you any more witnesses for the defense?" he asked Uncle Alfred's lawyer.

"No, Your Honor. The defense rests."

"Will there be any summing up?"

The district attorney exchanged understanding glances with Uncle Alfred's lawyer and His Honor. "If counsel for the defense is agreeable," he said, "I am prepared to submit the case to the jury without summing up."

"With great heartiness," agreed Uncle Alfred's lawyer.

The door had scarcely closed on the ten men and two women before sounds of shouting and argument, shrill speeches and husky rebuttals, came from within. This lasted for fifteen minutes, and then His Honor was notified that the jury had deliberated and it was obvious that no agreement could ever be reached, no matter how long the jury as constituted was closeted.

"How does it stand?" His Honor asked.

"Ten for acquittal, two for conviction," was the reply.

"I see," His Honor nodded. "Discharge the jury with my thanks. It is a mistrial. Is the district attorney prepared to make any motions?"

"Yes, Your Honor. In view of the fact that the evidence for the prosecution as submitted can scarcely be increased, under the circumstances it seems highly improbable that a conviction could be obtained in another trial; in addition to which, the State is inclined, in the light of testimony produced in this court, to doubt the unquestionable justice of its case against the accused Parker. I move, Your Honor, that the charges be withdrawn."

"Granted gladly," said His Honor. "Mr. Parker, you are discharged."

Now, Margaret, I'd like to end this story on a happy note, and, fortunately, the circumstances permit me to. It was a victory for Uncle Alfred, of course, but he was not happy over it. He loved Victorine; he regretted his nasty impulse, and he regretted the cause of it; but deep in his heart he loved her, and he was lonesome in the apartment when, as soon as she could gather enough of her things, she left it for her mother's home in Brooklyn.

All his furniture was back where it had always been, and to that extent his mind was at rest, but it all seemed so empty, so worthless without her. So, at the end of a week he choked down his pride and went to her for a reconciliation, and she welcomed him with open arms and tears of joy. She loved him, too, and had missed him; and, happier than they had ever been before for having passed through this ordeal and test, they returned to the love nest in Murray Hill.

Once, and once only, was mention ever made again of the cause of their trouble.

"Darling," Victorine whispered in his arms, "I'll never, never again shift the furniture."

"Sweetheart," he murmured.

Nor did she, though there was one interesting incident that took place shortly after her return, which showed how ingrained and deep-rooted such instincts may be. One night, late, Uncle Alfred was awakened by the sound of Victorine getting out of bed. Turning over quietly, he saw her sliding gently from between the covers, saw her, in the moonlight through the window, stand straight and white, like a ghost, with her arms outstretched before her, saw her move slowly, evenly toward the door. She was walking in her sleep.

As quietly, Uncle Alfred slipped out of bed and followed, to see that she came to no harm. She preceded him into the living room, where she stood for a moment in the center of the room, an eerie wraith, with arms still outstretched. Then, moving as slowly as sleepwalkers move, she went over to the divan, caught one of its arms and tried to pull it out from the wall. She pulled harder, and harder still; it never moved.

Uncle Alfred, a thoughtful expression on his face, tiptoed back to his bed, and a few seconds later Victorine returned, still unconscious, still feeling her way along, and as noiselessly as she had left, got back into bed and lay quietly.

But sleep eluded Uncle Alfred. The problem had risen again. He believed in a woman's promise, but he had gone to some effort to help Victorine keep hers. During her absence he had nailed all the larger pieces to the floor. He did not see what else he could do.

"And so, Margaret," I concluded, "you see where such a habit can lead one. I tell you the story purely as guidance for yourself. If you wish for happiness in our home ——"

"That love seat," Margaret murmured absently, "is wrong."

# • Your face is a net...*it traps the dirt!*

*Your face is dirty.* The mirror may say no—but mirrors often lie. The pores of your skin are like a net; they catch and hold the dirt—and ordinary washing won't remove it.

This imbedded dirt is dangerous, too! It may result in blackheads—irritations—skin eruptions. It may embarrass you by oozing out when you perspire.

*You can prove to yourself* that water won't remove pore-dirt.

Take your supposedly clean face and wash it—wash it again. Now rub a bit of Pompeian Massage Cream onto your face, around the chin, into the nose pores. Continue rubbing. Soon the dried cream rolls out, Pink? No, a dingy gray! Dark with pore-dirt.

*Now* look in the mirror. Clean! Your skin has lightened several shades—it's a-tingle and glowing. Younger—healthier looking!

You can buy a jar of Pompeian Massage Cream for only 60c. Or you can have a Pompeian Massage after your shave at any first-class barber shop. Tell your barber you want the genuine Pompeian cream!

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY, INC. New York, N. Y., Elmira, N. Y. and Toronto, Can. (*Sales Offices:* Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Avenue at 34th Street, New York and 10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Can.)

POMPEIAN

MASSAGE CREAM

Pompeian Massage Cream
PINK MAGIC
This is the famous pink Pompeian massage cream that rolls out the hidden pore-dirt. Ask for it by name—look at the jar carefully—accept no substitutes.

ROLLS AWAY THE PORE-DIRT

# . . . Use OPALINE—the MOTOR OIL that makes your gasoline do a better job!

It's your gasoline that puts the power behind your pistons and starts the action that moves your car—but don't forget there's a motor oil to help your gasoline do a better job!

In your engine, between each piston and cylinder wall, there is a space. When your gas burns behind your piston, much of the power will blow by through this space—if your motor oil doesn't fill and seal it. That's motor oil's big job—to seal the pistons and keep the power from blowing by! Naturally this space between piston and cylinder wall increases with mileage. In a new car pistons fit snugly—after 5,000 and 20,000 miles of travel the space wears larger. And unless your motor oil is changed to a heavier grade—the space will not be sealed—power will blow by—and your gasoline can not do a good job!

That's the reason for the Sinclair Law of Lubrication*—the basis on which Opaline Motor Oil is made and sold. The wear in your engine tells which grade of Opaline you need for piston seal—to stop blow-by! Tell the Authorized Opaline Dealer how far your car has run, and get the grade of Opaline Motor Oil that will help your gasoline do a better job.

*THE SINCLAIR LAW OF LUBRICATION: For every machine, of every degree of wear, there is a scientific Sinclair Oil to suit its speed and seal its power. Write to our nearest office for free copy of our "Law of Lubrication" booklet.

OPALINE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SINCLAIR REFINING COMPANY, INC. Petroleum Products of Quality
NEW YORK ATLANTA CHICAGO HOUSTON KANSAS CITY

© 1930 S. R. C.

# COTTON HONOR

(Continued from Page 19)

provided a box of cigars out of his winnings for the crowd and pocketed the remainder.

Old Dave pushed his way through the bullish crowd. He had seen enough. No use to wait until the market reopened at 10:15. Better get over to Big Elm and start taking up that cotton. However, he was buttonholed at the door by Rainwater, and before he left, Montgomery Hunter stepped out of the long-distance booth and called Old Dave to the phone. It was Hord again.

"Dave, this market is headed up," Hord declared. "For the next few days try to keep from buying any call cotton with the price to be fixed later in relation to October. Try to make them sell it to you at a fixed price. By the way, that fixed price of 19½ for Wacker's cotton is going to look pretty cheap when the market comes in. You had better hit the trail. Let me know if you have any difficulty."

Usually, the eighteen miles over the sandy roads to Big Elm passed under the chassis of Old Dave's wheezy coupé in a methodical three-quarters of an hour, but that morning Old Dave left a cloud of white dust between wide cotton fields, sailed down the aisles of tall pines and rumbled over the long wooden bridge across the Big Elm in a thirty-minute trip. At the Texas & Northern depot he stopped to inquire of the local agent, who was a representative of the telegraph company as well, about the future market.

"She came in five dollars a bale up, and she's got her tail over the dashboard an' goin' strong," the agent jubilantly said. "October New York is 20.65 now."

As Old Dave drove his coupé up the sandy street between the double row of mostly wooden buildings of Big Elm, he espied a crowd of men around the office of Jack Wacker.

He slowed his car down and came to a stop at the sidewalk. Jack Wacker was certainly buying cotton. There were two crowds of men. Inside the office, Old Dave could see a clerk at Wacker's desk figuring cotton tickets, with a crowd of farmers at his elbow awaiting their checks. Samples of bales already purchased made a hip-high white mound by the desk. On the sidewalk in front of him, in the midst of a group of farmers, cotton lint flecking his clothing, stood Jack Wacker, a jovial, florid, bullet-headed man of forty-five. He was rapidly unfolding the layers of a sample of a cotton bale in grading it, and talking with the farmer at the same time in an effort to trade.

"Are there any five-dollar bills in the middle of that bale?" Wacker ceased looking at the sample and inquired pointedly of the booted and overalled farmer.

"Reckon not," replied the farmer. "Why?"

"There's got to be for me to make any money out of it at the price you're asking." A laugh went up at the farmer's expense. "I'll give you 20.45 and buy it," Wacker continued. "And that's as much as you could get for it in Liverpool or Bremen if you walked up to the mills with it. Gimme your ticket. When a man's crazy, grab his money."

The farmer reached for his sample. "Naw, I want that other five points," he refused. "Five points on a bale is two bits, and that'll buy my dinner. I'll see Edwards."

Wacker hesitated; then: "Aw, I might as well go broke keeping you up as somebody else. Gimme your ticket and I'll give you twenty and a half. I don't want any customer of mine to starve."

The farmer handed over the receipt for the bale that had been issued at the local cotton yard by the public weigher, giving its number and weight, and Wacker scribbled the price on the back and sent the farmer in to the clerk at the desk.

"All right, who's next at the reception?" Wacker continued his jocose chatter. "I'm big hearted today, giving away my money so my boy won't go to the devil."

Several farmers laughingly offered their samples. Wacker took the nearest, swung about to the north to obtain the proper light for classing it, and espied Old Dave.

"Hello, there, Santa Claus," he greeted. "Get out and hitch that thrasher of yours."

Old Dave picked up his brief case and clambered out. Wacker shook hands and escorted Old Dave into his office, bidding the farmers await the return of the "gravy train." They went into the skylighted sample room in the rear of the building, where there were several long traylike tables. But the tables were bare.

Old Dave looked about the room. "Haven't you got those samples cut by now?" he asked. "I didn't think Gus would be needed."

"Not yet," Wacker responded. "How do you figure I've had time to get samples when business is rushing like this? This is bargain day."

Old Dave swung about at Wacker. "Jack, do you intend to let this market get way up and then crowd me in grading the cotton and try to make me take a loss?"

"Of course not, Dave, but how can a cotton buyer have cotton bales sampled when he doesn't own 'em? You wouldn't have me go down to the yard and just cut anybody's cotton, would you?" he asked humorously.

Old Dave looked at Wacker queerly. "Do you mean, Jack, that you haven't got that five hundred bales for me?"

"That's pretty close to home, Dave," Wacker answered. "But I've got fifty anyhow."

"Jack Wacker, do you mean to tell me that you were crazy enough to ride over that report five hundred bales short?" Old Dave demanded indignantly.

"Why, of course not," Wacker replied. "I had sixteen bales on hand." He laughed. "A big sixteen!"

Old Dave suffered a sudden intake of breath.

"Jack Wacker, you've got more guts and less sense than anyone I know," Old Dave snorted. "Why, fifty bales long or short over a report is dangerous. Five hundred is idiotic. Man, you'll ruin yourself. For the life of me I can't see why you gambled when you can make a dollar-a-bale profit on every bale you buy. If I'd had the slightest idea you were gambling, I never would have bought the cotton."

"Of course not." Wacker laughed. "But, Dave"—his expression became serious—"don't you go without sleep. I've always delivered on the sales I've made, and you'll get this five hundred bales all right. I reckon I was a fool to make a wild gamble like that, but now it's like Old Brother Wills, the foot-washing preacher here, said when he found Zack Davis, our town drunkard, sleeping it off in that thick sand-bur patch down by the depot, 'You've made your bed; now sleep in it!' Of course, Zack didn't make his grass burs, but I have. Now, Dave, you drive that old thrasher of yours back to Wilton and let Jack Wacker get out there in front and start buying in that other four hundred and fifty bales. This market is going up and I've got to snatch 'em. Old Edwards across the street figures I'm short, and he's running the price up on me. Come back Friday and we'll argue over the five hundred."

Old Dave agreed dubiously; there was nothing else to do. "Now, get that cotton in. Hord wants to make an early sailing."

They walked toward the front of the building.

"Jack, why don't you hedge this sale in the future market by buying four or five hundred bales against this sale?" Old Dave suggested. "This market looks like it's headed higher."

"I've thought of that," Wacker responded. "But, Dave, they've quit taking marbles for margin. Where would I get twenty-five hundred dollars for margin for five hundred bales?"

"Why, your banker, of course."

"Dave, you don't know our local ice man very well," Wacker said reprovingly. "This town can't support an ice factory. Old Winston keeps it cooled off."

Old Dave looked penetratingly at Wacker. "How much margin have you?"

"Plenty to take care of you, but not enough to hedge five hundred bales," Wacker responded. "I got burned last spring, when the market went down twenty bucks a bale."

A group of farmers, samples in their hands, came forward and Old Dave waddled to his car and set off. However, he did not immediately leave for Wilton, but stopped a block away from Wacker's office, in front of the old red-brick State Bank of Big Elm. He might induce the banker to hedge Wacker's shorts.

Farmers depositing checks from the sales of their cotton and both white and black cotton pickers awaiting or receiving payment half filled the lobby. Old Dave waddled up to the teller's window.

"Yes, sir?" inquired the teller, who paused in the midst of writing a deposit slip.

"I want to see Mr. Winston," Old Dave said.

"Right on down the hall to the door at your left," the teller indicated, pointing.

Old Dave padded down the hall and went in the door as a farmer came out. He saw a small iron-gray man with a close-trimmed mustache at a desk by the side of a barred window that looked out on a vacant lot. The banker closed his note case and looked at Old Dave through steel-rimmed spectacles.

Old Dave introduced himself and accepted a proffered chair.

"I'm running around the country checking the government crop figures in my territory," Old Dave said. "D. O. Hord, for whom I work, wants to know if the Government is right in its forecast. How many bales do you estimate Big Elm will receive this year?"

"The government estimate is about right," the little man announced measuredly. "If anything, the crop is overestimated. You may tell your employer that the spring drought hurt our crop, the wet summer damaged it more, and that we are going to have a bull market," the banker stated dogmatically. "We will receive only nine thousand bales against eleven of last year, but the farmers will prosper with the better price and the local cotton buyers will be able to retire the bad paper they have left over from last year."

"Some of the cotton men got into you last year?" Old Dave asked.

"You are making inquiries into private business," the banker admonished, "but I have managed to reduce their paper considerably. This rising market will make them enough money to retire their notes. Within a month I expect to have them in good shape, but it requires the watching of a hawk to keep them doing a merchandising business. They can make a dollar-a-bale profit with regularity, but they will gamble for five and ten dollars a bale if I don't restrain them."

Old Dave left shortly after. No use asking the banker to hedge Wacker's cotton, for Old Dave was of the opinion expressed by Wacker—very little ice was needed at Big Elm with Winston at the head of financial affairs. The wheels of his coupé did not stir up a sandstorm of dust on the return trip, but, on the contrary, left gentle impressions in the ankle-deep sand as its driver moodily considered the situation.

That afternoon the market closed at 20.82, slightly better than $6.50 a bale higher than the previous close. The street prices at Wilton rose above the actual value of the cotton, and Old Dave, who usually

**We *Guarantee* The Best Shave In All Your Life**

To prove that MOLLÉ is as far ahead of other shaving creams as the modern safety razor is ahead of the old straight razor, we make this exceptional offer: Get a tube of MOLLÉ No-brush, No Lather Cream at your nearest drug store—shave ten times the "MOLLÉ way"—and then, if you do not get the *quickest, smoothest, cleanest,* and most comfortable shave in your life, return the balance of the tube and we will refund your purchase price.

**A Shaving Revelation**

To get a *quick, easy* shave that leaves a most delightful *after-feel,* simply do this:

(1)—Wash your face . . . leave it wet.

(2)—Spread MOLLÉ over beard like a fragrant cold cream.

(3)—Shave with your favorite razor.

Simplicity and speed are only a small part of the advantages of the MOLLÉ shave. You will be doubly surprised at the quick, thorough softening of the beard—the smoothness of the shave—the grateful relief from razor smart and soreness—and, best of all, that comfortable after-feel that requires neither lotions nor balms.

MOLLÉ (pronounced Mō-lay) was originally the private formula of a learned physician—a skin specialist. It is the blending of ingredients recognized for their healing, soothing, and antiseptic properties. Although publicly offered a comparatively short time, its sale is tremendous—nation-wide. Each day adds new users.

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

MILK is nature's own perfect summer drink—it is both food and refreshment in one. Drink plenty of it!

At home, at camp, in the office, in restaurants, anywhere, milk can be served conveniently and *safely*, from bottles capped with the Perfection Pull and Hinge Cap. A slight pull lifts the *hinged* flap part way for pouring or insertion of straw. (See illustration above) Gentle pressure returns the flap to position and reseals the bottle until you're ready for the next drink.

Impurities are kept out, flavor and wholesomeness are sealed in, because this cap—unlike ordinary caps—never need be removed from the bottle!

A MONTH'S SUPPLY FREE

Send the coupon below and get a month's supply of Perfection Pull and Hinge Caps FREE. You'll like their convenience and absolute protection so well, you'll lose no time asking your milkman to supply them regularly on all milk and cream bottles.

PERFECTION
PULL and HINGE CAP

FREE **A Month's Supply!**
Mail this coupon for a month's supply FREE. Tear it out now before you forget it!

THE SMITH-LEE CO., INC., Oneida, New York
Please send me a month's supply of Perfection Pull and Hinge Caps, FREE.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

Canadian Manufacturers: THE ARIDOR COMPANY (Canada) Limited, 245 Carlaw Ave., Toronto


bought street cotton from individual farmers as well as lists from buyers, passed up the offerings of the growers.

In the late afternoon Hord called up. "Did Wacker crowd you in class, Dave?" he wanted to know.

"I didn't get it at all, D. O.," Old Dave answered with a qualm.

Hord shouted into the instrument, "What?"

"Wacker shorted the market on us for five hundred bales," Old Dave replied, and then related the incidents of the morning.

"That's bad, Dave—bad," Hord declared when Old Dave had finished. "We stand a chance of a lay-down on the purchase, not to mention losing money by being crowded too much in grade and missing that boat."

"I don't think he'll refuse to deliver, D. O., and I don't believe he will crowd me too much," Old Dave replied. "But I'll admit that I won't sleep well until this is over."

"Stay right on his trail until you get the cotton," Hord instructed. "Sit up with him, and remember it doesn't take but ten to twenty points' loss in grade to wipe out our profit of fifty cents to a dollar a bale, and if he tries to make you take strict lows for middlings at five-dollars-a-bale loss, we will lose our pants and you lose your commission. A few more specks of trash in each face of a cotton sample may not mean much to him, but when it turns into several basketfuls when cleaned at the mill, it makes mighty high-priced trash at nearly twenty cents a pound. Keep me posted on this, Dave."

In the three following days the market continued to exhibit a strong tendency. It never looked back, but steadily rose, and during each daily conversation Hord asked for any new information regarding the Wacker cotton. On Friday morning, Old Dave went in to see the opening quotations of the market before he departed for Big Elm. There were few buyers in the cotton exchange; most of them being at their offices and purchasing as rapidly as offerings and prices permitted, keeping in touch with the exchange by telephone. When the market came in at 21.12, it made the actual rise since the government report practically eight dollars a bale.

"Eight dollars a bale on five hundred bales means—whew!" Old Dave commented as he drove to Big Elm. "Of course, Jack started buying at five-dollars-a-bale loss, and it should average around six-fifty to seven dollars. But that's stout. Poor old Jack."

When he arrived at Big Elm, there was no crowd around the office of Jack Wacker. In addition, there was no Wacker to be seen inside. Old Dave glanced up and down the street with a wrinkled brow and then went in.

The office was vacant, but when he went through the sample-room door he found Wacker and his clerk quietly taking cotton samples the size of a youth's football out of a number of burlap sacks and arranging them on the tables. Wacker looked up with a sober face.

"Hello, there, Rev. Dave Beach!" His ruddy countenance broke into a welcoming smile. "Right here on time to conduct this little funeral."

"Right to a dot," Old Dave answered. "Light's getting good now."

"We'll have these fished out of here in a minute and be ready for the services."

Old Dave put on his white cotton robe to prevent the flying lint from giving his clothing a Santa Claus appearance and produced his class book to record the numbers of the individual bales and the grades that he pronounced them.

"Dave," Wacker said when he had finished, "here are five hundred reasons for cotton buyers not gambling over government reports. Now pull out that pencil that makes the highest grades, and if D. O. Hord ever lets his buyers show a little mercy, be sure to use it now. I'll be in the office," he concluded.

Old Dave thought he smelled a mouse. He remembered the difficulty at Point several years previous, just before Wolfson went out of business. Wolfson was hung on a list of cotton and refused to see Old Dave grade it, and afterward proclaimed that Old Dave had robbed him, declaring that it was an average middling list of cotton worth five dollars a bale higher than Old Dave had classed it. Wolfson had refused to accept the grade and had caused all manner of trouble and arbitration, even refusing the arbitration. Hord had finally been forced to take a loss of two dollars and fifty cents a bale in grade as a compromise.

So Old Dave said, "No, you stay here, Jack. You might think I'd grade some bales too low if you didn't see them."

Wacker shook his head. "Dave, I've seen all of that list of agony I want to"—and walked out of the room.

Old Dave followed and attempted to induce him to remain, but Wacker sat down in a chair, propped his feet on another and gazed into space, refusing to move.

"A bad sign," thought Old Dave as he returned to the sample room and began to work; the clerk remaining to sack the samples as Old Dave graded them for expressing to Dallas. With the market up eight dollars a bale and getting higher, Old Dave worked rapidly. He could hear Wacker in the front office from time to time talking to the farmers.

"Get out of here. I don't want any cotton," he would jocosely order his customers out. "No, just stay as long as you like. Pull up a chair and tell me about your crop. No, I don't want to buy any cotton. I'm delivering five hundred bales back there, and I've made enough money to retire, so I'm not going to buy another bale."

Or he would inform a customer who appeared with a sample of his bale with the price bid up until it was above its actual value: "Listen, I don't want to buy that bale. If I don't make fifteen dollars on each bale I handle, I won't buy it, and there's only a profit of twelve-fifty in that bale of yours, and that's just chili money. Come back when you've got a bargain."

Or: "You say he bid you 21⅝ and you didn't take it? Two fools met. Run catch him before he backs out."

Just about noon, when Old Dave had more than half completed his classing, he heard Wacker gleefully exclaim: "Well, well, if here isn't the hope of the white race. Come in, Christopher Columbus George Washington Robert E. Lee Wacker. What are you doing out of school?"

"It's time for dinner, daddy." Old Dave recognized the voice of Wacker's chubby ten-year-old.

"Well, now, you and mother go ahead. I'm busy and won't have time to come today. So run along."

"Mamma wants you to get me a new pair of overalls, daddy," the ten-year-old continued. "She says she's fixed these as much as she can."

"Yes, sir-ree," Wacker heartily agreed. "How can a boy run with the gals without good overalls? You just tell your mother to take you to Eli Exstein's after school and charge a real good pair to me. Get a pair with white pin stripes running up and down."

"But, daddy, this morning mamma took me there and Mr. Eli wouldn't let her have them," the boyish voice objected. "He said our bill was too big. Mamma cried."

Silence followed. The clerk, in pushing a sample that had been graded into the burlap sack, glanced at Old Dave. Except for the pencil scratching the paper in Old Dave's class book, silence continued for some moments, and then there was the soft sound of bare feet leaving the outer office. Old Dave hastily unbuttoned his cloth robe, ran a hand into a trousers pocket and handed a bill to the clerk.

"Slip out that back door and catch that kid and fix him up."

The clerk took the bill and departed in haste. A few minutes later Old Dave removed his cloth coat, that was now covered with lint, stepped over the loose cotton that had accumulated on the floor from the trimming of the samples and entered the front office. At the sound of his feet, Wacker's head lifted from the desk and an ashy face looked at Old Dave. But the voice was as jocose as usual when he replied to Old Dave's suggestion: "Let's go get something to eat."

"Why, I ate yesterday," Wacker declared in feigned indignation.

Old Dave insisted and Wacker slowly rose, and they went in search of food.

About the middle of the afternoon, when the last sample had been classed and sacked, Old Dave totaled the different grades. He had classed the list as three hundred and fifty-two creamy and trash-free strict middlings, one hundred and thirty-eight nice flat white middlings, and only ten smoky and trashy strict lows.

"A nice-enough class for anybody that's not looking for trouble," Old Dave considered the totals. He removed his cloth coat, brushed off some of the lint that had caught on his lower trousers legs and went into the front office, where Wacker was still seated in the chair gazing into space.

"Here's the class," Old Dave said, exhibiting his class book.

Wacker took the book and gazed at the figures, then extracted from a drawer in the desk a slip of paper containing the grades he had called the bales and compared them.

"That's a better class than if I had stayed in there and argued with you on each sample, Dave," Wacker announced. "Thanks for the favor, old-timer. Did Hord tell you to give me a good class?"

"Nope. I just gave you the benefit of the doubt on samples in between grades, without taking a loss. You need it this time. I'll make it up next time."

"You lose, Dave," Wacker said. "I don't think there's going to be any next time. I'm afraid I'm going out like Lottie's eye. But let's go down to the bank, and then see what's what."

Old Dave followed Wacker down to the old red-brick building, where they obtained the yard tickets, and Old Dave made an invoice of the numbers, ran up the weights on the sole adding machine and then multiplied by the price.

When he had arrived at a total, he asked the teller, "Would you mind checking my figures?"

The teller took the slip of paper. After a pause he said, "They're correct, but ——" and gazed dubiously at the slip and then at Old Dave.

"But what?" Old Dave asked.

In reply, the teller walked to the rear of the bank, while Old Dave stared and saw his back enter the office of the cashier. Old Dave rummaged in his brief case, extracted his draft book and was writing out a draft at the counter when a voice snapped: "What kind of a theft are you attempting to make?"

Old Dave wheeled to gaze into the steel-rimmed spectacles of Mr. Winston. "Don't believe I heard you clearly," Old Dave said.

Winston shook the figures in Old Dave's face. "I say what kind of robbery is this?"

"This doesn't happen to be robbery," Old Dave replied quietly. "It's worse. This is tragedy."

"It looks like a frame-up between you two to rob this bank," Winston snapped. "Why, this cotton is figured at almost ten dollars a bale under today's market."

Old Dave looked curiously at the excited banker. "Exactly," he affirmed. "That cotton was sold before the government report."

"What?"

"I went to a correspondence school and learned how to quit stut-stuttering," Old Dave answered. "I thought I said without stammering that the cotton was sold before the government report."

Winston wheeled upon Wacker. "Is that correct?" he demanded.

Wacker nodded. "Right as a fox that's eaten a five-pound hen."

The banker was taken back. He stood nonplused a moment, and then snapped, "Come into my office."

*(Continued on Page 108)*

# "TO HELP YOU MAKE THESE DELIGHTFUL SUPPERS EVEN MORE ENJOYABLE . . .

"I wonder if there is any meal of the week more thoroughly enjoyable than the Sunday-evening supper," says Miss Gibson, of the Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company. "Delicious foods so attractively arranged on buffet and table; cold meats or fowl; a crusty loaf and sweet butter; a bowl of salad materials; crisp pickles spiced so appetizingly—so very good; olives; rich, thick preserves; refreshing tea or fragrant coffee!

"So thoroughly enjoyable a meal because it is so *flavorful* . . . and perhaps because it is *leisurely* so that we have more time to enjoy the flavor.

"Are there any delicacies that give half so much flavor to the supper meal as pickles and olives? How many times in your experience have they saved a scant supper from mediocrity? Especially such pickles as Heinz makes . . . The tenderest cucumbers and gherkins, cauliflower, pearl onions—prepared in a vinegar that has been aged in the wood for months, until it develops both fruity flavor and bouquet—to which has been added delicate spices personally selected by Heinz representatives in the Orient . . . Or the mustard pickles, immersed in that delightfully piquant mustard sauce . . . And Heinz Olives both plain and stuffed from Heinz own plant in the Seville district of Spain where the plump Queen Olive and the delightful Manzanilla Olive grow to perfection. Ripe Olives, too—this time from California—for no other ripe olives are quite so good.

"Of course they give flavor to your meals because they have so much flavor to give! Crunchy morsels of goodness—all delightful! For supper—for dinner—for lunch—for picnics! Take your choice—Sweet Mixed Pickles, Sweet Mustard Pickle, Sweet Gherkins, Sour Mixed Pickles, Sour Spiced Gherkins, Chow Chow Pickle, Fresh Cucumber Pickle, Fresh Cucumber Relish, India Relish, Spanish Queen Olives, Spanish Manzanilla Olives, Stuffed Spanish Olives—all made or packed by Heinz.

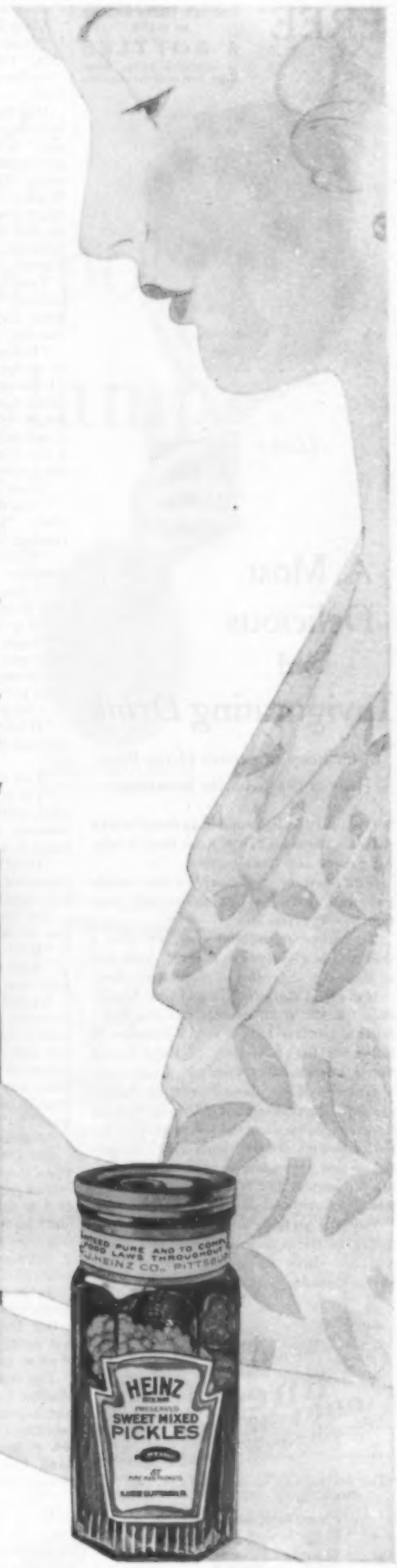
*"Two menus—one for Sunday supper—one for the late supper—that are tasty and good . . .*

**"SUNDAY-EVENING SUPPER MENU—**

*"Heinz Olives • Sliced cold Ham arranged in Cornucopia style and stuffed with Potato Salad. Serve on platter of Crisp Lettuce. Heinz Mustard Pickles. • Hot Rolls • Tea • Heinz Apple Butter.*

**"LATE-SUPPER MENU—**

*"Creamed Chicken and Ham with Heinz Olives. Heinz Preserved Sweet Mixed Pickles. Hot Rolls. Heinz Sandwich Relish Sandwiches. Nuts • Coffee • Mints"*




©H. J. H. CO. '30

ONE OF THE **57**

**ENJOY THESE RADIO TALKS** • *Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Daylight Time, Miss Gibson of the Home Economics Dept., H. J. Heinz Co., will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA, and 34 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company.*

# HEINZ PICKLES, RELISHES

# FREE

Enough Hires Extract to make
**8 BOTTLES**
of delicious Hires Root Beer. Just mail the coupon.

## A Most Delicious and Invigorating *Drink*

*In millions of homes Hires Root Beer is the favorite beverage.*

WITH a distinctive, appealing flavor which delights the taste, Hires Root Beer is winning more and more people.

Won't you *try* it, please? We feel certain you, too, will love its flavor and your family will praise it.

To make such a trial easy, we offer a free trial bottle of Hires Extract—sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer.

If the trial delights you and your family, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-size bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 bottles of Hires Root Beer, costing 1½c per bottle, compared to what you usually pay.

Millions of families all over the Nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's invigorating and appetizing ingredients, including Vitamin B and Mineral Salts. Utterly free from artificial color and flavor.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

*At fountains ask for Hires or buy it in bottles.*

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, *Dept. M*
Philadelphia, Pa. (10-7-26-31)

Please send me free sample of Hires Root Beer Extract

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

*City*..... *State*.....

Print name and address plainly

*Canadians may mail coupon to The Charles E. Hires Co. Ltd., Toronto*


*(Continued from Page 106)*

They followed him into the room.

"Now, I don't know what to make of this," the banker continued when seated. "On the face of it, it appears that you two have ——"

Old Dave interrupted. "Just a minute before you say something you had better not," he said evenly. "You've popped off and intimated an attempt to swipe something. D. O. Hord, Dave Beach and Jack Wacker don't do business that way. Because you seem to be excited, I passed it up, but the next time it happens I bat you between the eyes." He leaned forward slightly.

The banker glared through his steel-rimmed spectacles at the stocky old man, then turned to Wacker and commanded: "Explain this."

"It doesn't take a cross-word-puzzle artist to figure it out," Wacker said breezily. "I thought the market would break and that a short sale of five hundred bales would get me well from that big loss last spring, so I just called up Dave and sold D. O. Hord & Co. five hundred bales the night before the government report."

"How do I know you sold the cotton?"

"You don't have to know," Wacker replied; "but unless you are good at mind reading, you wouldn't know."

"Where is the contract?" the banker persisted.

"I don't know," Wacker replied. "It may be in my office."

"May be?" shouted the banker.

"Yeah, may be. I suppose the Dallas office sent a confirmation of the sale over the phone. That's about all the contract there is."

"Can you find it?"

"If I didn't throw it in the wastebasket, I suppose it is still on my desk. Want to see it?"

"I do want to see it."

"I'll try to find it, then," Wacker replied, and arose. He returned after a short absence, during which Old Dave had listened to a sermonette on cotton gambling.

"Here it is," Wacker said wearily, and presented the confirmation. "I found it in the wastebasket."

The banker perused it thoroughly. "So you throw them in the wastebasket?"

"Most of the time. Why not?"

"Why not? Do you think I throw my note case in the wastebasket?"

Wacker grinned broadly. "No, you wouldn't never do that. But cotton men usually do. Why, I just call up Dave and sell him some cotton, and he comes and classes it and pays for it, and it doesn't make any difference what the market has done in the meantime. What use is a contract?"

"Business," snapped the banker.

Old Dave interrupted: "Mr. Winston, when there are around five million bales of cotton grown in Texas each year, and most of it is sold in three or four months, you don't have time to draw up contracts with witnesses and file them at the courthouse."

"Of course, but telephone contracts are poor ones," the banker replied. "Now, there is another matter ——" He arose precipitately and went into the cage.

Old Dave thought that Wacker's face was losing its natural color. He glanced at Wacker again.

The face of the local buyer was ashy. Wacker slumped in his chair. Old Dave had a premonition of disaster, which was confirmed when the banker returned in a few moments with a slip of paper in his hand and his thin lips compressed in a straight line.

"This cotton is not going to be shipped to D. O. Hord & Co., or anyone else just now," the banker stated positively. When he had seated himself, he continued, "At this price, Wacker, you will not only lose your margin of twenty-five hundred dollars but, in addition, will leave a deficit in your account of nearly one thousand dollars. I do not propose to see this bank hooked to fulfill a word-of-mouth contract for fifty thousand dollars."

Wacker's countenance was drained of all its color. He gazed out the barred window. On the vacant lot a Negro was tinkering with a dilapidated automobile.

"I will sell this cotton myself on the present market," the banker continued, "and will deposit the proceeds to your account, and what money you have left you may turn over to Messrs. Hord & Co., if you wish, or you may retain part of it for margin and continue to buy cotton, on the condition that you never gamble again."

"That would put me out of the cotton business itself," Wacker said in a far-off voice, still contemplating the Negro and his car. "Failure to deliver on a contract gives a man a black eye, and no decent concern will deal with him. I might as well go out the other way and keep my name clean."

But the banker was not to be stopped. "There is no absolute need for you to go broke," he persisted. "You cannot be compelled by law to deliver this cotton. See here"—he extended the confirmation of sale to unseeing eyes—"you haven't even signed it. Nor have you sent the original back to D. O. Hord & Co. And a telephone contract is difficult to uphold in the courts. On the market today you have a profit of approximately fifteen hundred dollars in the five hundred bales. With that, you can not only retire the remainder of the note made last spring, when you took a twelve-thousand-dollar loss, but you can pay your bills. I saw your wife crying this morning when she came out of Exstein's."

Old Dave saw Wacker's face wince.

"Eli Exstein told me why. Your boy is almost ragged, and if you deliver this cotton on the sale to D. O. Hord & Co. you will lose even your margin of twenty-five hundred dollars your friends raised for you at the start of the season. The only thing you will have left is your home."

Wacker slumped lower in his chair. The Negro on the vacant lot was tightening something with a wrench.

"If you think this violates the strict honor of a cotton buyer, please forget it," the banker continued. "I'm not insisting that you do something dishonest. There is a law that was designed to give a man a fresh start in life when disaster is certain. It is the bankruptcy law. You can legally take bankruptcy. No man was ever closer to it, Jack." The banker softened his voice: "Your friends will be returned their margin, your debts in Big Elm will be liquidated, and D. O. Hord & Co. will receive all the law allows and your honor will be retained at the same time."

Old Dave looked narrowly at Wacker. During the last moments of the banker's talk the slump in Wacker's body had noticeably lessened. That ashy color that had been in evidence throughout the interview with Winston was now leaving. His countenance gradually assumed its natural, healthy ruddiness. Wacker ceased to consider the Negro's efforts with the car and sat upright. A smile played over his features at this unexpected limb held out to him on the swift edge of the whirlpool; the one way out provided for unfortunates drawn into the financial maelstrom by errors of judgment or simple misfortune. The ruddy glow in his face was even reflected in the chill mask of the little banker, which grew warmer, and Old Dave Beach, in thinking of the sleepless nights and pinchings of penury that Wacker must have experienced since last spring, nearly lost sight of the interests of D. O. Hord & Co., who had entered in good faith, through a fagged buyer's failure to think, into a five-hundred-bale telephonic contract over a

government report. Then the ruddy-apple color in Wacker's face slowly drained away, leaving the dead paleness of cold ashes. Old Dave saw knots appear in the muscles at the bend of the jaw and the lips straighten to a single line as he shook his head.

"But that ain't cotton, ice box," he told the banker through set teeth. "I won't take bankruptcy."

Little Winston arose from his chair with an air of finality. He was once again the impersonal man of cold business. "Then I will sell this cotton at the proper time to protect my bank."

Wacker's face relaxed into utter weariness and then smiled faintly, as if a pleasant thought had struck him. "No, you won't, ice box. I might as well let the tail go along with the hide. If I ship this cotton out I'll owe you only about one thousand dollars. That home of mine is worth around three thousand dollars, and I'll give you a deed to it for 'one dollar and other valuable considerations,'" he mimicked, "to take care of you and, partly, the boys who put up my margin."

Something of a trace of admiration was evident in the mask of the little banker as he said quietly: "Very well. I'll prepare the deed at once. You may ship the cotton to D. O. Hord & Co."

There was a queer light dancing in the eyes of Old Dave Beach as he held out his hand to Wacker, then asked, "Is there a phone here?"

Wacker nodded, struggled up and led Old Dave into the cage to the instrument, where Old Dave placed a call for Hord at Dallas. After a few minutes' delay, he heard Hord's voice.

"Did you get that cotton, Dave?" Hord asked anxiously, as soon as he discovered who his caller was.

"I did, and it'll be shipped pronto, so it can make the boat," Old Dave replied.

Perhaps Old Dave forgot the rule of Hord that conversations be limited as much as possible to keep down that terrific overhead of telephone tolls, or perhaps he intentionally violated it, for he related in detail the circumstances of the clean delivery of the five hundred bales without argument or question, the refusal of Wacker to accept the haven of easy bankruptcy and the sacrifice made to fulfill the telephonic contract.

"Fine, Dave—fine," Hord declared when Old Dave had finished. "I was worried. Wacker's a man."

"And now, D. O., another thing," Old Dave continued.

"What is it, Dave?"

"I've dealt with Wacker eight or nine years."

"Yes."

"I've bought around four or five thousand bales a year from him."

"Yes."

"The best cotton in my territory."

"I know it."

"Well, I don't think that a million-dollar firm like D. O. Hord & Co. should sit idly by and see a good client and a square-shooter like Jack Wacker go to the wall for the lack of a few thousand bones that he can make back in a season by doing a merchandising business."

"What do you want me to do, Dave?"

"Guarantee to the bank to pay for all the cotton Wacker wants to buy and let him ship it to you every day and draw drafts on you for cost plus his profit, and then take his note for enough money to put him on his feet. I'll indorse the note, D. O., if necessary."

That rare faculty to make lightning decisions which had raised Hord from the status of a country buyer to a world place in spot cotton was never more evident as he said: "A man like Wacker doesn't need any indorsement on his note with me, Dave. Now put that bank cashier on the phone."

Something of a cherubic smile played about the now placid face of Old Dave Beach as he glanced at Jack Wacker, bowled over in a heap in a near-by chair, and then waddled back to the cashier's office to say, "Mr. Winston, you're wanted on the phone."

# Costs as *Little* as postage stamps

**The least expensive refrigeration is the simple, noiseless kind that Electrolux gives you**

You can operate an Electrolux for half what you probably pay for ice. As little as 50 cents a month in some localities. And no matter where you live, your operating expense is nearly always much less than with any other automatic refrigerator.

And that's not all. Electrolux is absolutely noiseless. There's never a sound to get on your nerves. This refrigerator can't make a sound, because it has no machinery. Not a single moving part to wear, to vibrate, to grow noisy—no matter how long you have it.

A tiny gas flame and a mere trickle of water make the cold and freeze the ice simply, silently, economically. There's no stopping and starting, and so the temperature remains constantly, evenly low.

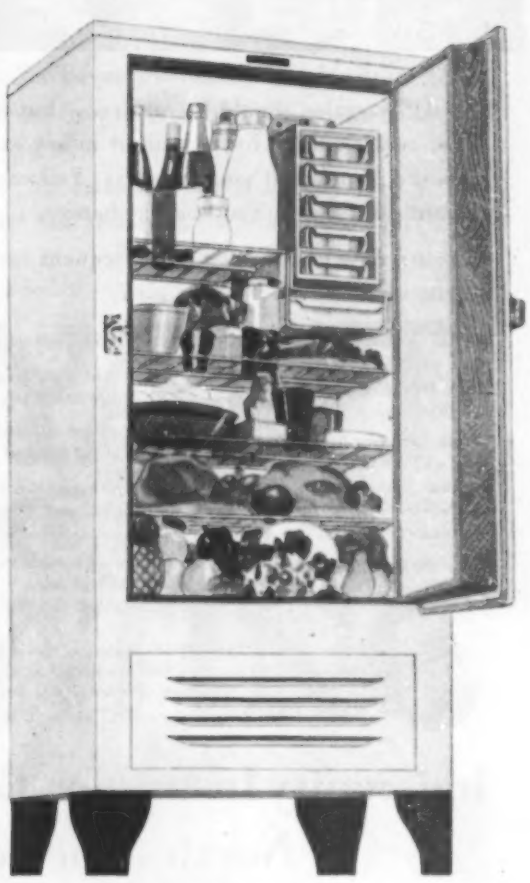
The refrigerant is sealed for life inside a rigid one-piece steel unit. It never needs renewal. Even the tiny gas flame is safeguarded perfectly. The gas shuts off automatically should the flame ever go out. Where there are no city mains, Electrolux can be operated just as easily with Pyrofax Gas.

Electrolux today is the choice for fine new homes and apartments all over the country. Yet prices are only $195 to $430, f.o.b. factory. Liberal purchase terms. Many sizes and models. See your gas company or other Electrolux distributor. And for complete details write Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., Evansville, Ind.

**ELECTROLUX**

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

*A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts*



Hostess Model Electrolux shown above has 9.9 square feet of shelf space and makes 45 large ice cubes

# Don't let an accident spoil your vacation

YOUR vacation should be carefree—but not to the extent of recklessness. Even a minor injury can detract much from the pleasure of your holidays. You can have plenty of fun and exercise without taking chances.

Here are ways to avoid the most frequent causes of disability during vacation time:

If you motor, drive carefully and note road warnings. Wear goggles when riding in an open car to avoid eye injuries.

When barefoot in bathing costume, look out for broken glass and nails. If you cannot swim, stay in shallow water. Do not dive in dangerous places.

Use care in walking over unfamiliar ground in the dark, and look out for unexpected steps and sudden drops.

Avoid handling strange plants, as there are many poisonous varieties.

Beware of unfriendly dogs. Also be careful around horses.

Take precautions against insect bites, and if bitten severely, seek immediate medical treatment.

In all circumstances, be your usual, careful self.

Even with the exercise of greatest care, insurance is an economic necessity. The agent of this Company in your city will be pleased to study your insurance problems and assist you in arranging needed insurance.

## Indemnity Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

*and affiliated North America Companies write practically every form of insurance except life.*


# THE GOLDEN LITTORAL

(Continued from Page 5)

all night and sang wherever and whatever anyone wished. They never, it seemed, grew weary; their good humor, like their store of melody, was inexhaustible. The dinners there were in a room long like the court, open upon it, and they were cheerful dinners; there was a great deal of pleasant nonsense, and yet, in spite of so much, an entire simplicity of hospitality and of charm.

Another house, more serious but not less hospitable, was, by custom, definitely intellectual; its interest directed upon the humanities and the arts. There it was always possible to find conversation not only serious but highly informed. It did not do to announce any half understood or hastily considered ideas. The Philistine, if he happened to be present through necessity or error, had, if he announced himself, an unfortunate mental adventure. At that house, however, it was not the extreme urbanity of intellect that was most notable, but a clearly perceptible solidity of ideas, an insistent decency of outlook. In reality, the whole air was pervaded by a rigid conception of morality as honor, of charity as a necessity; the obligation of family was tremendous. It was all, of course, conducted with immense resources and formality; a minute envelope with a card informed me whom I was to take to dinner; names were announced at the drawing-room door; the food was nothing short of miraculous; the music there took the form of concerts, celebrated performers, that had to be attended with polite care.

A third house was engaging because of the civilized beauty of its furnishing, and notable for its lunches. All the traditions of English buffets, the delicacy of hot-cold French culinary accomplishment, were joined to the endless resources of native American cooking; and the result, the multiplication of covered silver dishes, of casseroles and platters, was distracting. But more than the existence of superlative food distinguished it—the house held a family so individual, so decided, that every remark had the force of exploding dynamite. An opinion about, perhaps, a crock of beans was delivered with a crash. It was, because of this, a very tonic place, and fatal to all personal uncertainties. When things or individuals were disliked there, it was a pleasure to hear the phrases descriptive of that conviction. Opinions were never adroit sails trimmed for merely politic winds. On the other hand, there was an equally positive and unassailable body of approval. A ringing vocabulary of praise. The furniture was unique; there was not a print on the walls, an object on the tables, that wasn't individually entrancing. Literally nothing was wrong. Lovely colors, fascinating shapes, beautiful services. A constant air of excitement, of drama, enveloped it all: Engagements and arrivals conducted by long-distance telephones; endless messages from the North, from California, from Mexico and Europe. Airplanes and automobiles and transcontinental trains were simply part of the domestic service.

### *Last Abode of the Grand Manner*

That, already, was a sufficient diversity of houses; there were others different still; and yet, within rigid requirements, quite the same. There was, perhaps, the last place I knew of in the United States where the grand manner was still at a formal perfection. A house inhabited by a genius of incorruptible manners. In it entertainment was so flawless that it appeared to be without effort of any kind. Nowhere else, I was certain, were there so many and such unobtrusive servants. The scale of everything was spacious. It was, though, more than a pleasant social paradise; the manner of its conduct, the worldly wisdom of its air—a human attainment swiftly vanishing in the undistinguished progress of democracies—owned a dignity, a force of example, that could not be ignored. When this house was gone, when its exact courtesy was lost, none would ever take its place. That insistence on the dignity of personal existence, the tremendous amounts expended upon a social ideal, must be lost. The art of politeness, then, suffer irreparable injury.

The parties, the dinners, I have been concerned with were all within dwellings; they were private. Dinners, as well, occurred at restaurants and clubs; but they, commonly, were young and gayer. With dancing. Dinners and suppers were always in progress at Marguery's, at the Patio Lamaze, at Arthur Hand's Colony Restaurant, the Embassy Club and at the Oasis, with a few in the Everglades Club. In the course of the night a dinner often conducted itself to each of these places in turn, ending at the Colony, where, invariably, at that hour, every table was crowded. Looking back, I can see that all this was wholly frivolous, a succession of material and, I have no doubt, trivial pleasures. It was by deliberate intention and fixed effort. It was the expression of a determination, with every material resource for happiness, to be materially happy.

### *Trolling for Sailfish*

The dinners and music, appropriate to the night, were followed through the morning by a beach burning with color and sunlight, and lying inside the dark band of the Gulf Stream. At the extreme, the upper, end of Palm Beach, an inlet, a narrow place of sudden difficulties, was open to the sea; and there, at a public wharf, it was customary for the boats devoted to sailfishing to leave upon their engagement. It was never easy, for when the sea was calm sailfish were few or wholly absent; the northeast wind the fish preferred made navigation in comparatively small boats an exact affair. Outside the inlet there was a space of dull water, thick from the land, and suddenly, at its outer edge, the Gulf Stream opposed the incredible blueness of its purity and depth. It was, more than any other color, indigo, a blue at once transparent and apparently—it was so dark—black. When there were whitecaps the whiteness was dazzling; trails of bubbles hissed literally bursting out of its clear liquid solidity. Boats rode upon it with an amazing buoyancy. It was impossible to become accustomed, indifferent, to that utter blueness. A fabulous beauty, a celestial fascination, dwelt in it.

This, I am certain, formed a large part of the inexhaustible charm of sailfishing. The fish themselves—a brilliant variety of swordfish with a great, proud dorsal fin—were handsome, fine and swift and voracious, filled with courage. At times they traveled, in late winter from north to south, in schools, twenty or fifty or one hundred swam down the coast together, their narrow tails above the water; or they cruised—they were only to be sighted—alone. A sailfish tail was an infinitesimal mark on the sweep of the ocean; and, often, with a puzzled interest, I watched Sherrick Hiscock, standing on the cabin of his boat, discovering them at long distances. In a never-failing excitement he would call down to John, his assistant; then there was a sudden energy of speed, a boiling white wake; and, below and in the path of the sailfish, trolling began. I could see a sailfish, like a bar of silver in the blue-black water, when he was beside my bait. He would roll easily from side to side, forty feet away, considering the mullet John had prepared and bound fast to the hook.

If he liked the mullet there was a slight tap, no more than a faint vibration of the line, and twenty or thirty more feet of line instantly run off from the reel. Then, perhaps, the sailfish would take the bait in his mouth; he'd pull more firmly; swim away with it. Throughout that, nothing could be done but drop off more line and wait.

(Continued on Page 113)

# "Lazy man's paradise" ~ a Bryant furnace room

WITH Bryant Gas Heating the only furnace-tending required is the winding of an 8-day clock, conveniently located above-stairs. A semi-occasional trip to the furnace room is all the "basement attention" needed. The service which Bryant Gas Heating provides is so completely automatic that no one, in or out of the household, is sentenced to be furnace-man. ★ Your gas company delivers the fuel through a pipe—there's no refuse to cart away—no revolving parts to require servicing—no manual labor of any kind—nothing but ample heat constantly maintained at the day and night temperatures you prefer. ★ That's why more than one Bryant owner has called Bryant Automatic Gas Heating *"the greatest single convenience ever offered the American home."*

*For steam, vapor, hot water and warm air systems in old houses and new residences, large and small*

With a Bryant Boiler or Furnace in your home, you can—throw away your coal shovel—junk your ash can—eliminate all fuel storage of any kind—make a single match your winter's kindling—greatly lighten the daily housework—save rugs, paint and upholstery and postpone redecorating.

Tend furnace by the calendar, not by the clock—do away with dangerous ups-and-downs of inside temperature—hold temperatures constant within a single, thermometer-measured degree—live in a warm house, sleep in a cool one—laugh at blizzards—enjoy winter and *let your pup be your furnace man.*

# BRYANT GAS HEATING

For complete information about Bryant Gas Heating write

THE BRYANT HEATER & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
17893 St. Clair Avenue · · Cleveland, Ohio

664

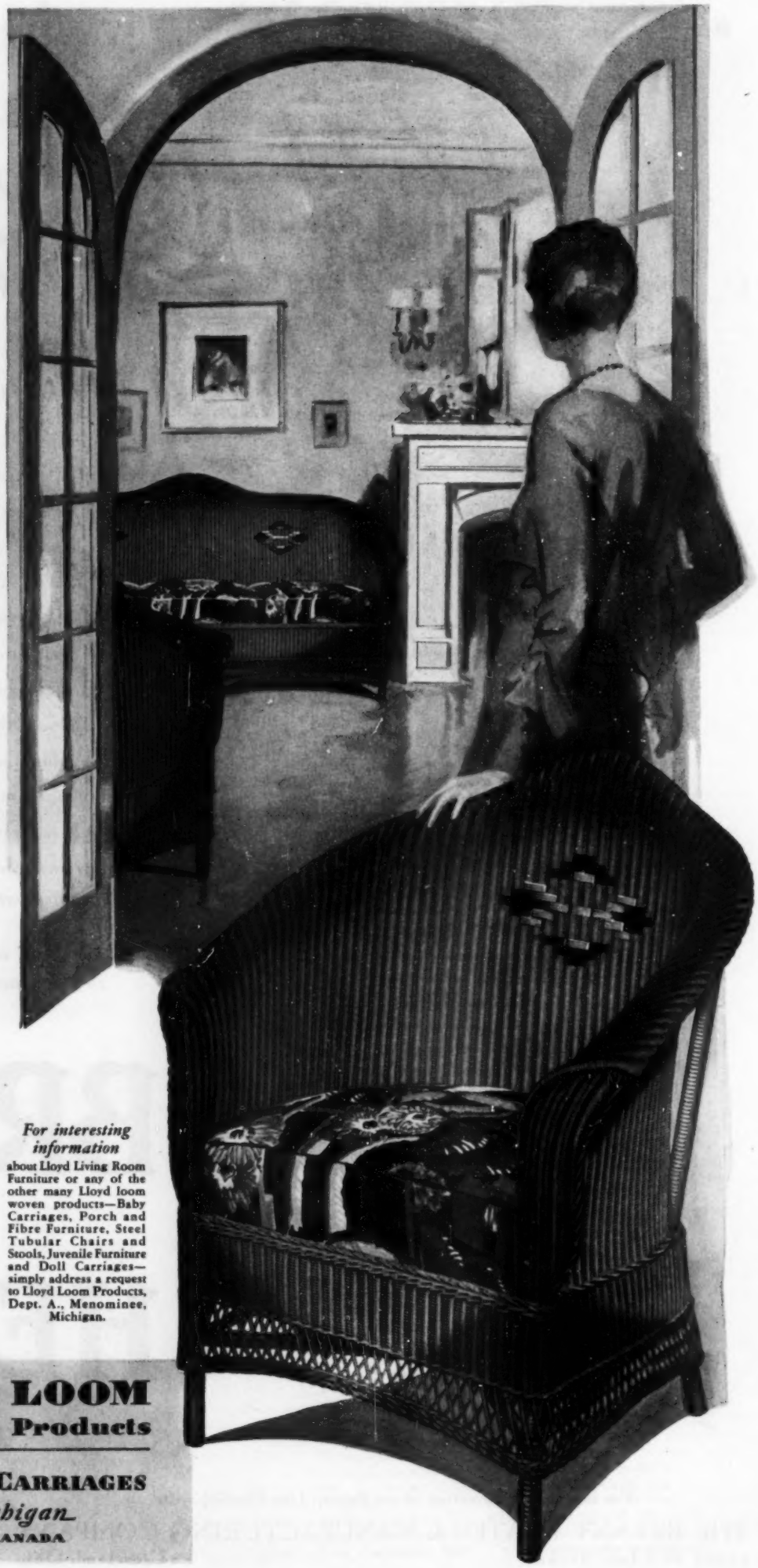
# This new custom *of making living rooms look cool*

It started in the smarter homes. You see more of it everywhere you go each Summer. People sensibly are dressing their living quarters for the season and the temperature—appropriately applying the psychology of a cool appearance to the interior of their homes.

It is so easy to do. One immediately offsets the oppressiveness of heavier furniture and decorations by introducing a few airy, colorful, Lloyd loom woven pieces—charming in design and available in finishes that blend beautifully with any established decorative scheme.

Light in weight for all its strength and durability, this Lloyd furniture may be moved about from room to room without assistance. A woman with a flair for decorative ingenuity finds it gratifying to indulge in her whims for rearrangements the instant they occur to her. And the Lloyd suite she buys now will be a source of interesting room changes that she can effect the entire year 'round.

Starting next week and continuing throughout August, stores are making especially appealing displays of Lloyd furniture in a variety of color finishes and attractive upholsteries. Prices, due to the speed and manufacturing efficiency of the patented Lloyd looms, are surprisingly moderate.



*For interesting information*

about Lloyd Living Room Furniture or any of the other many Lloyd loom woven products—Baby Carriages, Porch and Fibre Furniture, Steel Tubular Chairs and Stools, Juvenile Furniture and Doll Carriages—simply address a request to Lloyd Loom Products, Dept. A., Menominee, Michigan.

PATENT PROCESS

**Lloyd LOOM Products**

REG U S PAT OFF

**FURNITURE & BABY CARRIAGES**

*Menominee, Michigan*

ORILLIA, ONTARIO, CANADA

(Continued from Page 110)

The swimming might suddenly increase in speed; it would turn into a rush; the line, apparently, melt from the reel, and then was the time to strike. This did not, it could not, stop him; the speed increased; a hundred more, a hundred and fifty, two hundred, yards of line would go; the swordfish, if he were still hooked, would jump; he'd jump and, out of water, standing on his tail, fight. What followed required patience and good fortune. It was customary to use a thin line, a rod with a light tip, for sailfishing; the line broke, the rod splintered, the fish threw the hook out of his mouth. A moment of inattention, of slackness, brought that about invariably.

### *Fish Chowder on Mills' Island*

It was always complicated by the state of the wind and of the Gulf Stream. The Hiscocks—Sherrick's brother was older and even more experienced—were celebrated fishermen, familiar with all the East Coast of Florida and with boats, and Sherrick made no point of waiting for comfortable days on the ocean; when he thought we should go out, he took me out through wind and over very pictorial ground swells; he was always the master of his situation, but, even in a chair bolted to the deck and with arms, I was at times precariously balanced. I managed to hook a sailfish on a day with a dark sky and no inconsiderable ground swell; the smooth and glassy waves were more than thirty feet high; the boat, on the rounded top of a wave, would slide steeply down into the succeeding hollow; a towering wall of blue water come up, and again the boat would rise.

I could plainly see my bait, far above or below me, off the stern; and, when I was at the bottom of the ground swell, a sailfish swept up and struck savagely at the impaled mullet. He seemed, for a second, like a metallic fish held fixed within the crest of a blue-glass mountain. I caught sailfish in winds and a cross sea when it took more skill to keep the water out of the boat than to get the fish into it. Every individual wave had to be watched and allowed for, taken on the quarter. I preferred, very privately, the slightly quieter days, even at a certain sacrifice of the chance for catching a sailfish. Everyone else was equally determined, or as reticent. The boats had two seats, facing the stern, for fishing. I seldom went out alone, and when women fished with me, casual in pantaloons and white rubber coats, they showed a most complete equanimity in the face of hard, cold winds and rough seas. They fished, the truth was, with art and an entire assurance. Or else they slept on the cabin roof, with cushions in the cockpit, or along the stern. They sang and smoked, fishing, and, not very often, they talked. Positive ideas, positive voices; a little harsh, it seemed, from the salt spray.

For lunch we invariably went in to Mills' Island, and there Mills, and Burt Hiscock, with a boat and people of his own, fried potatoes and broiled steaks over a wood fire. Burt varied that with a prodigious fish chowder. Only the Hiscocks and one or two other especially designated guides went to Mills' Island. Burt and, more particularly Mills, were very careful about it. Only people sufficiently well known to one another were ever familiar to the island. Its informality was a simple variety easily destroyed by differing elements or even by mere numbers. There was no doubt about whom Mills wanted to be present—he made that clear by direct and unqualified opinions and speech. Mills was, in addition to his exclusiveness of person, immoderately proud of the tomatoes he grew upon his island; they were a part of the lunches he helped to prepare; and he made a coffee so black, so strong, that he would not allow the tin pot to rest on his tables or benches. What it might do to the wood I never discovered.

A short white beach faced upon the inlet, and, after lunch, we lay upon it, relaxed or even asleep, while Sherrick and John caught fresh mullet in a purse net. It was, usually, still and hot; but when there were motorboat races at Palm Beach, on Lake Worth, a great confusion of explosions would assault the quiet. We could see the boats, with outboard motors, rounding a marking stake in sheafs of spray. Occasionally one sank. The beach at Mills' Island, the purple and white sunlight, the stir of the inlet, were both part of Palm Beach and wholly remote from it. The day, it seemed, was utterly divorced from the night. I was happy to be absorbed by such unpretentious, even primitive, surroundings. It was, I understood, a brief and artificial unpretentiousness, but it was a relief from the immediate surrounding elaboration; it, too, was pleasure. I watched women with five houses, and ten cooks, fifty servants, eat Mills' homely fried potatoes with a better appreciation than they ever showed to the perfection of their own tables. Sole prepared by Marguery was perfunctory compared to the flavors of Burt Hiscock's cunning with a Florida fish chowder.

The fishing was repeated in the afternoon; later the light grew very clear and delicate; the sea, when it was calm, was like a dark and faintly undulating blue banner. The shore, then, appeared thin and unreal; the distant palm trees might have been printed on the sky in a pale ink; Palm Beach was scarcely more than a luminous silhouette. I never, on such evenings, wanted to go back to the reality of the land, not even to the gayety, the parties, I had looked forward to. The parties suddenly seemed labored; the music vainly and secretly unhappy. Happiness, I thought, only belonged to simplicity. To the sun. Artifice—art, it might well be—had destroyed the only consummations desirable to retain. The dead fish in the boat, kept for salting, depressed me with their leaden-colored inertness, their folded fins and vanquished swords. The Gulf Stream became darker, the sky a more tender and coral hue; pelicans flew heavily over the treacherous swell at the inlet mouth.

### *Soaking Up the Sunshine*

It was different in the morning; the mornings actually were periods of recuperation from the long gayety of the nights; the beach, the beaches, then were filled with the entire bright world of Palm Beach. The Bath and Tennis Club, Seaspray, and the private sands of the dwellings faced on the ocean, made a panorama of brilliant bathing dress and relaxed dark bodies. There were rows of individual cabanes at the Bath and Tennis Club, wide canvas umbrellas and painted windbreaks, sea-water pools, a restaurant for lunches and vacuum bottles for ice and liquids. The Seaspray Club was simpler—the lunches there were brought from other sources and carried down to the beach by chauffeurs; nursemaids watched the food and convenience of their vigorous charges; there was a constant return of bathers to the ocean. It was possible there, under that sun, to bathe again and again, to add repeated burnings of salty darkness to bodies more exposed than not.

The clothes were wholly fantastic—wide orange pajamas with little green jackets, voluminous flowered skirts, impervious to water, tied on a long band about little waists; bathing suits, scraps of color without backs, white and black and blue and vermilion, or variegated; straw hats and rubber hats and ruffled, colored linen hats, like hollyhock flowers, enveloping chromatic mantles and glazed wraps. They were worn in short sallies over the beach, thrown aside for mere bathing suits, for the sea or the sun, or drawn close for the contrary purpose of protection from the tropically blazing light rays. Bodies lay without movement, immobile like bronze, for hours, saturated with freedom and air. They were, for the most part, strong and graceful bodies, tempered by hard, continuous exercise. The men, more commonly than not, were strong and spare, the solid boxes of their ribs overlaid with a clear play of muscles. The men swam for long distances in heavy seas; they ran a mile up the beach and back; they worked the champagne and cramping hours of backgammon out of their systems. Their virtues, their qualities, it was easy to see, were simple rather than intellectual; their best shared trait was an admiration for physical skill and endurance and for courage; they were, largely innocent of a vastly more difficult skill and courage of the mind, intent upon a very high conception of the power and grace possible to human bodies.

### *A New Social Aristocracy*

That, it seemed to me, was not a contemptible aim; under the circumstances, perhaps, it was the most laudable thing they could accomplish. I did not even object to the fact that their thoughts were without any great variety; they thought, naturally, about themselves and their games, their pleasures and active desires; all that, really, was commendable. The virtues of the mind, a passion for justice, the dignity and clarity of scientific conceptions, intellectual courage, were the results, the benefits, of extreme civilization, of especial, highly developed, times and men. Fortunately, although I had not lived in a cultivated era, I knew a number of impressive individual men of distinguished accomplishment; I valued them enormously, but I couldn't imagine a society, a world, composed of them. The mere thought of that appalled me. The payment for superiority was, naturally, isolation; great individuals were uncomfortable companions; they had, usually, neither time nor desire for companionship. More than that, they existed at the expense of the bodies which contained them; the bodies suffered; and they were awkward, inadequate, parents. At the Bath and Tennis Club eminent men appeared; they greatly enjoyed the sun and sea and the batteries of vacuum bottles; they were financiers and scientists and generals, engineers and industrial giants; but they were onlookers and not part of the scene, at Palm Beach, they decorated.

The truth about Palm Beach was clear—there, if it were still possible on earth, a new dominant social class was in the process of formation; out of it, maybe, fortunately or unfortunately, an aristocracy was stirring to birth. Signs of this were perceptible—a concentration of privilege and power and a deepening social consciousness. It was, still, the infancy of an aristocracy, for it had no acknowledged and indispensable responsibility. There was, yet, no conception of fixed, high accomplishment, of private honor and public dignity. An aristocracy, like other classes, must have an occupation and a purpose. The occupation must, finally, be useful and the purpose important. It was not enough to make money; it was not enough to be the patrons of scientific or charitable enterprise; it was certainly not enough to play games with skill and perfect the ways of pleasure.

The first affair of privileged men, I suppose, was government—government and its disreputable relative, politics. That, of course, had been true in the past, but the historical aristocracies met their obligations so badly that they lost their lives and privileges together. Democracies, experiments in popular government, took their place. The masses of men, in theory, governed themselves. In theory. Practically, that ideal has never been reached; the mass of men, it began to appear, was neither interested in government nor capable of exercising it. The necessary science and art of administration resided in particular and superior individuals. There should be a freedom from mean pressures, a recognized standard of honor, bound upon every public official. There ought to be a public integrity fatal to ignore. Men of honor still existed—able and privileged men—but there was no honorable and able class or division of society. The state, today, had no great examples of integrity or wisdom before it; the loud declaration that all men were equal had leveled the eminences of humanity and not raised its depths.

This might be cured by a state of society beyond the need of small payments and the fear of material threats, by individuals made cool and impersonal with privilege, by men in circumstances above the influence of bribes. The science and art of government not only required a firm spirit but long preparation and training; commerce was not a school for government; people in their whole capacity, and not especial interests, was its object. I saw no possibilities for so much at Palm Beach, but, it appeared to me, the beginning of a great deal might be precisely there. A hard, fine body, the qualities of even a physical courage, made at least a kindergarten for a later wisdom. Pleasure, as an end, would soon cease to be gratifying. The accumulation of money must fail as an impetus. The money, I clearly understood, was often no more than the inconsiderable result of a sheer vitality of being; yet society at Palm Beach was still so infantile that material possessions—the dinners and yachts and luxurious settings—were often regarded not so much as the accompaniment of a fine living but its final stamp and evidence.

The beauty of Palm Beach was so new to its owners, their social authority so lately established, that they mistook its happenings for the finality of their possible accomplishment. Infantile and healthy. I was bothered by the fact that, where I was concerned, it wasn't possible to write a novel about it. Examined closely on that plane, Palm Beach was trivial. An existence without background and undignified by significant struggle. The tragedies there were light and thin like champagne, its problems hardly deeper than the deliberations at backgammon. It was possible to be satirical about Palm Beach, or sentimental, but the drama, the passion, of human conflict, the material for a more serious attention, was absent.

It was a place of pleasure under palm trees, by a tropical sea, a never-ending idleness of gayety; when the gayety drooped and the season threatened to become too long, everyone, within a few days, deserted Palm Beach; it was left to caretakers and to those who were not characteristic. The people who formed its familiar brilliant spectacle, safe from the material disasters that make life humiliating and precarious and occasionally heroic, were petulant and arbitrary, tremendously concerned with small things. At Palm Beach—whatever their lives had been or were elsewhere—they were monotonous. Any long description of them in the terms of imagination would be monotonous. Without much meaning. Beauty and the picturesque were not synonymous; superlative social circumstance and servants in silver and white were, on paper, meaningless, or even ignominious, rather than engaging. The depths below all existence had, there, small recognition.

### *Where the Women Dominate*

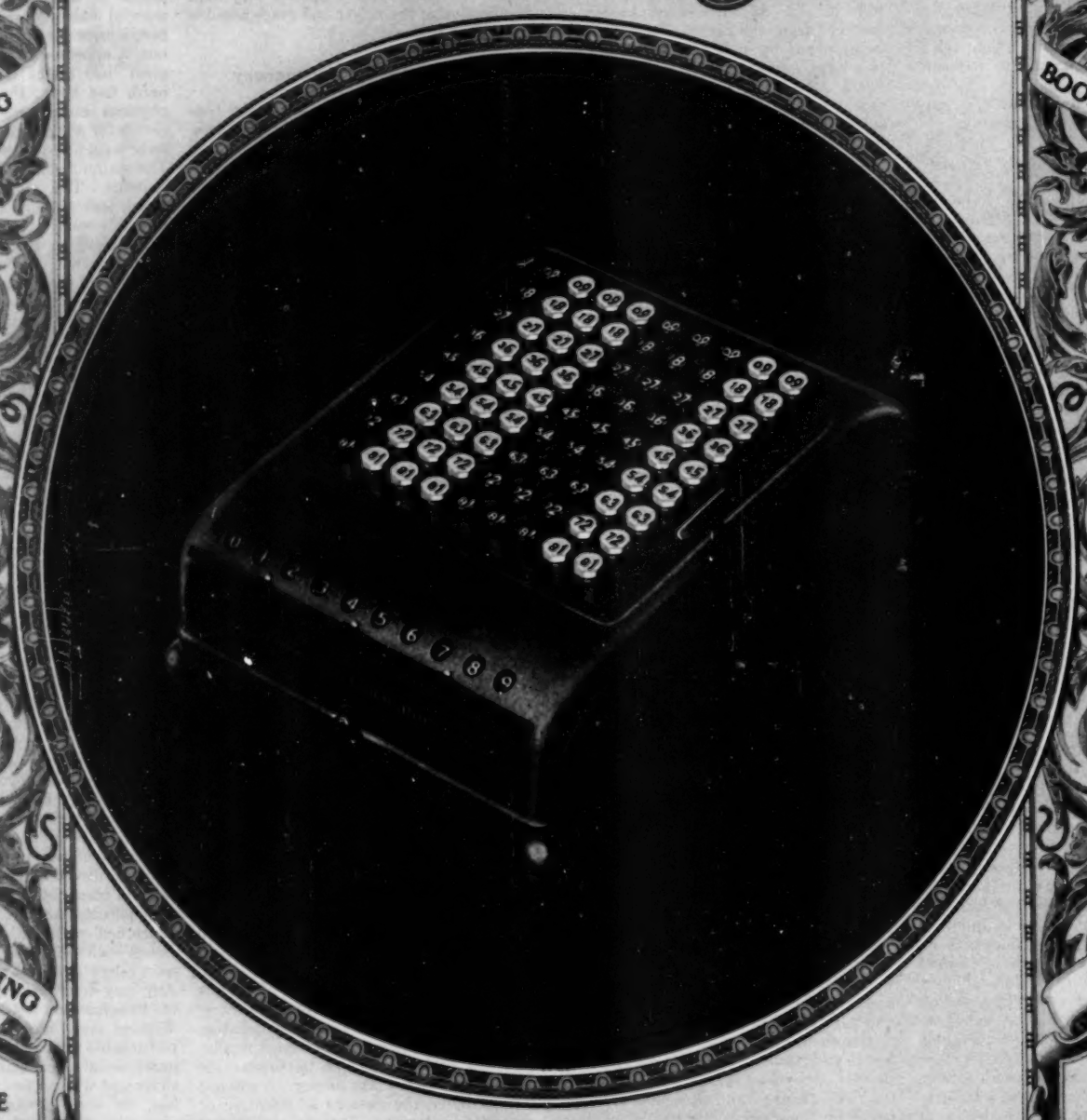
More, at least on the surface, was accomplished by the women at Palm Beach. The women easily dominated it. Palm Beach was supreme for their purpose. That, it was clear, was largely ornamental. Ornament and a social activity, rather than leisure or even emotion, occupied them. Leisure was the last thing they wanted—they were either furiously active or utterly relaxed. Parties and more parties and still more parties! They seldom exhibited a sign of satiation; if they were weary, no weariness was allowed to show itself; I never heard of a woman at Palm Beach who was sick. They were relentless in a constant stir and agitation of entertainment; made, it seemed to me, of an indestructible and flexible, a fine, metal. They were, like all creatures of power, largely insensitive; pleasant when it suited them, and not because that state might be either tactful or charming; they were tactful, too, when they chose, and as for their charm, you could take it or leave it; their

(Continued on Page 115)

# Burroughs

ADDING

BOOKKEEPING



CALCULATING

BILLING

SERVICE STATIONS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

SERVICE STATIONS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

## Burroughs Electric Calculator

New rapid computing machine with a light, short and uniform touch for all keys. Electric operation eliminates operator fatigue; prevents errors due to an incomplete stroke or other misoperation of a key.

Machine illustrated: Capacity 99,999,999.99
Price delivered in U.S.A., $300; in Canada, $360.

# Burroughs

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
6107 SECOND BOULEVARD DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 113)

charm—there was a great deal of it—existed in itself, independent of the men who might be overcome by it. They wore their fantastic or fascinating clothes neither for men nor other women, but for the pleasure such dress, such jewels, gave themselves.

Very few of the women were deeply rooted in the habits and privileges of position and gold and leisure. That was, mostly, quite new and seductive to them. They saw themselves, brilliant colored and roped in pearls, in the continuous mirrors of their startled and pleased consciousness. They did not, yet, take the privilege and position for granted. It was, without doubt, for the present anyhow, more gratifying that way. They were, in no small measure, escaped women. Escaped from narrow circumstance, from the burden of mechanical domestic obligations, at last they were able to disregard a narrow public circumscription that, in their hearts, they had always resented; in their imagination ignored. All those checks upon their secret and laudable desires lay no further than a generation or two, at most three, behind them; and their immediate relief was, in itself, enough for the present.

They continued to have children, but, now, with a minimum of nuisance to themselves; and that, as well, resulted in gain for the children. A calm and intelligent, yes, an unemotional, attitude toward the young—especially the young who would, probably, come into large possessions—was preferable to a mother's knee. Instead of subordination to a dangerous, a hampering, buffer of love, the children of Palm Beach had that menacing affection tempered with a highly trained care. They were given, in place of sugar plums, a reasonable diet. Their manners, I must say, like their bodies, were better than those of children in less especial and prodigious circumstances. The women, the mothers, did not allow their maternal engagement to interfere with the luxury of their lately gained freedom. They kept—the dream of every woman—what good looks they possessed far into, at times past, what once was an early and depressing middle age. In a way, middle age had vanished. The duration of their charm, their individuality, had been lengthened by ten, by fifteen and twenty, years.

### *À Bas Sentiment*

They were, naturally, very happy about that. Their importance, their appearance, gained rather than lost at thirty and after. This was so new, so entrancing, that they were under no necessity to find a meaning or a use in their multiplied power. It was, as I have intimated, enough in itself. They weren't—not just then—consumed by love, by a romantic impulse to lose themselves in a man. There wasn't a perceptible hunger for sacrifice. They took—the women in Palm Beach—their men coolly. With a slightly weary, a skeptical and critical, eye. The exceptions were notable by their scarcity. The girls, particularly, were reasonable about the available, the desirable, young men; the girls regarded them with a candid, an unsparing, curiosity. There was not a sigh in their hardy young breasts, not a valentine in their thoughts. They came to my house in the late afternoon and gave me the benefit of their vigorous opinions. They would, if they had to, listen. But listening was not where they shone. Very generously they let me know what they thought about life and love and books and men. Books, generally, they were both certain about and indifferent to. There was, however, no limit to their grasp of life.

It seemed to me they were admirable, as sharp and clear as the jewels they hadn't bothered yet to wear. I liked them enormously, since I was neither young nor sentimental, but for the purpose of nature, for the comfort of younger men, I was at least doubtful. The girls were so horribly reasonable about affairs that, I had thought, belonged in the region of the emotions. This, principally, was their difference from the girls I remembered out of my own youth. They were better today—that was, better if equally different and adequate young men could be evolved; young men at once vital and metallic and sensible. What, overwhelmingly, had happened to both women and girls was a complete loss of sentimentality—an emotion, I take it, without satisfactory base. Romantic love, as the whole answer and reward of existence, had failed before a resolute feminine realism. A masculine era—the Victorian Age—had collapsed, not before the assaults of a few militant women but under the weight of an enormous, an almost universal, monotony of feminine existence. The Victorian male, embellished with actual or spiritual whiskers, ceased suddenly to hoodwink them.

### *Provincially American*

I had very little sympathy for the men; they had thrown away, in sheer stupidity, a truly superb monopoly of life. Everything was in their hands. Well, calamity overtook them, and Palm Beach was one of its results. If a woman, there, wanted to be in love, if she came upon a man not too absurd for her ancient purpose, she was in love. Men had little or nothing to do with it. It did them no good at all to discover that seductive poison in their being. They might, by extraordinary force of character, escape from such a design upon them, but that was the most any could hope for. The passion of love in the women was always secondary to their own indivisible entities. They were never dissolved by it.

Like the state of society that might be the future of what Palm Beach was, the women owned nothing absolute or even reassuring in the present. What they had—a luxury of freedom—would only be sufficient for a comparatively short time. Freedom, like truth, had no permanence, no actuality. It was transient. Momentary. A mirage. Their freedom must be as short-lived as pleasure. There were already, in the more highly organized women, evidences of discontent; they were aware of a certain emptiness, what they felt was ultimately without purpose, in their existence. Bitter phrases, involuntary doubts, interrupted their ceaseless gayety. None of them wanted the past back, it was merely a suspicion that the present would not turn out to be enough, the future would have to be different, better, than either.

In the meanwhile they occupied the exotic stage of Palm Beach with a brilliant and hard, a completely assured, manner. Furnished with these supernal women were yachts for trips to the Florida cays or the Bahama Islands, airplanes to Havana, sea sleds for shorter excursions up shallow tropical rivers, speed boats for speed, powerful fishing launches for sailfish. All this in addition to the dinners and never-ending music and champagne. You could, if romantic aspirations were unadvisable, be supremely comfortable. Still more, they were probably the most ornamental women the world had ever seen—burned all but black in bathing suits; perverse in wide gay pantaloons; flowers, apparently, at night.

Places, like people familiar to the public, are supported in imagination by legends far more spectacular than fact. Palm Beach has viewed spectacular individuals, sensational moments, but they were not typical of its essential quality. It was not a Babylon. It wasn't even the resort of a highly cultivated society. Not yet. Palm Beach was still provincially American. It was a locality in the United States made out of other assembled localities. The people who, to a great extent, formed it brought the effects of their occupations, the prejudices and morals of small neighborhoods, with them. There was a universal habit in villages of dealing in personalities. Abstractions and an æsthetic attitude were infrequent; opinions individual and bigoted. All opposing forces or contrary beliefs were regarded as the agents of immorality and of destruction. Money was important, but not indispensable. A number of people were the reverse of rich. It was only essential to share the general texture of mind, to have the same color of thought; the difference in ideas was superficial.

Mentally, as a whole, it was childlike. Childlike rather than childish. No one, there, really had to think. If they had thought in the past, the necessity was over; they were happy to escape from such a depressing requirement. The thinking was in tight and convenient forms, conventional patterns. There might be, at times, unconventional actions, but never comparable mental processes. Palm Beach, in that, was safe. It was very severe about original intellectual excursions. An old-fashioned sense of morality had it still in charge. The censorious tones and dry aromas of old ladies laid their restraint upon it. In spite of the servants in white and silver, in spite of the private bars and champagne, the baccarat and backgammon, Palm Beach was carefully behaved. The eye of the neighbor, the tyranny of small and crowded circumstances, was not yet wholly extinguished. Worldly people were, commonly, childlike; their hardness, like the hardness of a shellfish, was all on the surface; underneath they were soft, credulous and superstitious. Unlearned. They upheld an established church without letting any understanding of religion interfere with the indulgence of their minds and habits; they supported the government that best served the sources of their possessions; their morality had to do only with acts and never with causes.

Yet I was forced to admit that, at Palm Beach, none of this was oppressive. I was not overtaken by the need to revolt against a futile society. The futility didn't reach me, but the pleasure, the luxury did. There was, as I have tried to show, a great deal to admire. The beauty of Palm Beach alone was always delightful to behold—a beauty dramatic and ominous with the tropics. Purple clouds and a crystal rain. A heat thick like steam. The indigo Gulf Stream and a peacock-blue sea. Moorish stone galleries and tiled passages. Sardonic current music—"'Tain't no sin to take off your skin and dance around in your bones." Satin slippers and cloudy chiffon. Even the trivialities of existence at Palm Beach were ingratiating—a late breakfast with freshly made guava jelly in the gallery by my patio; the silence of the house at night, musical from the faint drip of the fountain; careless moments, cigarettes, in Mrs. Hamilton's shop surrounded by brilliant files of dresses on hangers, by cloaks and bathing suits and scarves, Parisian bags and jewelry lying with a misleading look of informality on tables. I could have written about that—the adroit and privately satirical young women selling, in honey-sweet voices, knitted suits and dresses in cobalt and orange and stark green, little velvet coats, to women at least optimistic about their colorings and shapes. Just to drive through the soft blackness of night to late dinners, with a gardenia and a trivial song, was a pleasure.

### *The Spell of the Tropics*

In the sunny informality of the days, the formality of nights, I didn't read a book. When The Limestone Tree was finished I laid away the paper and pen; I sent North all the reference works to a Kentucky more dramatic and persuasive than the bluegrass today; I put out of mind all the laborious course of prose composition. The distractions of Palm Beach had been easy, with the necessity of work, to avoid. The climate was different. The heat made any thought difficult. It stole into the mind and blurred the sharpness of the images there; it distressed logic and changed the relations of facts. Work while an unsettling hot wind was stirring the white curtains of my drawing-room seemed superfluous. The paper I wrote on was commonly damp and the ink spread over it thick and undecipherable. It was useless, I began to feel, to bother about a mere book. Ridiculous. A book, another book, was superfluous. I had already written nearly fifty.

A highly important struggle set up between me and the air, in Palm Beach, of the tropics. I sat for an hour or worse at a time doing nothing; I wrote a sentence, a phrase, a word, and then stopped. I listened to the wind in the harsh, scraping fronds of my palm trees and to the whisper of the bamboo; I thought of the dark, transparent, heavy water of the Gulf Stream, cargo steamers red with rust, white steamers carrying passengers, standing south close to the shore. The Negroes playing and singing in Mr. Carlisle's courtyard filled my mind with the echoes of their gay or rhythmically mournful sounds. Not only I would never write again but I'd stay for the rest of my life, winter and summer, at Palm Beach, in the peaceful solitude of my house. I thought, then, with surprise, of all the clothes I commonly wore—shirts and undershirts, socks and garters and drawers, neckties and shoes. In the evening it was worse—starched shirts and collars, collar buttons and rubies, waistcoats and waistcoat buttons. Inactive, in place of writing, I gazed at the canvas espadrilles on my feet, the white linen trousers with a handkerchief drawn through the loops, and decided that I would never dress differently.

### *A Most Depressing Thought*

A faint discontent then invaded my mind, a sense of the presence, across the room, of paper and ink, of a book. I'd move, later, over to the table and gaze down upon it. A trail of ink practically continuous for twenty years. An obligation and a necessity. I would write a word, a phrase, a sentence. In that manner paragraphs, sections made their appearance. Slowly, every day, through an uninterrupted reach of eight hours. Finally I sat looking incredulously at the last word of The Limestone Tree. I went at once to Mrs. Hamilton's establishment, and sat among the bright ranks of unoccupied dresses, beside the trifles from France. I was conscious there, as usual, of a slight and pleasant sense of corruption. The most adroit and satirical of the young women—the season was at an end and her duties slight—had time to sit and talk.

My book, I told her, was finished. "I can take you to lunch."

"You could," she said, meticulously grammatical. "I am going to lunch."

"Tomorrow will do," I continued, "or the day after, or four days from Thursday."

We could not, however, think where to go: The Patio Lamaze was closed, Marguery's shut, the Everglades Club had stopped its restaurant for that year, neither of us belonged to the Bath and Tennis Club, there was no lunch at Seaspray, other places were too far off. Yes, the season was over. It was April. A Frenchwoman came into the store and, because the winter was done, wanted to buy a dinner dress at a slaughter rather than a sacrifice. A Negro in a red beret passed by the wide, empty, show window. Then a girl in yellow pajamas with a brief black satin jacket and a straw hat with black ribbons. After that the Via Mizner was deserted. It was time, I knew, for me to arrange about going North. First Alabama, then Tennessee, and finally Pennsylvania. I went slowly back to the stillness of my house. The patio had just been washed, and the wet stone, the earth of the flower beds, gave out a pleasant odor. My housekeeper thought I ought to have an omelet with herbs, and a pot of tea, and I agreed with her. She deftly set the table with a sharp yellow cover in the lower gallery. When I left for dinner she stood at the door with a sprig of orange blossoms, or perhaps it was a gardenia, for my buttonhole. A chauffeur waited beside the car that had been politely sent for me. Every evidence of the completely social existence at Palm Beach accompanied me. I was, to any casual gaze, one of its best and most enviable financiers. I did not, actually, belong there at all; it was depressing to realize that I would never have a hundred million or more dollars.

# STUDEBAKER offers the most powerful car ever sold at such a low price

THIS new Studebaker offers the comfort and beauty of a big car of 114-inch wheelbase . . . the thrilling performance of a big 70-horsepower engine.

Thrifty in oil and fuel consumption, it will appeal to the economy sense of those who want more than a "one-year" car. For it is built throughout from quality materials, with quality workmanship — by STUDEBAKER—a name which has signified long, dependable service for seventy-eight years.

Check the list of fine car features below. In no car under $1000 will you find such impressive evidence of value. Make it a point to see and drive this new Studebaker — motordom's biggest bargain in quality!

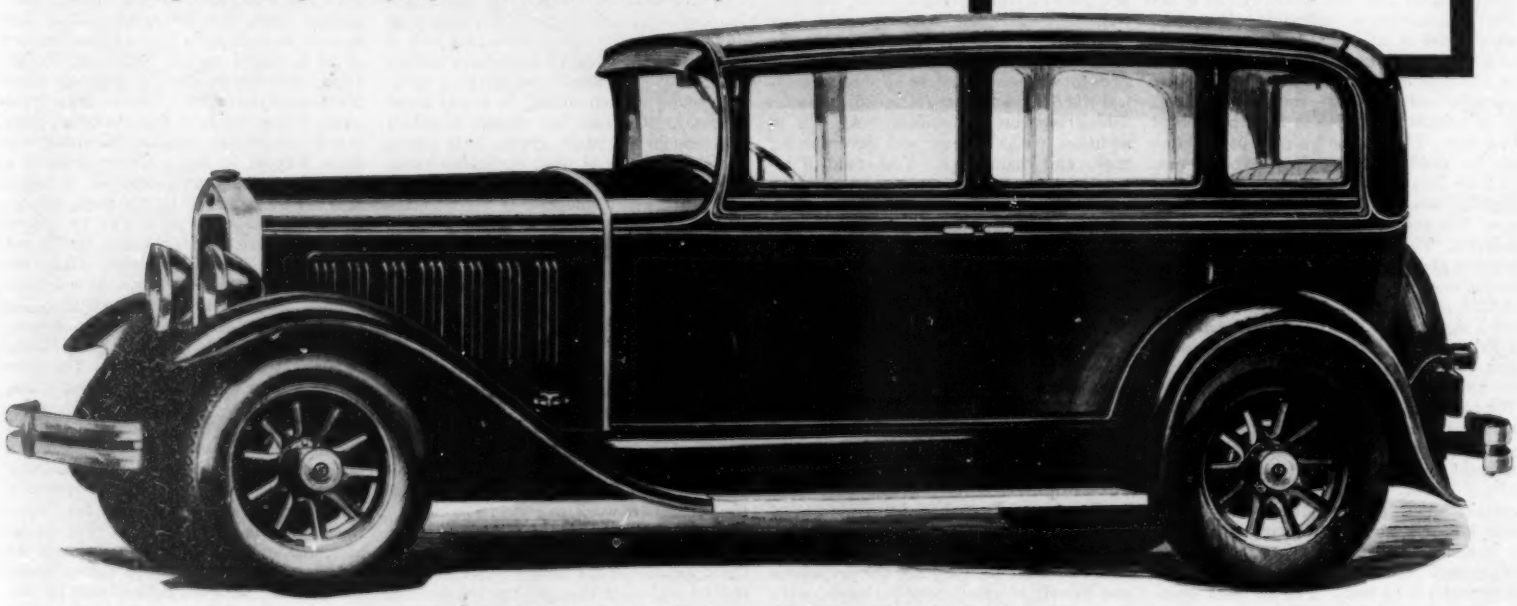
- 114-inch Wheelbase
- Thermostatic control of cooling
- Double-drop Frame
- Self-adjusting spring shackles
- Full Power muffler
- Engine-driven gasoline pump
- 70 Horsepower Engine
- Lanchester Vibration Damper
- Starter button on dash
- Cam-and-lever steering
- Hand brake on four wheels
- Clutch torsional damper

## $795 TO $995 at the factory

*Car Illustrated Below*
4-DOOR THREE WINDOW SEDAN
$895

| | |
|---|---|
| Regal Sedan, 4-door *(6 wire wheels)* | $995 |
| Club Sedan | 845 |
| Landau Sedan, 4-door *(6 wire wheels)* | 995 |
| Coupe for 4 | 895 |
| Coupe for 2 | 845 |
| Tourer | 895 |
| Regal Tourer *(6 wire wheels)* | 995 |
| Roadster for 4 | 795 |

*All prices at the factory*



4-DOOR THREE WINDOW SEDAN, $895 *at the factory Bumpers and spare tire extra*

## 114-INCH WHEELBASE - 70 HORSEPOWER

# THEY TOLD BARRON

(Continued from Page 21)

business we sold the Studebaker. The Durant Company made the profit—perhaps $1,000,000—but we could have made $5,000,000 by holding it.

"I knew all about your meetings here with Stettinius, Du Pont, Raskob, and so on." I did not confirm or contradict.

As I met Durant at the request of George J. Whelan, I later reported to G. W. that Durant had no interest in the stock market, was no factor in it, and could not be.

COHASSET, August 16, 1925.

William C. Durant said: "I made a mistake, after I left the General Motors, to start so many enterprises. The fact is you cannot get men organized to operate a new business, except by time. At the Elizabeth plant of the Locomobile Company I did not get the right men and lost $4,000,000, but next year, or in 1927, I hope to make this up, and $6,000,000 more.

"Fisher Body is a very great property, and so is General Motors. I wanted to buy them and recommend them to help my credit. They have a management that in twenty years could not be duplicated. The option under the Fisher Body contract was never exercised."

Durant narrated his experiences to me from 6 P.M. to 7:30 P.M. When he was nine years of age he and his family thought he might be a preacher. Later he was in law, medicine and manufacturing. The Durant-Dort Carriage Company became the greatest maker of vehicles in the world.

"I telegraphed a friend at one time to buy a Brewster top. He paid $125 for it, and we imitated it and sold one for $6.25. Indeed, we sold a whole carriage, or buggy, with this top for thirty-five dollars.

"My first motor company was the Buick. I built that factory you saw at Flint the other day by cutting the timber right out of the forest two miles from town. When I left General Motors they had seventy-five plants in forty states. Charlie Nash, of Nash Motors Company, began work for me as a blacksmith at $1.25, sorting iron. He had vision and was soon jumping ahead."

William C. Durant estimated that the public had given him about $80,000,000 for investment since he left the General Motors Company.

At 9:30 P.M. my secretary handed him a letter to mail in Boston. He said to me later: "When I handed him that letter I saw his face had been relaxed and was now very hard. It was as though he had worn a mask of pleasantry all day."

NEW YORK, October 14, 1926.

Notes of interview with J. J. Raskob and Du Pont.

Du Pont said: "Think for a moment what has got to be the future in this country in closed cars and the use of ethyl gasoline. If it is adopted over the whole country, it means a lighter car with the same horse power. The number of closed cars has come up from 25 to 75 per cent."

Raskob said: "The number of pleasure cars manufactured in this country has run for some years from 2,900,000 to less than 3,300,000. This is excluding trucks, tractors and export. So you see that the industry is on a pretty solid basis.

"The trouble with Ford is that he has never kept up his engineering. He built a car for high-compression tires and an open body. Now the demand is for low-compression tires and closed body. This should mean a redesigning of the Ford car.

"We set aside one-half of 1 per cent of sales to cover the losses under installment buying, as 75 per cent of the cars are sold on installments, which I claim has made the prosperity of the motor world, which has made the prosperity of the United States. We charge this one-half of 1 per cent up against our dealers, but we have to credit them back—I think about $400,000 last year—because the losses are only about one-tenth of 1 per cent.

"These notes carry dealers' indorsements, and the dealers indorsing these notes are worth $240,000,000. The average of the notes is $340, and we have $140,000,000 outstanding. We have $175,000,000 cash, and we have got to do something with it."

NEW YORK, November 19, 1927.

Fred J. Fisher said: "We have not sold a share of our investment in General Motors, but we have sold our market stuff. General Motors is a very strong working organization. Nobody is on the side lines, and there is no jealousy. Everyone knows his job and is right on it. I do not know of another motor organization that is so united that it can overrule its own engineers. We back up each other's job. It is a wonderful organization, but it took about five years to get the organization together.

"Stettinius was about the sharpest man to answer questions I ever met. After I had been invited on the General Motors board and we sat at the directors' table one day, Stettinius asked about the cost of bodies, and I replied: 'We are living up to the contract as close as we can.' Stettinius said: 'What contract?' At the request of Mr. Stettinius, Raskob hunted around and produced the contract. Stettinius stopped and read the whole seven pages. Then he looked over to me and said: 'Mr. Fisher, did you forget anything in this contract?' I said that I did not remember that I had. He said: 'Raskob, was this contract ever submitted to an outside attorney?' Raskob said it was all in the family, a matter of mutual interest, and it was not. 'Do you object to my submitting it?' Mr. Raskob said, 'Certainly not.' Stettinius took that contract to a lawyer, and later said to Raskob: 'My advice to you is to live up to every letter of that contract.'

"My youngest brother is twenty-five, and there are seven of us. We were brought up in our father's blacksmith shop, making wagons and tools for farmers. It nearly broke my father's back, carrying the paper of those farmers who did not want their notes rediscounted in a bank. You know, farmers are old-fashioned about letting anybody know what they owe, and when a farmer could not pay because his crop failed we had to carry him over. I went to work at thirteen, and at fifteen part of my job was to drive around at times and see what I could collect, and it was sometimes very small.

"Besides the managers' profit-sharing plan, there are bonuses to the people in General Motors, foremen and others getting as much as $4800 a year, and sometimes the bonus works out to be twice as much as the salary. We have it in the Fisher Body, down to $3600 as the bottom figure for bonus sharing, but we don't have any fixed sum. We go over each man's case individually and reward him with a bonus according to his work."

WOODS HOLE, MASSACHUSETTS,
July 22, 1923.

President Newcomb Carlton, of Western Union, said: "In 1914, Vail said he was stumped. He needed $40,000,000 to $50,000,000 a year for construction, and could not raise it—at least, he did not see how he could raise it. In 1917 he called me into conference again, said the Government was likely to take over the telephone and telegraphs, and asked what we ought to do. He thought the Government might ruin the telephone system. But I said: 'It's your salvation. The Government will be able to raise your rates and get you new money. You were stumped in 1914, and have not done your construction since because you could not get the money. Now comes your opportunity.'

"Vail said, 'You're a fool,' and laughed. But he accepted the situation and operated the telephone system for the Government, as I did the telegraph system. We were able to raise our rates 20 per cent, and that saved us. Vail was saved by the Government raising the telephone rates. We could not have raised these rates except by government assistance.

"I told Vail, 'You have created the appetite of this monster for telephone service, and how you will be able to satisfy it by raising the money is a problem.'

"I figure today that the telephone company requires an expenditure on construction of $150,000,000 a year, and if it goes into the automatic business it will soon require $400,000,000 a year.

"Vail was, of course, a great genius, and great geniuses are rare.

"I refused to have the telegraph operators unionized, even when the demand was made by President Wilson. We have our own operators' unions within our organization. Our working forces participate in the profits. In fact, the dividend to labor is rather better than the dividend on capital, for the stockholders take, first, 6 per cent on the property and then divide with the employes, so that the employes have received as high as $1,500,000 in a six-month period.

"I was warned concerning my first wartime interview with Burleson. Ushered into his room, I found him like a caged lion. In a few feet behind his desk he stood up and paced back and forth. The first thing he said to me was, 'The first rule in this office is that I walk and everybody else sits.' He proceeded to walk back and forth, and demanded of me what my policy was in the operation of the Western Union, as he told me he was going to take over the Western Union lines.

"I responded that my policy was taken from the Post Office Department. He seemed astounded and looked at me queerly. But I produced the printed Western Union report which had quoted the Postmaster-General and declared that that was our policy in service. In a few minutes he declared, 'I am going to take over the telegraph lines and you are going to run them for the Government.' Later he wanted me to take over the operations of the cable lines, but I told him that would never do, and recommended Ward. The Postal interests would not permit Ward to take the place, but he wrote a letter making the offer to Ward, which Ward appreciated."

NEW YORK, January 10, 1919.

George J. Whelan says: "A cigarette machine costing $1200 turns out 300,000 cigarettes a day, compared with 5000 a day made by hand labor. Last year 40,000,000,000 cigarettes paid taxes; then there was the manufacture of cigarettes for the Army that paid no taxes, and by the American Tobacco Company for exports, making altogether about 60,000,000,000 cigarettes.

"There are less men employed now making cigarettes than formerly by hand. It takes three hands only to run the machine and turn out 300,000 cigarettes a day, or one girl and two men—three, and sometimes only two employes per machine. In 1901, the output was 3,500,000,000 cigarettes. It was larger, however, in 1890—about 5,000,000,000 cigarettes. Then hand rolling became fashionable for a while and reduced the output."

NEW YORK, October 30, 1919.

Harry Weil said: "Whelan opened up to me what might be done by a corporation operating cigar stores. I said if he would raise half the money I would put in the other half. He did. Our total capital was $5000. He named the company the United Cigar Stores; I was the treasurer and handled the funds. We opened a store in Nassau Street, near the Brooklyn Bridge. I think it may be there yet. He expected fifty dollars a day gross receipts, but they were a disappointment, and we had about ten dollars. We bought eight cheap stores on upper Third Avenue, rather dirty, where they made cigars at the back. They were all owned by one man who came in with us. He died worth $1,500,000.

"My lawyer was Stroock. I introduced him to Whelan, and he is still with Whelan. I hired another lawyer, and he asked me one day what I was signing, and I told him I was treasurer of United Cigar Stores. He said it was too small for me to bother with and I agreed, and he communicated my proposal to Whelan that I would sell out for cost and 6 per cent. Whelan sent me the check.

"I lost my money by accident in 1907. I was partner with Frank Savin, formerly broker for John D. Rockefeller, and now worth about $5,000,000. Savin was a peculiar fellow. He would buy stocks for you without margin. Then some day, if he did not feel right, had not slept well, or his breakfast was wrong, he would call you up for $5000, and if you did not promptly respond he would promptly sell you out. I had a chill one Sunday morning. The doctor put me to bed and I was there unconscious with pneumonia for some weeks and nobody to look after my interests. Union Pacific fell from 180 to 100. Savin did not sell out, but when I was able to look after business, of course, I had to sacrifice and pay up."

EN ROUTE TO CHICAGO, June 6, 1920.

Louis K. Liggett, of Boston, said: "I have been offered the presidency of the United Retail Stores. You can ask me any questions concerning what Whelan has told you, but I cannot make any original statements. I don't think there is any disagreement between Whelan and his associates, but Whelan is not an organization man. He is a very good market man and a very good runner. When he is licked he will clean out and go away.

"When we traded for the Riker stores, I could not make out that Whelan had any interest in it. I believe he had sold out long before. He is a very quick seller when he sees the market fails to advance.

"I am the largest owner in the United Drug Company. Government taxes do not permit me to sell my stock. J. B. Cobb, of Stamford, Connecticut, is the second largest owner. Duke owns one-quarter as much as I have and about one-half as much as Cobb has.

"Small chemicals, not heavy chemicals, have come down in price by reason of lower ocean freight rates. United Drug Company, having reduced costs by reason of larger business, has cut prices somewhat. Everything is lower in United Drug Company stores except stationery, which is up."

COHASSET, MASSACHUSETTS,
August 16, 1925.

George Whelan, William C. Durant and Robert McClure, of New York, spent Sunday at The Oaks, with the yacht Pawnee and its forty-miles-an-hour speedboat. Whelan says the United Cigar Stores Company is the largest seller of chewing gums and safety razors. One million one hundred thousand dollars in chewing gum and nearly $2,000,000 in razors.

"The gross business is $76,000,000, and $51,000,000 has to do with cigarettes and tobacco, and about 70 per cent of our tobacco was cigars and 30 per cent cigarettes; 51 per cent is now cigarettes, but we sell more cigars than formerly. The per cent is lower by reason of the great increase in cigarette smoking. I estimate there were formerly 320,000 places in the United States where you could buy cigars and cigarettes, but the wiping out of the saloons has reduced the number of places by 30 to 40 per cent.

"Our real-estate department has made but one mistake—that was the property purchased corner of Broadway and Cortlandt. We ought to have known that the Pennsylvania Railroad Terminal was moving, but were not alive to that situation.

(Continued on Page 121)

*Announced by General*

# *The* Blow-Out

IN every part of the country, thousands of safety-seeking motorists are replacing their present tire equipment with the new Blow-Out Proof Dual-Balloon.

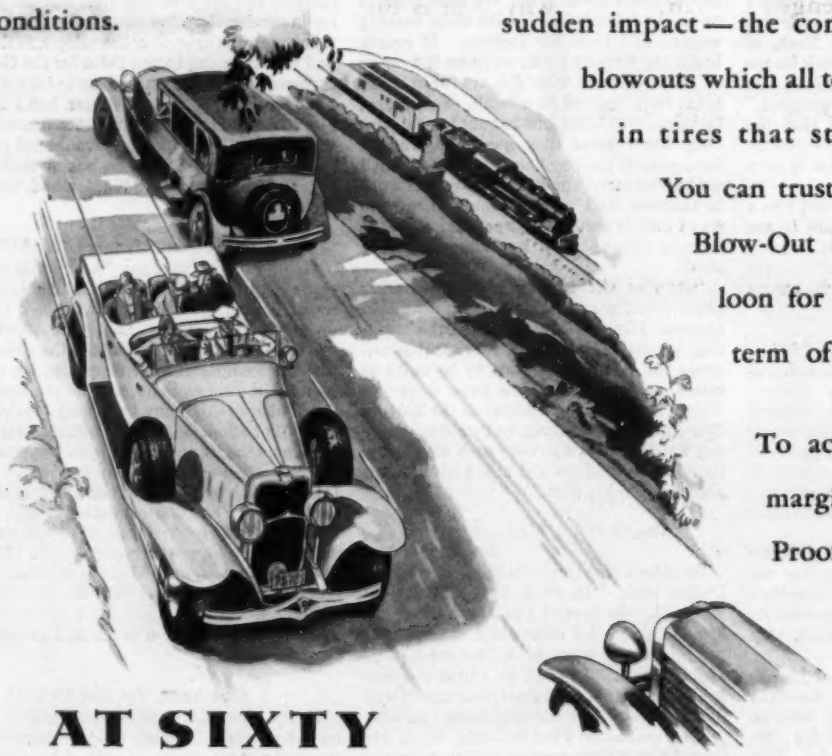
Hailed as the greatest safety advancement in tire history, the new Dual-Balloon has literally swept America. The answer to such amazing acceptance is this: in the Blow-Out Proof Tire motorists have found the way to match the power and speed of today's cars and today's driving conditions.

At today's road speed if a tire blows out the best you can hope for is an open field with no ditch to stop you. It's a split second from blowout to crash . . . with no time to think or act. You're off the road or head-on into approaching traffic before you can move. Don't risk it!

*Spectacular tests of the new Blow-Out Proof Dual-Balloon prove its absolute safety against the sudden impact of road holes and bumps that shatter the carcass of ordinary tires. Safe, too, against the hidden, unseen blowout hazard of internal heat.*

No longer need you fear the hazards of heat or sudden impact—the common causes of blowouts which all too often develop in tires that still look good. You can trust your life to the Blow-Out Proof Dual-Balloon for the full average term of car ownership.

To achieve this extra margin of Blow-Out Proof safety, revolu-



## AT SIXTY

### *You are going* 88 FEET A SECOND

IF A FRONT TIRE BLOWS, what happens? You may have only the margin of a foot or two between your wheels and the ditch—or oncoming traffic. That means that you must *act* in ¼4th part of a second . . . only a flash—too quick to think . . . and no one can keep a car headed straight with a flat balloon.

*Even at 40 miles per hour you are speeding 60 feet a second.* At any speed, you can't afford to risk a blowout!

*- sweeping America*

# Proof Tire

tionary improvements in tire design and construction were necessary. This entirely new patented principle allows the Dual-Balloon to flex evenly throughout the whole carcass in contrast with the customary "breaker strip" construction that localizes the bending at a single point on the side wall. The Dual-Balloon construction ends excessive internal heat and wear. It is heat that weakens the ordinary carcass and causes it to blow when you least expect it. At high speeds internal friction can generate sufficient heat in the ordinary tire to reduce its strength by half. That's why heat is the cause of so many fatal accidents . . . why General's patented construction means so much to your safety.

*Easy Riding*
*that Challenges Any Comparison*

General's unique use of extra rubber plies plus the elimination of the customary "breaker strip" lets you run at the lowest pressure ever known. This softness under the surface . . . built-in shock absorbers . . . in combination with the low pressure, gives you easy riding that challenges any comparison. There is no more "gallop" . . . no more rebound . . . you have matchless ease of riding and ease of mind that goes with positive security on any road at any speed.

Captain Dick Grace, whose spectacular feats have included the cracking up of 34 airplanes for such productions as Wings, Lilac Time, Hell's Angels, Young Eagles and other thrilling air dramas. Captain Grace was selected as the one man capable of giving the Blow-Out Proof Dual-Balloon a test such as no other tire has ever been asked to stand.

**HEAD-ON** *into a*
**BRICK WALL** *at* **37 MILES** *per hour*
*The* **Blow-Out Proof** *test*
*that astounded Safety Experts*

3,500 pounds of speeding steel smashed against the barricade. The entire 10-ton wall, foundation and all, was lifted and tipped forward more than a foot, so terrific was the force of the impact!

Yet the General Dual-Balloon Tires, set 8 inches in front of the frame and mashed absolutely flat between the wheels and the wall, were not blown out.

The force of the blow left the steel rims bent and flattened out of shape, but the Dual-Balloon Tires, with their built-in rubber shock absorbers, withstood that battering punishment without a sign of bruise or break or the loss of a single pound of air.

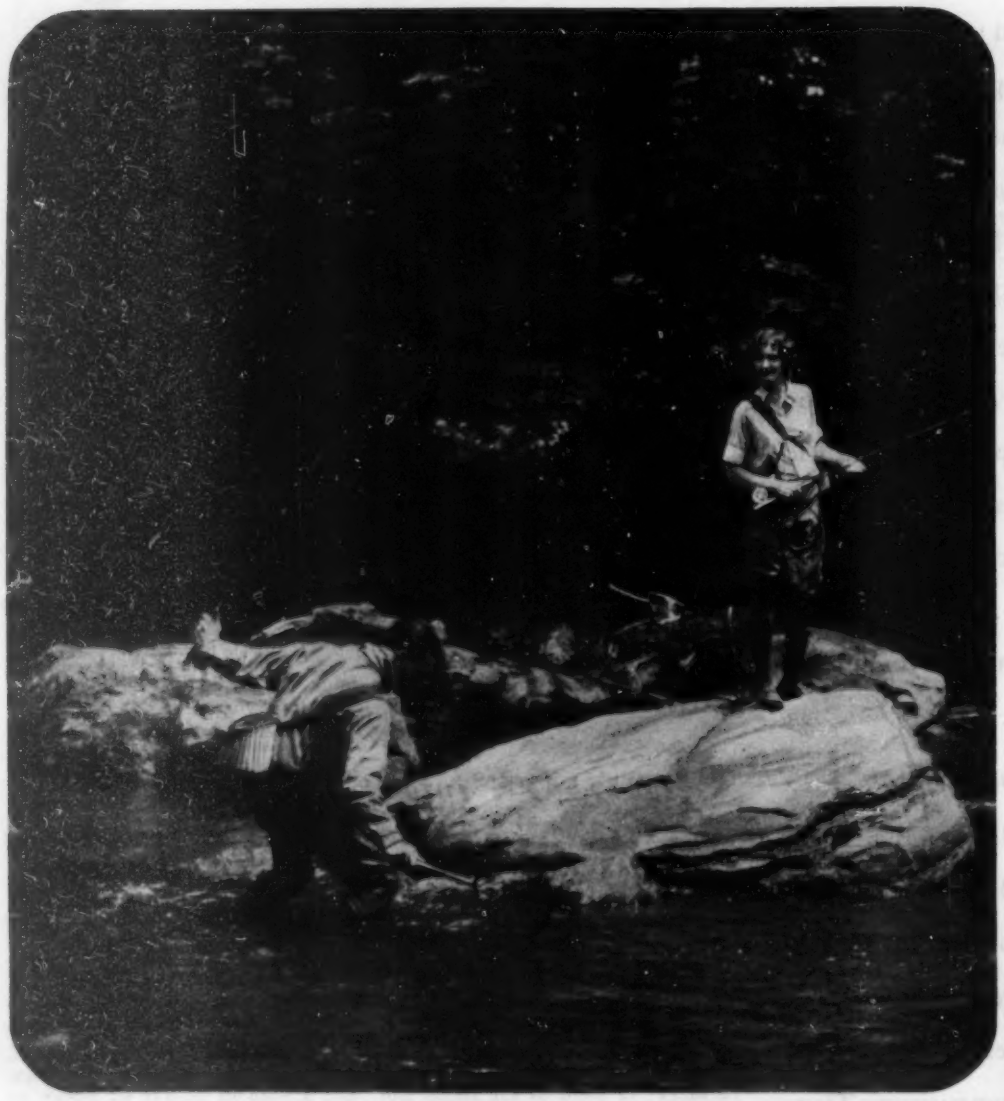
THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY • *Akron, Ohio*

*The* **GENERAL** *Dual*-**BALLOON**

**THE BLOW-OUT PROOF TIRE**

# The Zip and Sing of a Taut Line

## ...the Sparkle and Coolness of a Clear Stream



THE rushing water is shadow-flecked . . . the wind stirs the leaves of the trees, the only sound. Poised he waits, and then the high, thin click of the reel as he casts. Here is a sportsman, finding vigor and exhilaration in the great outdoors.

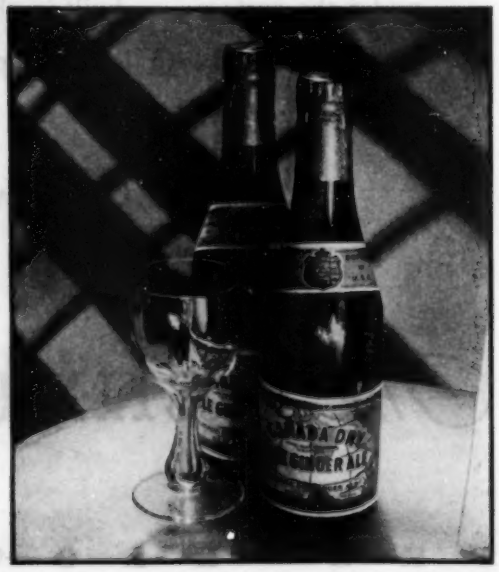
Do you wonder that he, and countless others like him, drink "Canada Dry," the sportsman's beverage? For in its sparkling, cool, clear depths he finds the vigor of sport itself.

You, too, are a sportsman. You know the thrill of exercise. And you value excellence above all qualities. Then you probably drink "Canada Dry." For, like sportsmen, it has basic excellence.

The very foundation of "Canada Dry" is "Liquid Ginger"—which we make from selected Jamaica ginger root by a special process. This process is exclusively controlled by us and, unlike any other method, retains for "Canada Dry" all of the original aroma, flavor and natural essence of the ginger root. Rigid laboratory control assures uniformity, purity and highest quality. The method of carbonation is secret.

Such careful methods produce a ginger ale of matchless flavor. No wonder it has won world-wide acclaim! In famous New York clubs . . . in the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa . . . in the great hotels of London, Paris, "Canada Dry" is the choice of many, many people.

And in countless homes throughout this country this inimitable beverage adds its distinction and zest to dining. The Hostess Package of 12 bottles is an easy way to order it.



### HAVE YOU TRIED—?

*Canada Dry's new Golden Ginger Ale.* Never before have you tasted a golden ginger ale with such a marvelous flavor. The secret of its delight comes from a secret and exclusive process of beverage making. Buy it where you buy "Canada Dry."

*Canada Dry's new Sparkling Lime.* This wonderfully refreshing beverage brings you the lure and romance of the tropics. Let it win you with its keen, cooling lime taste as it is winning countless others daily. Buy it where you buy "Canada Dry."

## "CANADA DRY"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*The Champagne of Ginger Ales*

© 1930

(Continued from Page 117)

"We made $600,000 in real estate in Florida in July, and the auditor hesitates about bringing such large figures into the monthly earnings. We are cashing in on real estate in Florida.

"We are opening 100 new stores in Florida. Outside of the Broadway and Cortlandt Street corner, we have never made a mistake in the location of our stores. Our policy is to lease for 100 years, or buy the corner we want, and then, if we get our rent free, we will dispose of all the rest of the property. At the corner of Vanderbilt Avenue and Forty-second Street we bought property opposite the New York Central entrance. We got our 100-year lease, rent free, and the man to whom we turned over the rest of the property made $2,500,000 out of it, but we did not care—that is not our business. We were after rent. We are not in real-estate speculation or to make money out of real estate. We operate to secure free rent for our stores; that insures our dividend and the safety of the profits of our business.

"Tobacco Products Exports is going to make good. It is earning 80 per cent on its cost of five dollars a share. One share was exchanged for two. The stock is now earning four dollars a share on the new stock, which is 80 per cent on the old.

"The man who puts out an enterprise, or takes the public money in an enterprise, is not obliged to make losses good from his pocket, but he is morally bound to sustain the enterprise with his brains and to stand by and help it. It is his child and he cannot divorce himself from it."

At George Vanderbilt's Cottage,
Bar Harbor, Maine, August 10, 1917.

George J. Whelan said: "The United Cigar Stores started with only $20,000, then $40,000, in New York. To this $40,000, the first concern subscribed one-half and individuals the other half. Then the American Tobacco people came and took 51 per cent. They put in $47,100. The $100 was so as to give them a majority control.

"A percentage of the gross sales was given to the clerks. That change made the company. Then the difficulty was to interest the clerks still further to increase the sales. A man would be satisfied when he had fifty or sixty dollars a week. Cut his percentages and he would increase the sales to get back his weekly wage, and so we had to keep cutting the percentage of interest to increase the sales.

"The American Tobacco Company put up 80 per cent of the new capital and took bonds now preferred shares and carried my interest, which was one-third of 20 per cent of the stock. After the dissolution of the Tobacco Trust I bought out the larger interests."

Palm Beach, Florida,
April 6, 1927.

Motored to the Gulf Stream Golf Club and spent nearly an hour with L. G. Kaufman, of the Chatham and Phenix Bank. His two brothers and father were bankers, and he was raised in a bank at Marquette, Michigan.

He is building there a banking room to cost $300,000, said to be the handsomest banking room in the world. "In this bank building I am placing a collection of gold coins gathered by my brother and myself that is worth $1,500,000.

"I am president of that bank in Michigan by permission of the Comptroller of the Currency. When I was president of the Michigan Bankers Association and studying to make an annual address, I discovered that under the law you could have branches for national banks with permission of the Comptroller of the Currency. That was too valuable to put into my address. Later I went to New York, bought the Phenix Bank, consolidated the Chatham with it, then bought a bank uptown and put several other banks in with it; then, about ten years ago, I went to Mr. Wilson and John Skelton Williams, Comptroller of the Currency, and finally received permission of the Comptroller to merge these banks as branch banks, with the written opinion of the Attorney-General.

"Through one of my directors, Bolling, who was a brother-in-law of Wilson, and could talk with him in his bedroom, I was able to reach Mr. Wilson, and also advise him any time during the war without newspaper publicity. I never voted a Democratic ticket in my life.

"Bets of $2000 and as high as $5000 were made that I would be stopped in my branch-bank program. Now, six years afterward, the National City and the Chase and others are following where I led the way."

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of reminiscences by Mr. Barron, as edited by Mr Pound and Mr. Moore. The sixth and last will appear in the issue of August ninth.

# CONTRARY TO RULE

I WORKED for wages, considered myself one of the great working class; finally, at forty, was pitchforked into the management of a busy and exacting enterprise, partly through the loss of my health and my job, chiefly through a deep disgust with my former state as a salaried employe. Five years ago this untoward event took place; today I am at the head of a hundred-thousand-dollar corporation of which I own the controlling interest and which is moving forward at a constantly accelerated pace.

So the history of my business life lacks something. My motives and methods were not cast in the expected mold. There is no background of adherence to formula or tradition. It may sound unconvincing to minds working in the way minds worked a few decades ago. I am pretty sure it could not have happened in any previous epoch, for I have been one of the fortunate ones who took a thoroughly modern idea and worked it in a thoroughly modern way.

When I was released from the hospital, following a complete nervous breakdown, my doctor told me I must engage in only the lightest kind of outdoor work and that I must shoulder no worries or responsibilities of any sort. This meant that my wife and daughter had to go home for an indefinite stay with her family, but I had no desire to go back to the country. I knew I should worry more under the solicitous care of a bustling flock of relations by marriage than if free in the city by myself. I had an inexpressible yearning to sit down in a chair tilted against a wall in the sun—to sit and rest and not even think for a year.

There was a vaguely formed hope in my mind that this laudable ambition might be accomplished on a partly self-sustaining basis by operating a filling station. Most men in that line of work whom I knew spent lots of time polishing the seats of their chairs, they had few business worries, they waited at the side of the road for customers to come to them. Practically ideal. No great investment was required to get started, for the gasoline companies were willing to lend pumps and other equipment. Side-street locations were easy to lease. I wanted a place off the busiest highways, not only to avoid high rental but also to guarantee many hours daily of idleness. Within a week after the family had gone I was the proud proprietor of a two-pump station on a broad lot that had been paved in front and graveled in the rear. The building was an ex-hamburger stand, abandoned by its former occupant. It appealed to me because there was space for a cot in the back room, also a wide drive in front, sunny in the morning hours and gratefully shaded in the afternoon. Here one might lean comfortably back in his chair and be at peace.

For the first six months I made my quota of relaxation and more. A dozen cars might stop daily for gas and oil, two dozen loafers from the neighborhood might pause during the day to assist me in keeping the front wall from falling down, three or four salesmen might stop to talk and try to sell, and go away empty-handed. Between times there was more than enough time to rest. My needs were modest and the twenty to twenty-five dollars weekly of net profits were more than adequate to support me in the degree of idleness to which I was becoming rapidly accustomed. As winter drew on, I looked about for a likely Negro boy to work in the driveway for me while I sat inside by the stove. Watching this slow-motion artist, thinking about my new responsibilities as an employer of labor, set me, by sheerest accident, upon the quick and sure path to wealth. For though I supremely determined upon a career of moderate leisure for myself, there was not the slightest disposition in my mind to permit a healthy and well-muscled young colored man to rust away and fall into bad habits through lack of tasks to keep him out of mischief. This boy's name—believe it or not—was Mortimer, and I owe him a deep debt of gratitude. I became an able and experienced executive through the necessity of sitting all that winter thinking up things to keep Mortimer busy.

### *Keeping Mortimer Busy*

I had him painting the curbs and washing the windows every day. The drive was swept four times a day. I supervised him as he wiped off the oil bottles, polished the bowls of the gasoline pumps, mopped the floors, raked the gravel in the rear, coiled up the air hose and refilled the water buckets. When a customer drove in, I insisted upon his removing his cap, smiling and saying, "Yassuh, boss; fill 'er up?" He was instructed to wipe off windshields, replenish radiators and to ask the car owner if he was sure his oil was all right. Toward the end of the first week, beating about for new jobs to keep my lagging employe busy, I hit upon the idea of buying a grease gun and having him solicit customers for greasing jobs as well as their gasoline and engine-oil requirements.

This had not been going on for more than three weeks when I found a perceptible and very gratifying increase in our gross business. We had a more attractive and inviting station, we were putting the rudiments of retail salesmanship into our efforts, we were appealing to an additional market. I did not phrase it that way; I had not yet learned anything of the theory of retailing. If anyone had asked me, I should merely have told him business was better.

Spring found me with a cash surplus of nearly four hundred dollars and a rapidly growing clientele. To avoid the unpleasant necessity of getting busy myself, I had to hire another Negro boy, arranging hours so one could take the early shift while the other came on late and closed up shop at night. In June my managerial duties had become too irksome, so I hired a young white man at a salary of thirty dollars a week to take charge of the place, part of his duties being to spend two or three hours daily soliciting business from car owners in the neighborhood. For new business so secured I paid him a small commission in addition to his salary. I forget exactly when we built the wash rack, but that was an important date for us. It was the beginning of a procedure which put my business out of the class of former competitors. We had not been washing cars for more than a month when I hit upon the idea of a scheduled program of caring for the upkeep of my customers' cars; the schedule to include washing, polishing, greasing, caring for the engine oil, and a periodic inspection. To put this plan into operation required the erection of a low-priced shed, the digging of pits and the installation of about a thousand dollars' worth of equipment. For the latter I went into debt. In order to secure my investment I negotiated a ten-year lease with the owner of the property at a very favorable rate. As soon as the new equipment was in, I put my manager outside as a salesman on full time and hired another young man—more of the mechanic type—to oversee the work of my force of station men, now augmented to five.

It was toward the end of this second summer that I began to advertise my Preventive Lubrication Service and opened up No. 2 Station on the other side of town. Just as soon as this new station was in operation, I found myself working too many hours a day, so I created a new job in my organization—that of station supervisor—and rented an office for myself. Here I leaned back in a swivel chair and spent two or three hours a day resting and thinking. Within a month the returns from my advertising convinced me two more outlets were needed in well-defined residential districts of our city which we could not conveniently serve from the existing outlets, so we incorporated, sold out a minority of common stock and used the proceeds to put down stations No. 3 and No. 4. In order to get off my shoulders any burden of responsibility for accounting detail on my extending volume of business, I employed a certified public accountant to install a system and to supervise its operation. This was one of the wisest things I ever decided to do. Every time business shows a slackening or profits show a decrease, he tells me about it, and then we change something.

### *Sitting and Thinking*

During this period of early and somewhat uncertain expansion I frequently came to the end of a day fagged out, but by the beginning of the third year I was organized along a fairly effortless routine which began with a scanning of the sales reports each morning, an hour or two of rest in my office, a conference with my station supervisor at noon, a luncheon, a nap, a trip to each station in my car, then home—the family were back and all our debts were paid—not later than five P.M. In the last two years I have made this routine slightly easier, giving me still more time to sit and think.

There are six stations in our charge today, and we have improved them all until we have all conveniences and equipment to do a very workmanlike job at minimum cost. I sit back from the business as far as I can, not now because health demands, so much as because I have found in that rather simple-sounding process one of the all-important rudiments of business success. It gives me time to think. I can look at my business as a whole instead of being so engrossed in one of its details, as are so many hard-working business men, that I cannot see it in its essentials. And the second thing which accounts for this kind of success against all the previously accepted rules is probably the result of the first. It comes from having had time to think, I mean. As the result of my many hours and days and months of seemingly idle thinking as I sat propped against a wall in the sun, I developed a notion that real business success on a large scale must come if one figures out a new kind of service—a new type of retail outlet—and puts the right kind of watchful management behind it. My stations are just that—a new type of retail outlet.

—As Told to George Bigge.

# THIRTY STORIES
## OR TWO AND A HALF

DIGNIFIED BEAUTY in the directors' room twenty stories above the street . . . a ceaseless rush that jerks knobs and swings doors thoughtlessly on the business floors below . . . Hardware by Sargent meets these and all other requirements that can be placed upon it in the most modern business structures. ■ A charming bedroom of restful calm . . . a welcoming Colonial entrance that expresses warmth and gentle living . . . Hardware by Sargent adds to the livableness of any well-equipped residence. ■ Every type of building and each style of architecture must have hardware of artistic fitness. Sargent designs meet every building need . . . extreme modern, commercial, authentic reproductions of the finest period designs. Sargent craftsmanship produces hardware beauty and hardware durability that cannot be excelled. ■ You can be sure of satisfaction with Sargent Hardware. Its excellent quality extends to the complete Sargent line, including locks, door closers, fire-exit bolts, and thousands of other hardware items. Sargent & Company, 33 Water Street, New Haven, Connecticut.

*Sargent Hardware is installed in the Pan-Hellenic Building, New York, John Mead Howells, architect. The door handle at right shows the simplicity and appropriateness of the design selected.*

*The Sargent line includes designs for every architectural style. Perfectly reproduced rim locks, door handles and lever handles help carry out the authentic Colonial atmosphere in this residence in Wilmington, Delaware; Pope & Manning, architects.*

SARGENT
LOCKS AND HARDWARE


# WHY THE SOCIETY PAGE?

(Continued from Page 29)

to take from a town house. She always has her personal maid, her secretary and her chauffeur, but she will have to supplement them with from fifteen to thirty more domestic employes, according to the scale on which she intends to entertain. This sort of thing helps the unemployment situation.

Dozens, possibly hundreds, of American voice teachers will read about the Blank girls and their musical aspirations, and they are going to find out if those two young nightingales could not just as well be trained this side of Sandy Hook, keeping American dollars in the United States. They aim to convince Mr. and Mrs. Blank that the two hopefuls can master the difficult art of breath control just as well on the banks of the Hudson or the Schuylkill as among the breezes that blow across the Arno or the Tiber. The social note has given the Blanks' home address, so now the way is paved for an approach, and by next season voice culture in the United States may have an opportunity to advance by leaps and bounds. This will be to the advantage of all concerned, because we have in the Western Hemisphere some of the finest vocal instructors.

### *Those Who Read Patroness Lists*

A great many people have asked the reason for publishing long lists of patronesses' names for the innumerable charitable affairs, because, after all, they're rather dull reading. There are several reasons for their publication, but only one is important for the explanatory purposes of this article. A list of patronesses is printed, let us say, for the spring ball which is to be given for the benefit of a tremendously worthy hospital or home for children. Very well, that means that each one of those ladies on the list has bought two or more tickets for the ball, perhaps a box, if it is being given in a large hotel ballroom; therefore, her name on the list indicates that she is a charitably inclined person with means. Now, when the Junior League wants patronesses for its cabaret dinner dance in behalf of the home for the aged, or the horse-show committee needs boxholders to further the cause of its own beneficiary, there is a list of possibilities which can be clipped out and put on file for future reference.

"But don't all those people in the same set know one another anyhow? Why should they bother with that list?" is a question I've often been asked.

No, all those people "in the same set" don't know one another. Not by a long shot! They may all be in society, but their backgrounds and their interests may be as widely divergent as the poles. A society editor is really the only person in town who knows everyone, curious as it may seem. You see, society is composed of several different groups—the opera-goers, the racing set and the hunting crowd, the debutante set, which varies from year to year, the patrons of art in its many forms, and the newcomers, who have arrived too recently to have found out yet that life isn't all beer and skittles. Occasionally, the newly rich have to learn that wealth and social position, whether inherited or acquired, bring with them definite responsibilities toward the less fortunate.

Glancing over the society page of this morning's paper, I see that it contains a very important announcement to the effect that Fifi Fair, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lennox Fair, who is now attending school in Paris, will be presented to society at a tea given by her parents early in December, and that on January 1, 1931, she will be the honor guest at a ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Fair.

This is news—news of interest to hundreds of people in many walks of life—although it may sound insignificant compared with the rise and fall of an empire.

Fifi Fair will be one of those rare specimens, an internationally known debutante.

You've seen little Fifi's pictures in all the society magazines and the rotogravure sections of the papers for the past year or so, in a bathing suit at Palm Beach, in sports clothes at Biarritz, on horseback at Aiken, at the horse shows at Tuxedo and Bryn Mawr, at the United Hunts Race Meeting at Belmont Park, and at Rose Tree Races at Media. She goes to the Grand National at Aintree, she will be invited to the Queen's Garden Party this year, she will go to debutante teas and balls in Boston, in Baltimore and in Charleston, as well as in New York and Philadelphia, this coming season. If she has time, she will accept some invitations to Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans.

There is one firm in the city where Fifi will make her debut to whom the dates for her tea and ball are not news. This is the society stationer. He has had these dates on his books, I happen to know, for six years, and now he is waiting for Mrs. Fair's secretary to send him the invitation lists. The stationer has dozens of debutante dates settled for next year, many for 1932 and several for 1933 and 1934. He has "brought out," as he would put it, three generations of charming little debs.

Both the tea and the dance will mean much to the florists, who will profit enormously thereby. All the friends and many of the acquaintances who are asked to greet Fifi on the day when she is formally ushered into society will send her gifts—usually flowers. Friends abroad will cable florists to send bouquets to her. And such flowers as these will be! The spacious drawing-rooms of the house where Fifi will make her debut will be filled with masses of lovely blossoms, varied and exquisite beyond description. She will receive any number of formal bouquets—the old-fashioned, tight clusters of rosebuds in wide frills of white lace paper. The florists also have designed no end of fascinating set pieces—decorative dolls dressed in tiny blossoms, flowerpots containing little trees made of cut flowers, and unusual bowls of pewter, or glass, or pottery, filled with exotic blooms.

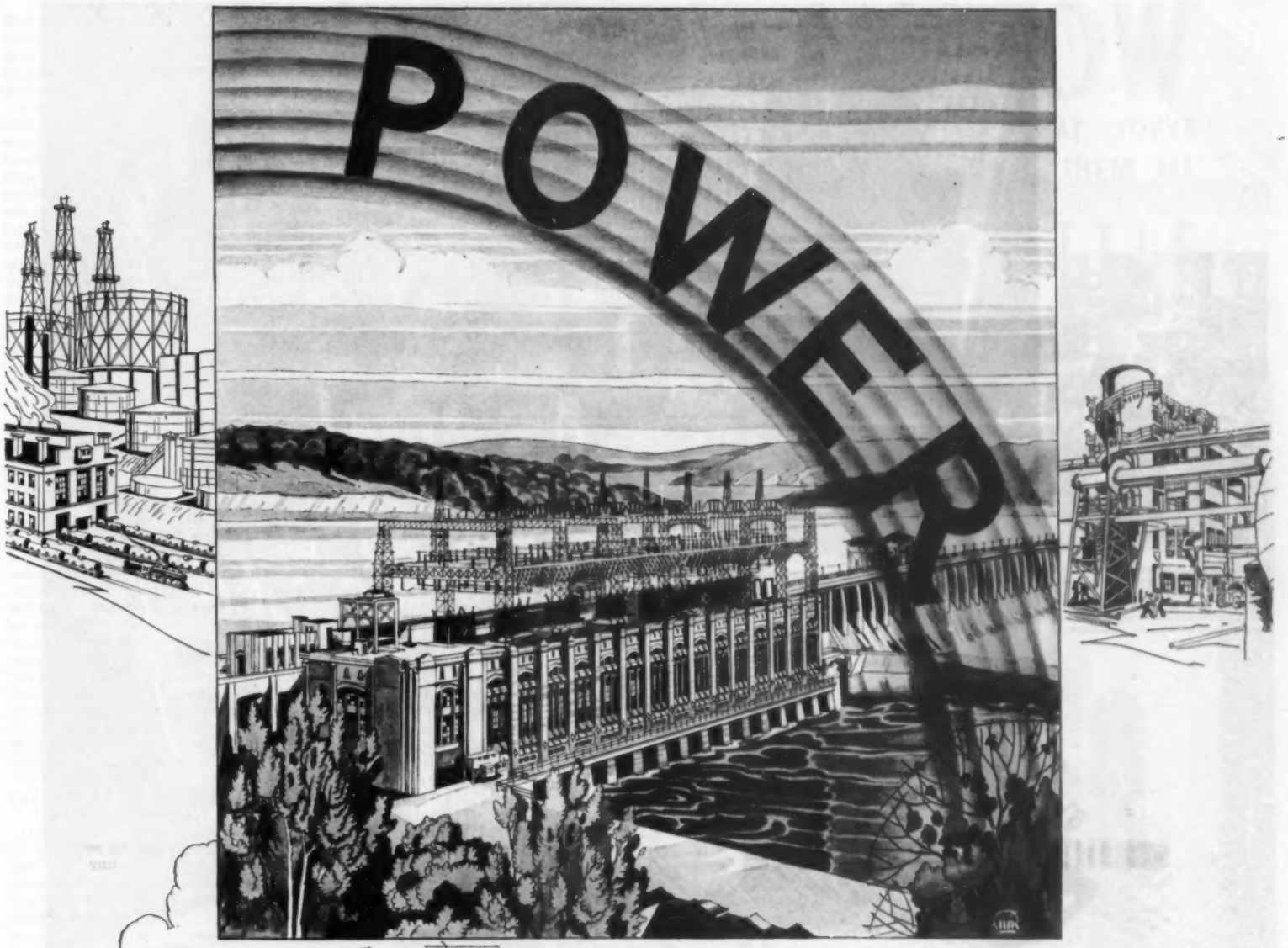
### *Good News for the Photographers*

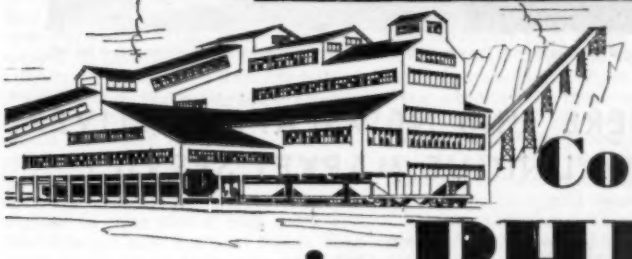
The jewelers will come in on this racket, too, and the specialty shops. There will be at least one long table covered with expensive gifts, including silver and gold toilet articles, photograph frames, silk lingerie and miscellaneous *bijouterie*, prettily arranged with some of the smaller corsage bouquets of orchids, gardenias, lilies of the valley, violets or tiny roses. All this helps trade.

As soon as these dates are announced, the photographers get busy, and there is the keenest competition among the studios to see who will be allowed to take Fifi's latest photographs. The mere price of the photographs—perhaps twenty-five dollars apiece—will be only one angle of this affair from the photographer's point of view. He will sell some of the pictures to the magazines and newspapers. They will give him a credit line—that is, his name printed at the lower right-hand corner of the picture. This is excellent advertising. Then, too, if his work is satisfactory, he will be permitted to take her pictures again when her engagement is announced—as we all hope it will be—and again when she is married.

That little five-line paragraph has already reached the eyes of all the smart *couturières* and made them gleam with the eager hope of fitting out Miss Fifi Fair for her first season. It is to be regretted that the business does not always come to our American dressmakers and gown shops, but they will try for it. Sometimes a deb and her mamma have a Parisian complex and assemble an outfit on the other side of the Atlantic, making a summer sojourn in France for this purpose. They are often disappointed after

(Continued on Page 125)



The Philadelphia Electric Company's great Hydro-Electric power plant at Conowingo, Md., the second largest in the country.

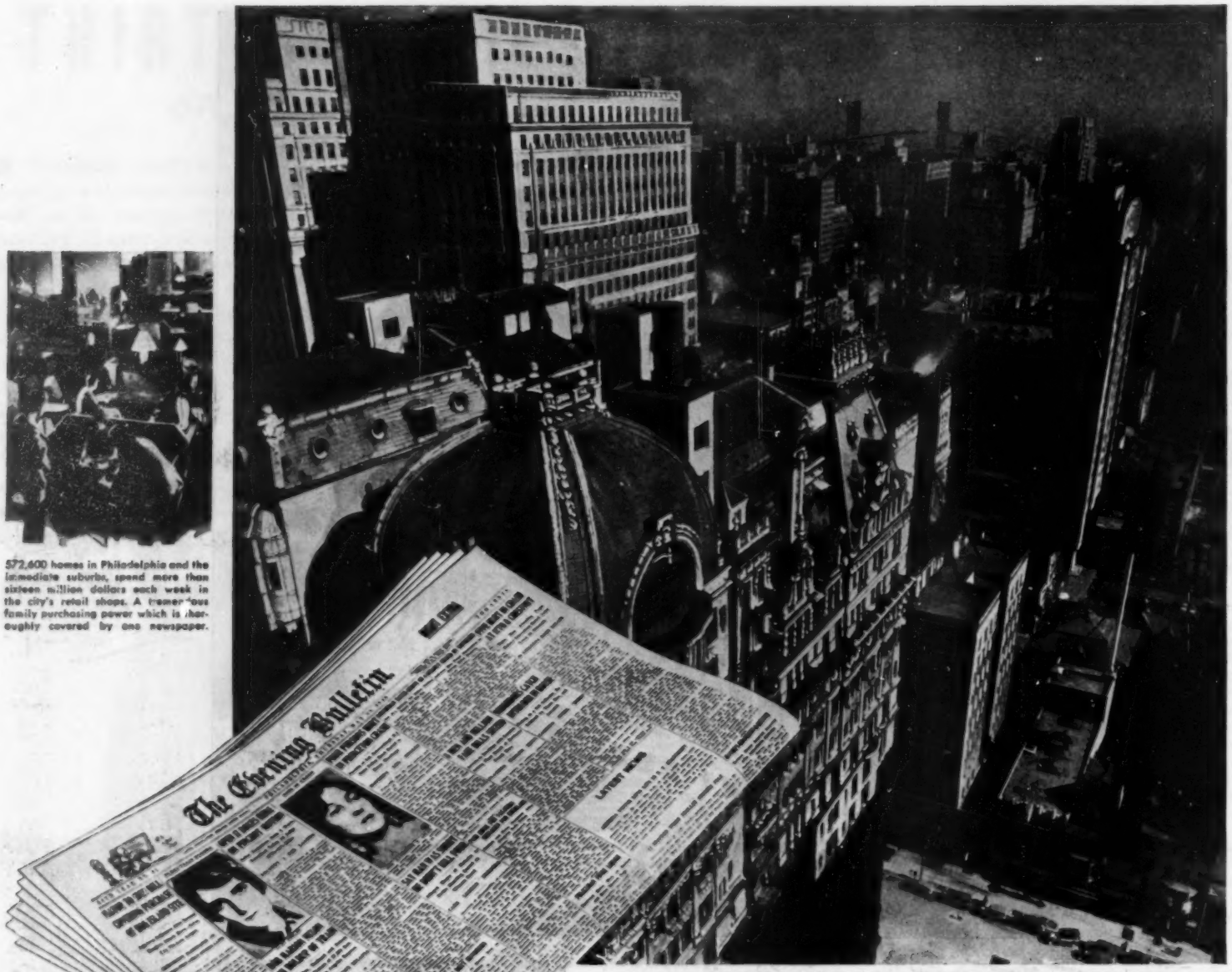
# Cost of Power is Lower in PHILADELPHIA

ELECTRIC current, through supplementary water-power, is lower in cost than in most industrial centres of America. Great anthracite and bituminous coal fields are within a day's haul . . . Gas for power is to be had at an economical rate. Oil is brought to Philadelphia in great quantities by ships and pipe lines direct from the oil fields. Send for booklet "Power Resources in the Philadelphia Area." . . . . . *Address Department P.*

**Philadelphia Business Progress Association**
**1442 Widener Building** **Philadelphia, Pa.**

**COAL . . . HYDRO-ELECTRIC . . . GAS . . . OIL**

572,600 homes in Philadelphia and the immediate suburbs, spend more than sixteen million dollars each week in the city's retail shops. A tremendous family purchasing power which is thoroughly covered by one newspaper.




Looking down on Broad Street at Walnut. The new thirty-story Fidelity-Philadelphia Trust Building rises at the left.

# PHILADELPHIA WHERE THIS NEWSPAPER DELIVERS A UNIQUE MARKET SERVICE

Distribution is easier, quicker and cheaper from Philadelphia. More consumers can be reached from Philadelphia, with a shorter haul, than from any other point in America. (Above—The new Terminal Commerce Building of the Reading Railroad Co., the largest of its kind in America.)

THE most effective market service ever known to national advertisers is available in Philadelphia, today: a service which places this market first, in sales importance, among all of the metropolitan trading centers of America.

Philadelphians are *unusual* in their reading habits, in their overwhelming preference for one newspaper.

The Evening Bulletin, through thirty-five years under its present publisher, has won a commanding position in Philadelphia business — in the home.

Its program of building upon merit, without premium, contest or sensational treatment of news, has made history in newspaper coverage:

572,600 homes in city and suburbs; a net paid circulation of 555,711 daily, almost entirely concentrated in this area. A circulation more than double that of any other Philadelphia evening newspaper, almost as great as all morning newspapers combined.

The confidence of business is reflected by retail advertising: More individual retail store advertisements appear in The Bulletin in six days than in all other Philadelphia newspapers, combined, in seven days.

The confidence of national advertisers gives The Evening Bulletin more lineage in six days than any Philadelphia daily and Sunday newspaper in seven.

Salesmen armed with "a campaign in The Bulletin" find a responsive retail trade, a condition which speeds distribution and keeps sales costs low.

And a coverage of almost 572,600 homes, which spend one billion dollars each year, provides a tremendous potential in sales.

1930 demands *efficiency* in selecting markets. Sell in Philadelphia, where one newspaper delivers a unique market service — the coverage of nearly every home at a cost that is exceptionally low.

## THE EVENING BULLETIN

WILLIAM L. McLEAN, PUBLISHER

CITY HALL SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

New York Office: 247 Park Ave. Detroit Office: 321 Lafayette Blvd.
Chicago Office: 333 N. Michigan Ave. San Francisco Office: 681 Market St.

(Continued from Page 122)

they return in the fall, because Fifi finds the clothes are not exactly what is being worn at home. What looked chic on the Rue de la Paix sometimes looks a little odd on Park Avenue.

A few ultrasmart shops in our large cities have some clever society woman in their employ who knows most of the prominent families introducing daughters this year. After reading her morning and evening papers carefully, not forgetting the Sunday editions, this woman will clip out the advance dates, paste them in her book, and later get in touch with the deb's mamma and suggest relieving her of the trouble of assembling a suitable wardrobe, from hats to shoes and all the attractive accessories. In many cases, money is no consideration to the parents, and the store represented by an able and tactful woman profits accordingly. A pretty debutante who wears her clothes well really serves as a walking advertisement.

Clipping books are also kept by the hotels, the travel bureaus, the orchestras and the caterers. The Philadelphia newspapers have a custom which is helpful to large numbers of people, both in trade and in society. On Palm Sunday, each paper prints a list, in detail, of the debutantes for the coming season, with the dates of their debuts, in so far as they have been announced, and, of course, their parents' names and addresses. Sometimes this is written as a lead, or feature story, giving a few personal notes about each girl, her interests in sports or art, and mentioning the school where she will be graduated in June. This is, obviously, of service to the schools. Then, on Easter, there is a feature story about the spring brides. This is carefully cherished by the jewelers and stationers, and is of interest to the real-estate men. Young couples must have homes.

### *The Nobodys Follow the Somebodys*

During the late spring and early summer, the social notes about "comings and goings" are highly important to hotels all along the seaboard and in the mountains. They really form priceless advertising—priceless because they literally cannot be paid for. But that is not considered in the society department at all. The notes go in on their own merits. Many of them go in by request. By that I mean that Mrs. Someone, a person with a large circle of friends, calls up or writes in to say that she is going to a certain hotel on the Maine coast about July first to remain there until September. This is an entirely correct thing to do, as it informs all her friends and acquaintances of her whereabouts for the summer. And it incidentally suggests to them that if they really find they miss her as a fourth at bridge, they might motor up to that same hotel and spend a week or two or three themselves, and sit down to a few hands of contract in the evenings. You get the idea.

In the same way, a few fashionable and exclusive camps have been filled to overflowing. It's just ordinary psychology. Mr. and Mrs. Nobody see by the paper that the Somebodys are sending their daughter, Cornelia Louise, to Camp Woodmouse in New Hampshire. Aha, just the place for the Nobodys' daughter, Sarah Jane. It may be expensive, but if the Somebodys patronize it, it must be good. It probably is, and with that and similar bits of free publicity, if the camp directors can only keep an equable balance between the Cornelia Louises and the Sarah Janes, there is no earthly reason why they should not invest their profits in gilt-edged securities when the frost is on the pumpkin and the canoes are all hauled in, and spend a carefree winter on the Riviera.

The publicity woman at each of the large hotels in town has fallen, like a hungry dog on a bone, upon the item about Fifi Fair's ball to be given January first. It will be given at a hotel, because Mrs. Fair has no established home here, and, as it happens, none of her family have ballrooms in their houses. Comparatively few rich Americans have private ballrooms. In any case, the Fair ball will be so large that only a hotel would be suitable, with its numerous supper rooms, cloakrooms, and so forth, for the 800 or 900 guests.

The hotel publicity woman will get in touch with her friends in the society department of the paper and find out who really has a line on the Fair party. The hotels in town and the society department are mutually helpful. We get their news about their Social Register guests for our columns, and they keep us posted on anything interesting that is going on and kindly offer us their hospitality.

Highly important as the Fair ball will be, it will be neither the largest nor the most expensive dance of the season. Mrs. Fair is in many ways conservative, clinging to certain traditions, and it is entirely possible that she will give a replica of her own debutante party.

This was done two seasons ago by a prominent society woman, and those who had been among the guests when she made her own debut exactly twenty years before were charmed and a little touched at the decorative setting, which had been exactly reproduced.

### *The Jewelers' Clipping Books*

The florist has been scanning the papers anxiously for an announcement of the Fair date, knowing that the family will not think it necessary to give him their orders until a few months beforehand. He will have a great many decorations to do during the peak of the season, the Christmas holidays. In the month of December there are so many large functions that the work is divided among the few florists who handle elaborate decorations. With the aid of the newspaper clippings, they can plan some of the work a long way ahead. It gives them an idea of how many electricians and assistants they are going to need, and an approximate idea of what each hostess will care to spend on decorative effects alone. This amount may be only $2500, or it may be $15,000. In an Eastern city the leading florist has $500,000 worth of scenery in his warehouse—scenery which he uses in connection with his flowers.

The clipping books of the leading jewelers are filled with birth announcements cut from the society page. When the birthdays of the "future belles and beaux," as the paper always optimistically calls them, come along, a booklet with timely suggestions for gifts is mailed to the parents. By thus keeping track of the prospective heirs and heiresses, the jeweler knows whether to remind the parents of the desirability of silver porridge spoons or gold cigarette cases.

The travel bureaus and automobile agencies are deeply concerned over the wedding dates in the paper, as well as the items containing travel plans. Ten to one, the bride and groom will go to Europe, and each bureau craves to buy the steamer tickets. There is more than an even chance that the travel agency will be allowed to make all arrangements for the wedding journey; so that there will be nothing to start a quarrel over so early in matrimonial life. In a big-hearted way, I'd like to digress for a moment and say that the travel agencies do not emphasize the value of their services to newly married couples, for there is nothing easier in life to fight about than what train to take, and where. When that point of contention is removed, life's walk is made far more easy.

A wedding date sends a ray of hope and cheer to the heart of the automobile salesman. He puts on his eyeglasses and reads the names very, very carefully. Let's see, the bride-to-be is the daughter of a traction magnate. H'm, father will probably be buying her a new car—a sporty, expensive model—and here the salesman instinctively reaches for his hat and mentally rehearses his best high-pressure sales talk. Her father may be in a mellow mood and invest in a pale green roadster right on the spot. In that case, the wedding trip may be planned for White Sulphur or Hot Springs—a chance which the resort hotels have already discounted. This is all a gamble, but it is clear to any but a hopelessly befogged mind that the chance of making money is there, and the salesman who reads the first edition of the paper the moment it is on the streets has a little edge on all the others.

The dance orchestras are sharply scanning the society pages this year, because the economic situation for musicians has been so bad the past season. The very small orchestras of three, four or five pieces watch for the tea dates, because it is customary to have music at all sorts of teas nowadays, and a nice custom it is for all concerned. The music keeps the guests from hearing one another's remarks, which is a great mercy; it is cheerful, and often adds a bit of swank to a stupid affair given by commonplace people, in the heavy gloom of a mid-Victorian drawing-room, for a debutante who will have to come in as soon as she gets out.

So much for the commercial aspect of the society page. That it contributes enormously to the revenues of the paper itself is obvious to the simplest mentality. The professionals, and tradesmen, to whom the social news is of distinct importance, will use the paper as an advertising medium. The manifold and complicated services of the page to the group known as society itself are not considered here.

One of the services of the society page of every paper in the country is the aid it daily gives to the sick, the poor, the blind, the crippled, the aged and the helpless. In our columns we announce benefits for every imaginable sort of charity. Sometimes it is a bridge party, a lawn fête or a ball, often a horse show, which will, with our coöperation, attract enough patronage to contribute $20,000 or $30,000 to a hospital or group of institutions. If the horse-show committee had to pay for this publicity, it would seriously deplete their treasury. The newspaper does it most willingly, and the writers who handle the advance notices and later cover the show are happy to do it as their share of the good work.

In analyzing the various functions of the society page, I find that I have unconsciously defined the value of "high-powered society," as a weary reporter called it the other day, to the community at large. A great many people think of our upper circles as merely revolving at endless and eternal parties. The socially elect do do an immense amount of entertaining. Why should they not? Who would not like to have the money and the background to offer hospitality on a generous scale? It is one of the pleasures that partially offset the manifold duties and responsibilities that accompany great wealth.

### *The Colonel's Lady and Mrs. Ed Sims*

When one's own surroundings are somewhat drab and sordid, it is rather stimulating to read about the lavish entertainments, with their beautiful floral settings and novel lighting effects, which are given by multimillionaires at Palm Beach, or Newport, or Bar Harbor, or on some of the vast estates on Long Island. Descriptions of them offer suggestions to other hostesses who have the means and imagination to carry them out, and that all furnishes employment for many gardeners, carpenters, electricians, as well as for the artists who design the decorations. Two years ago, in August, a princess gave a Blue Ball in Paris, and last summer a Philadelphia debutante gave a similar Blue Ball at Bar Harbor. Both of these functions were really gorgeous, and they made very pleasant reading for women hundreds and hundreds of miles away from the festive scene—women who were glancing through the morning paper while the children were at school and the custard for dessert was baking in the oven.

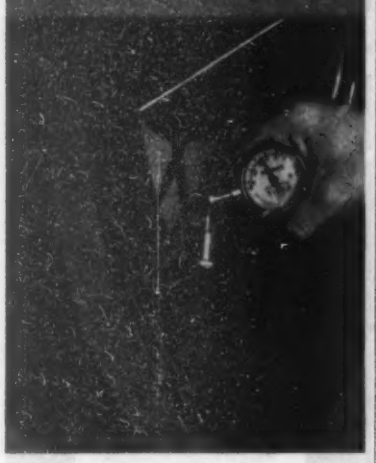
Every metropolitan paper has a large upstate circulation and most of them go into several states outside of the one where they are published. The detailed accounts of weddings, teas and debutante parties are devoured with avidity by readers who have


NOW
. . . THAT YOU'VE TRIED THEM ALL
SETTLE DOWN TO
DURHAM DUPLEX

DURHAM - DUPLEX
THE RAZOR WITH THE BLADES MEN SWEAR BY-*NOT AT*

TRIED them all? Now get yourself a fresh package of Durham-Duplex blades and try something really *new*. Not in shape—not in name—not in finish—but new in the one thing that really counts—*shaving efficiency*. The hollow-ground edges on the latest output of blades are a pleasant surprise even to those who thought Durham-Duplex blades had already reached the peak!

SPEND·· A LITTLE TIME SAVE··· MANY DOLLARS



CHECK THE AIR PRESSURE IN YOUR TIRES EVERY WEEK

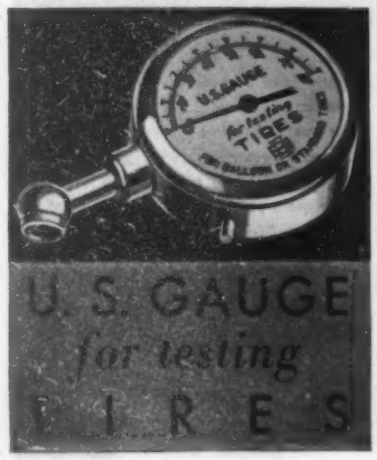
WITH the accurate U. S. GAUGE for Testing Tires it takes but a few moments to make sure that your tires are correctly inflated. Its regular use, every week, will pay you extra dividends in added tire mileage.

The U. S. GAUGE is rugged, handier to use and easier to read. A permanence of accuracy is assured because of its superior design, which incorporates the Bourdon spring principle for measuring pressures.

The small sum of $1.50 invested in a U. S. GAUGE for Testing Tires—with only five minutes of your time each week—will insure a maximum return from your costly tire investment.

Get one at your dealer's or order direct.

UNITED STATES GAUGE CO.
MAKERS OF PRESSURE AND VACUUM GAUGES
ALL SIZES AND TYPES FOR EVERY PURPOSE
NEW YORK CHICAGO




never seen one of the people mentioned therein.

You may wonder why Mrs. Ed Sims is sitting on her front porch in a small town up the Chesapeake reading about what a former member of the Philadelphia Junior League wore at her wedding and how her bridal attendants were costumed. The fact is that Mrs. Sims' daughter Mildred has announced her engagement and is to be married soon in the First Church on Elm Street. The questions to be settled are what Mildred and her bridesmaids shall wear and what time the ceremony should take place.

The fashion magazines have been duly consulted, of course, but right here in the paper is a vivid account of an entire bridal party at a noon wedding, accompanied by an excellent photograph. With a few slight adaptations, Mildred Sims can reproduce the effect and be sure of being correct.

There is another type of family who find the out-of-town edition extremely useful. Mrs. Carter Clay and her daughter, Catharine, let us say, whose connections and background entitle them to a position in the social world, have been forced, for financial reasons, to live quietly on the old plantation in Maryland until daughter is ready to make her debut. Occasionally they go up to town, but not often enough to decide on all the details for Catharine's debutante tea. Under the circumstances, it must be given at a hotel or country club, and as years pass, the popularity and suitability of the hotels and clubs for such functions vary. Customs change. In Wilmington, for instance, tea dances have, in many cases, taken the place of teas these past two seasons. The Clays, *mère et fille*, follow all the accounts in the papers attentively, and then decide which is the best place for their affair and what they shall wear.

They may decide to give a tea at a country club in Baltimore, and they find, from a careful perusal of the papers, that the majority of the debs still receive in the evening frocks they are to wear later in the evening at the dinner dance, or theater party and supper, which will follow their presentation. They also learn that a few of the smartest mothers and daughters are receiving in afternoon gowns, in broad daylight, instead of having all the blinds pulled down and the rooms flooded with electricity, according to the custom of years. It is very pleasant to find artificiality of that sort is going out.

This phase of the society page is interesting only to the feminine readers of the paper, but they influence circulation to an enormous extent, because they want the head of the family to subscribe for a journal which will bring them the largest amount of authentic news about people they know and their doings. With all our boasted modernism, we women seldom sit down and read a newspaper from cover to cover the way a man does. We usually skip the political news, glance at a few prices on the Stock Exchange, look over the sports to see how our friends are getting on with their golf or tennis, see what the book reviewer thinks of the latest novels, ignore the editorials and settle comfortably down with the society page. The woman's page always has an extremely large circle of readers and fills a gap in many lives. It performs its mission well.

The masculine readers of discernment find on the society page much of the financial history of our day. These little notes tell of the rise and fall of fortunes. Men are often guided in business transactions by the opinion they have formed of some other man's financial standing, based on the entertaining done by his wife and daughters. This is mere elementary reasoning. With money, one can entertain handsomely, patronize many charitable affairs, take boxes at operas and horse shows. One usually does. After a crash in the stock market, one often drops from view, perhaps for the time being, perhaps never again to appear upon the social calendar. I can think of families whose parties and comings and goings filled our pages for years, but whose names are now seldom mentioned. To recoup their fortunes or to adjust themselves to reduced incomes, they have gone to make their homes in Italy, or in France, or on our own West Coast, where they have settled contentedly into another existence. When they occasionally return for a brief visit and are entertained by their old friends, we welcome them back on the paper and print a note to the effect that they are here spending a week with the So-and-Sos, who will give a large dinner for them. Other old friends read this and then know that they are once more on their familiar stamping ground, and it leads to more entertaining for them and a general round of pleasant reminiscences.

Incidentally, the feature stories that a large group of my readers enjoyed most were accounts of brilliant balls they had gone to years before. These descriptions recalled to them vividly the gowns, the jewels, the bouquets, the souvenirs, the friends, the bright scenes that had somehow been lost from sight down the back alleys of time. What is apparently a mere sheet of newsprint may turn out to be the mirror of a vanished day. It accurately reflects our clothes, our customs, our interests and our diversions for our own generation and for the generations to come. Regarded as a whole, the society page of the newspaper today is the social history of our times.

# NO "THANK YOU"

*IT WAS a merry party, very up-to-date and smart,*
*And everybody present took an interesting part,*
*With only two exceptions, whom we give the barest mention,*
*Though later in the narrative they'll rate much more attention.*

*It was a merry party; you could hear the dulcet tone*
*Of violin, piano and guitar and saxophone.*
*Each played with virtuosity, with mastery and force,*
*By graduates cum laude of a correspondence course.*

*The couples danced divinely, with an ease that couldn't fail,*
*Since all had studied rhythm, grace and equipoise by mail;*
*While those who hadn't joined the dance found mental stimulation*
*In highly intellectual and sparkling conversation.*
*Some chatted very fluently in smooth and perfect French;*
*No phrases of the Gallic tongue could make those babies blench,*
*For they had learned the language in the strictly modern way,*
*And so were letter-perfect—if the postman didn't stray.*
*Still others coruscated with fecundity of speech*
*Which bore the stamp of culture that the mail professors teach,*
*Or talked of art and drama and of Ghibelline and Guelph,*
*And various other matters from the famous Five-Foot Shelf;*
*Or glittered with a brilliancy that wasn't taught in college,*
*But came from Fifteen Minutes with the Folio of Knowledge.*
*A few were playing contract in a manner keen and cool,*
*As taught in seven lessons through the Bridge-by-Letter School.*
*It was a merry party, though much more refined than most,*
*Since all were educated in the rules of Mrs. Post.*

*But two there were who sat aside, conspicuously out*
*Of all the mirth and gayety that bubbled thereabout;*
*Though she was very pretty and apparently had charm,*
*No dancer seemed at all to crave to take her on his arm,*
*And everyone regarded her with eyes as hard as flint*
*She didn't know the reason and Her Best Friend Wouldn't Hint.*

*The man who also sat alone was tall and handsome, too;*
*Yet still another subject of an obvious taboo;*
*And so their mutual misery became a sort of tether*
*That brought this most unfortunately lonely pair together.*

*He sat him down beside her and he said to her, said he,*
*"I'll cure your ostracism if you'll do the same by me;*
*I know why you're not popular, but I can make you so,*
*Though as to why I don't get by, I simply do not know.*
*Perhaps you'll kindly tell me what my social failings are*
*And through this mutual frankness we will both be popular!"*

*She looked him over swiftly, then she blushed a bit and said,*
*"I wouldn't want to tell you; I would rather write, instead;*
*And if you'd do the same by me—I'm sure you wouldn't fail—*
*We'll have a sort of private school—Your Faults Explained by Mail."*
*"Agreed," the young man answered. "We'll exchange our home addresses!*
*For conversational frankness not infrequently distresses!"*

*The postman came next morning to the damsel's tiny flat*
*And left a little package which she gazed in wonder at,*
*For what she found within it, and they didn't please her eyes,*
*Were those justly famous tablets known as Breath of Paradise.*

*Another postman left a box upon the young man's step,*
*He seized upon it avidly, he opened it with pep,*
*But what he found inside it gave his ego quite a check—*
*A half a dozen Snuggle Ties, the Ties That Fit the Neck.*

*The girl is now a Great Success, she doesn't sit alone;*
*She has a lot of partners when the sax begins to moan,*
*No longer she's A Miss Amiss Who Misses Lovers' Kisses;*
*Her social charm you cannot miss, she's soon to be a Mrs.*

*The young man also benefits, no longer he's a heel,*
*For now he's learned the secret and he's full of neck's appeal.*
*But the young man and the lady never speak as they pass by;*
*There's venom in each bosom and a dagger in each eye,*
*And everlasting hatred 'twixt the maiden and the youth,*
*Since they can't forgive each other for just hinting at the Truth.*

*And the moral?*
SIGN THE BLANK BELOW,
AND SIGN IT NOW;
DON'T FAIL!
AND OUR COURSE IN STORY MORALS
WILL BE SENT TO YOU BY MAIL!
*—Berton Braley*

*The original orange dry*
*...the original beverage*
*in black bottles*

ORANGE
or
LEMON
or
GRAPEFRUIT

# Pour Yourself a Treat!

FRIENDS may tell in glowing terms of this sparkling new beverage from California... but still you can't imagine, until your first surprising sip, the supremely delicious taste of MISSION DRY. Who would ever believe that the blending of sweetened lemon juice and carbonated water could make orange juice so temptingly different? Who ever dreamed that grapefruit or lemon juice could be so enticing? ... This new flavor comes of tree-ripe fruit, pressed and sealed right at the groves ...the same taste the Californian gets when he picks a ripe orange, lemon or grapefruit and squeezes it himself ... MISSION DRY is pure juice ... sweetened just enough to sharpen flavor ... with carbonated water added to make serving easier. Drink it for health and above all, have plenty on hand when you entertain ... MISSION DRY ... orange or lemon or grapefruit ... is now available wherever choice bottled beverages are served or sold. Look for the distinctive jet-black bottle.

*Bottled at the groves by*
CALIFORNIA CRUSHED FRUIT CORPORATION
CHICAGO *LOS ANGELES* NEW YORK

# Quickest Way to stop painful sunburn!

*because Unguentine goes as deep as the burn*

THE minute you apply Unguentine, the fiery anguish is drawn out of your skin. Safe, natural healing begins. It's quicker than anything else . . .

Because—unlike lotions and toilet creams which only reach the outer surface of the skin—Unguentine *penetrates!* It goes directly down to the inflamed tissues in the dermis, or *inner* layer of the skin.

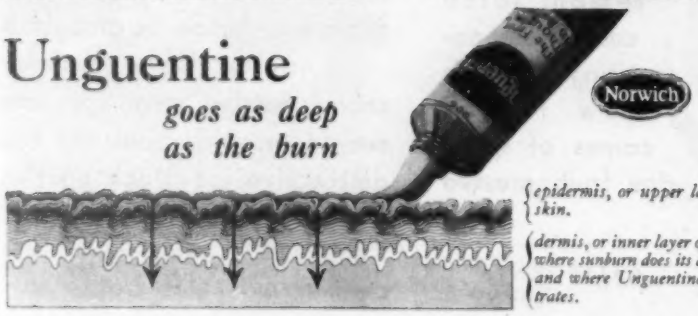
Here its cooling, soothing action gently eases the smarting flesh—stops the stinging. And Unguentine, being *antiseptic*, guards against the dangerous infection which may result from any burn. Wholesome healing follows rapidly!

Remember that sunburn is just like any other burn, and should be treated the same way. So always use Unguentine, the famous burn remedy used in 8 out of 10 hospitals.

At your druggist's. Only 50 cents for a long-lasting tube. Use Unguentine for burns and scalds, too, and for cuts, scratches, insect-bites, etc. Take it on your vacation trips.

Unguentine

*goes as deep as the burn*


Norwich
epidermis, or upper layer of skin.
dermis, or inner layer of skin, where sunburn does its damage and where Unguentine penetrates.


# DETECTIVES IN THE HOUSE

(Continued from Page 15)

all eight emeralds into a drawer of that desk, which I locked."

"Anybody could 'ave broken into that desk," the captain observed.

"But nobody did," she said. "The jewels remained there until ten o'clock, undisturbed. The guests arrived between twenty minutes past and half-past eight. I received them here. The Duke was the last to come, and after he had gone round—he knew all the other guests—we went down to dinner. We sat as you have seen by the diagram. Dinner began at about twenty minutes to nine and finished at a quarter to ten. I then brought the women upstairs. At ten the men joined us, and I showed the emeralds to the Duke. He became rather excited about them. He's a very difficult and moody sort of young man, I may tell you, and I had found him incredibly hard to talk to at dinner, but a change came over him the moment he saw those emeralds. His face flushed, he began to talk to himself, and even, after a bit, to me. Two or three of them he described as being marvelous stones, superior to anything in any private collection he had seen. He did a great deal of handling of them—turning them over in his fingers, holding them to his cheek, and all that.

"Presently he seemed to become aware that he was making rather an exhibition of himself, and that everybody was looking at him. One really couldn't help it, no matter how hard one tried. It was rather—well, indecent. Such passion, I mean, for the things; it was almost sexual. I hope I am not shocking you, Captain Peabody, but one hears such strange stories nowadays. When His Grace perceived that he was allowing himself to exhibit his excitement too freely, he blushed and passed the emeralds on to old Lady Salfield, who was standing near him. Every member of the party looked at them and they were all returned to him. He then ranged them in series on that table, under the light, and looked at them. Finally he sat for ten minutes where you are sitting now, but seemed abstracted or shy, or both. At twenty minutes to eleven he rose and went home."

Mrs. Osgood paused now for effect. She had come to the climax of her story and she saw that she held her audience securely. Captain Peabody was spellbound. She walked over to the table which stood to the right of the fireplace.

"The emeralds were on this table and I was standing beside them," she said, "when the Duke came up to me to say good night. I moved aside and he stood for a moment between me and the table, looking at the jewels. I did not see what he did. Lady Rudward was standing by me, and Lady Salfield was there too. The Duke made some sort of shy, embarrassed compliment and said good night. I walked halfway to the door with him. The others all rose and there was a sort of feeling of a curtsy in the air, although nobody actually did curtsy; one feels that he's really a royal duke, you see, although he isn't by law; still, he's a grandson ——"

"I know," said Captain Peabody hastily, "I know."

"When I returned," said Mrs. Osgood, giving each word full weight, "four of the emeralds were gone. Nobody could possibly have taken them except the Duke."

There was a long silence. Captain Peabody was looking at the ceiling.

"Who was standing near that table?" he asked at last, very softly.

"I've told you," she said. "Myself, the Duke, Lady Salfield and Lady Rudward. The Duke had one moment when he could have taken, and undoubtedly did take, the emeralds. Both Lady Salfield and Lady Rudward noticed, as soon as the Duke and I moved away, that four of the emeralds were gone. The moment I returned I saw them looking at the remaining emeralds, and I saw too. It was all over in two minutes—the Duke's good night and his departure with the emeralds."

"Did either of the ladies *see* 'Is Grace take the emeralds?" the captain asked.

"No," said Mrs. Osgood; "they only saw that as soon as we went the jewels disappeared. Lady Salfield apparently thought—and may still think, for all I know—that I had taken them in my hand. She's too old to know what's going on. Lady Rudward—dear Adela—apparently knew at once that the Duke had taken them, because she pointed to the table and remarked, 'Aren't you rather magnificent with your royal gifts, Marie darling?' The moment I looked I knew what she meant."

Mrs. Osgood's voice had betrayed a faint resentment as she spoke of Lady Rudward.

"Lady Rudward," the captain ruminated. "She's the celebrated 'ostess I'm always readin' about in the papers, isn't she?"

"Adela?" Mrs. Osgood inquired dubiously. "Well, I dare say she is a celebrated hostess, although she's always seemed to me a little too self-made to be quite *echt*, if you know what I mean."

The captain did not, but he was thinking of other things. He frowned his way through a long silence.

"And what did you do?" he asked at last.

"Do?" Mrs. Osgood echoed rather wildly. "What could I do? Accuse a royal duke—or what's practically the same as a royal duke—of stealing my jewels? Or call the police to my dinner party? With all those people?" She looked in the direction of the diagram. "There was nothing for me to do. I tried to smile, and said to Adela, 'I've let the Duke take four of the stones home with him to compare with some of his own.'"

The captain sat up straighter. His broad face glowed with admiration.

"That was magnificent of you," he said.

"What could I do?" she said. "Under the circumstances, that was best. In fifteen minutes all the guests had gone, and I was left to face it. Adela was the last to go, but," said Mrs. Osgood with spirit, "she got nothing out of me. I pretended that I had given the Duke those emeralds to examine, and that he would send them back in a few days. I pretended that I had enjoyed my party, which I hadn't in the least, even before the theft of the jewels. I was not going to give Adela the satisfaction of seeing that my triumph had been ruined. That dinner was more distinguished than any she has ever given in her life, and I was determined to get what comfort there might be out of it."

Mrs. Osgood was apparently still getting a good deal of comfort out of the thought of her triumph, for now she murmured reflectively: "I expect Adela felt pretty sick about it. I've only been in London five years, and in Eaton Square for three weeks. If those wretched emeralds hadn't vanished, I should have been very happy. It was a success beyond my wildest dreams—except for the emeralds." She had apparently forgotten the captain and sat looking intently into the fire. Peabody cleared his throat and she looked up, startled.

"Oh, I do hope you can do something," she said. "It means—well, everything to me. I have until tomorrow at noon to produce the emeralds, or those dreadful insurance people will go to the police. That means ruin—absolute ruin."

This somewhat bewildered the captain.

"You've done nothing," he protested. "I don't see ——"

"Oh, you must see," she broke in. "I've told you so much that I can tell you the rest. My husband is rather—well, rather annoyed with me just now. I cannot survive a thing like this and remain in London. I should be obliged to go back to America."

"Dear me," said the captain, genuinely shocked. "Really."

(Continued on Page 130)

# NORWAY BOASTS ANCHOVIES . . . RUSSIA VAUNTS ITS CAVIAR . . . SWITZERLAND'S PRIDE IS A RARE CHEESE!

SWITZERLAND CHEESE HAS A FLAVOR THAT CAN'T BE COPIED!

ONLY in Switzerland can Switzerland Cheese be made. For no other country has the same grasses, water, and spicy herbs which produce the distinctive nut-sweet flavor of Switzerland Cheese. A single bite and the indefinable "edge" is apparent to the taste. This is the flavor that cannot be copied. It is a flavor that stamps Switzerland Cheese as a classic among foods. ✲ Buy a pound of Switzerland Cheese and discover, as have epicures, its many uses. Eat it in salads. With cold meats. In ramekins and rarebits. With toast or crackers. Every way brings out new and more delicious shades of its distinctive flavor. ✲ Every Switzerland Cheese is marked upon the rind by the word "Switzerland." No other cheese is so marked. This is your assurance that it is Switzerland Cheese and not the ordinary "Imported Swiss," "Swiss Style" or "Sweitzer." The color of Switzerland Cheese may vary from rich butter to cream, according to the time of year when made, and the size of eyes may differ but the rich, rare flavor never varies.

**Now it's easy to make sure of getting Switzerland Cheese. The rind is stamped with many imprints of the word "Switzerland." This marking is Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.**

May we send you a copy of the beautiful booklet in color—"Switzerland Cheese—How to Use and How to Serve It"—showing many unusual and attractive dishes? It's free for the asking.

Switzerland Cheese Association, Inc.
105 Hudson Street, New York City

Name _____

Address _____

# SWITZERLAND CHEESE

AN ADVERTISEMENT PUBLISHED BY THE SWITZERLAND CHEESE ASSOCIATION OF BERNE, SWITZERLAND

TOLEDO COMPUTAGRAM SCALE No. 1021

## Look at these Money Marks!

Look at the circles above—both are actual size. At the left is the computing chart for the ordinary 30 pound fan scale. Money marks are close together. It's dangerously easy to give away a cent or two of your profits.

Now look at the circle on the right—that's the new Computagram chart. The money marks—which measure your profits—are five times wider, five times easier to read, five times safer. Here you can split a cent if you want to.

And plus-service, too, in the larger weighing capacity for bulk goods—up to thirty pounds when you need it, instantly and accurately. You can inweigh your own purchases as well, thus protecting yourself against losses on stock you buy.

Other outstanding features of this marvelous new scale! (1) Amazing sensitivity to the weight of one oyster cracker. (2) New device stops reading errors. (3) A figure for every other computed value. (4) Beautiful white porcelain with chromium and stainless steel trim. (5) Of course, the time-proven Toledo Pendulum construction—the gravity principle.

See this new Toledo Computagram today. See how it stops losses and increases profits. Call the local Toledo Scale office now for a demonstration. There's no obligation, of course. Toledo Scale Company, Toledo, Ohio. In Canada, Canadian Toledo Scale Company, Ltd., Windsor, Ontario.

TOL'EDO SCALES

NO SPRINGS · HONEST WEIGHT

(Continued from Page 128)

"And even if, by some miracle, my husband allowed me to remain here," Mrs. Osgood went on, "I should be miserably unhappy. Every door in London would be closed to me if I involved the Duke in such a scandal. And what use would this enormous house be to me then?" She sighed gloomily. "In fact, if I am not able to produce those jewels tomorrow at noon, I think I shall simply pay for them to avoid the scandal. I may as well be ruined in one way as in another. I have this house and my own jewels. Together they may come to a hundred thousand pounds."

"There will be no necessity," said the captain decisively. "You will 'ave the hemeralds tomorrow morning. Peabody is on the job, and Peabody never fails."

"Oh, I do hope it's true," she said. "I hope it's true! You're not going, are you? Why, I've told you nothing! You haven't examined the lighting fixtures or the carpets or the servants—you haven't done any of the things the other detectives did!"

"You've told me a great deal, little lady," said the captain; and she did not even resent the familiarity. "Peabody don't need to examine carpets. Peabody knows wot 'e knows."

"I do hope so, I'm sure," she fluttered. She felt absurdly relieved at his assurances, empty though her mind told her they were.

"Just one question," he said on the threshold, "in order to make everything shipshape in my mind. 'Ow old might the Marchioness of Salfield be now?"

"A hundred and ten, I should think," said Mrs. Osgood, feeling ridiculously light and carefree. "She saw nothing anyway. She's blind as a bat, and enormously rich, and loathes jewels anyway, except at court—thinks they're vulgar—that sort of woman. An old terror. You'll get nothing out of her or out of Lady Rudward, who's a great friend of mine, but rather a goose, I'm afraid. It's the Duke you want, but whatever you do with or about him, don't do it as coming from me."

"I 'ave the case in my 'ands," said Peabody superbly. "Tomorrow you will receive the hemeralds. I wish you good day, Mrs. Osgood."

Higgins showed him out in the most detached manner, but this did not keep the captain from winking broadly at the door.

"My lad," said the captain, as Higgins helped him on with his coat, "the great rule is, when in doubt, take a chance."

"Yes, sir," said Higgins. "Good day, sir."

The captain walked briskly through Eaton Square. A happy man, one would have said—a happy, satisfied man. From time to time he laughed aloud and slapped his great round thigh. He walked toward Victoria, stopping now and then to chuckle. At one point he bestowed a whole shilling upon a surprised child who was selling newspapers.

When he reached Victoria, the captain, refreshed by his walk, strolled more slowly down the carriage drive which leads from the Continental trains. He paused, looked at his watch, remarked that it was seven o'clock, and said aloud "Just right." He turned, then, into one of the public telephone booths behind him, looked for a number in the directory, and waited. That happy grin did not desert his good-humored face while he got the number and argued with an obdurate servant. Finally he must have been put on to the person he wanted, for his face became grave and stern. He could have been heard to say, very slowly, very distinctly:

"This is a detective officer. I give you until tomorrow morning to return to Mrs. Osgood the four emeralds you removed from her drawing-room the night before last. If they are not in her hands by noon, I shall act swiftly."

He heard a gasp at the other end of the wire, and hung up the receiver. His happy grin returned to his face the moment he left the booth, and was still with him when he returned to Mrs. Osgood's house at tea-time the next day.

"You marvel!" said Mrs. Osgood blithely, advancing toward him with both of her hands outstretched. "How did you do it? You are a genius, captain; I can never thank you enough."

"It was nothink remarkable," said the captain loftily. "Peabody 'as 'is own methods." He sat down and looked at her shrewdly. She was another woman—bright-eyed, smiling, and exquisitely, if somewhat elaborately, dressed. No need of extra handkerchiefs today. "Tell me, ma'am," said the captain humbly, "in wot manner the emeralds was returned."

"By ordinary post, this morning at nine o'clock," said Mrs. Osgood. "Not even registered—merely flung loose in a stiff linen envelope. I was enchanted to see them. In the same post there was a note, at last, from the Duke's secretary, in the friendliest terms, saying that His Grace had enjoyed his evening here and wished particularly to thank me for the opportunity of examining my emeralds." Mrs. Osgood's eyes were positively starry. "Tell me," she urged. "Did you go to see His Grace? What exactly did you do? I can't believe that anybody with such a morbid passion for emeralds would voluntarily have given them up. Especially," she added reflectively, "in such a careless manner. They might have been irretrievably lost."

"Peabody 'as 'is own methods," said the captain. He waved one of his vast hands—the one which bore the vast diamond on it—and smiled a little uneasily. "At the same time, mind you, Mrs. Osgood," he said—"at the same time I shouldn't go speakin' to 'Is Grace about it if I were you. I'd never mention it—if you'll take my advice."

"Of course not," said Mrs. Osgood haughtily. "I shouldn't dream of mentioning it." Now that she no longer stood in need of Captain Peabody's services, she was acutely aware of his incongruity in her drawing-room. "I am not in the habit of reminding my guests of pleasures I have afforded them." She relented a little and smiled. "But whatever you did to get them back, I'm extremely grateful to you. Now, some three days after the event, I'm free to enjoy that dinner of the other night."

"Yes," said the captain, "I suppose you are—I suppose you are." He was about to pursue his reflections aloud—she thought he might now say, with strong nasal emphasis, that all was well that ended well—but their trend was interrupted by the entrance of Higgins.

"The man from Holderness & Smith's is here, madam," said Higgins. "Also the solicitor."

Mrs. Osgood rose hastily.

"You will excuse me for a moment, I hope," she said. "I must deal with this business at once, and I shan't be five minutes. Pour yourself a drink, captain." At the door she paused, and the captain heard her clear words to Higgins: "When Lady Rudward comes, show her in the drawing-room and bring tea for her. And now I will see these gentlemen in the morning room."

Captain Peabody looked again as if he were about to whistle. He eyed the departing figure of his hostess speculatively. One never knew, he was thinking, whether brains or luck ruled the arrangements of these pretty women. He paraded his shrewd little eyes over the Hepplewhite drawing-room. A neat little case, this, and one which would deserve, in spite of its simplicity, a neat little fee.

The captain's solitude was short-lived. In a few minutes Higgins opened the door, said "Lady Rudward" in a quiet, noncommittal way, and went out to get the tea. A round, brown, energetic little woman in furs and violets came bouncing into the room, paused halfway, and saluted the captain with a shortsighted stare.

"Oh, hullo," she said. "Where's Mamie?"

The captain hesitated. He had never heard Mrs. Osgood called Mamie before.

"My name is Captain Peabody," he said. "Mrs. Osgood is 'avin' a brief hinterview

(Continued on Page 133)

# "Away Back in 1930"

*Two water works officials are looking down on the Greater City from the 125th floor of the Municipal Building. It is the year 2030. The engineer has just remarked, "A hundred years ago—away back in 1930—they laid the cast iron mains that serve our city today."*

ENGINEERS of today know that cast iron mains put down over a century ago are still in use despite revolutionary changes in engineering practice, pressures, underground structures and street traffic. This knowledge gives them assurance that cast iron gas and water mains will survive the changes of a century to come.

In Chicago, a colossal gas main has recently been completed, large enough for the population requirements of generations hence, and built of cast iron pipe which will last a century. The cities of Albany, N. Y. and Dallas, Texas are now completing giant water systems adequate in size for doubled populations and built of cast iron pipe which will last a century.

When 100 years have passed—when our loftiest skyscrapers are supplanted by superbuildings—when triple-deck streets are provided for traffic that speeds at 100 miles an hour, the engineers in that far distant time will have the evidence of another century to prove the durability of cast iron mains.

Effective resistance to rust and corrosion is the reason for cast iron pipe's unequalled long life. Water and gas mains of ferrous metal (iron and steel), with the exception of cast iron, disintegrate from rust. Cast iron pipe is the only ferrous metal pipe practicable for underground mains that rust will not destroy.

What does this mean to the property-owning, tax-paying public? It means that cast iron pipe is the safest pipe investment for taxpayer's money—that it will outlast the costliest type of street construction being laid today—that it can be laid and forgotten for three generations or more. The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association offers to tax-payers, city officials and engineers information on the use of pipe for water, gas, sewers, road culverts and industrial needs. All information supplied without cost or obligation. Address: The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Cast iron pipe bearing the "Q-check" trade mark is obtainable from the following leading pipe founders: Alabama Pipe Company, Anniston, Ala.; American Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; James B. Clow & Sons, 219 N. Talman Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Donaldson Iron Company, Emaus, Pa.; Glamorgan Pipe and Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; Lynchburg Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; National Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; United States Pipe and Foundry Company, Burlington, N. J.; Warren Foundry and Pipe Co., 11 Broadway, N. Y.

*Look for the "Q-check" symbol stenciled in white as shown above. It is the registered trade mark of The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association.*

Copyright 1930 by C. I. P. R. Ass'n.

# CAST IRON PIPE

# "A Spur Tie . . . smartly worn . . . has a dash of style that's all its own"

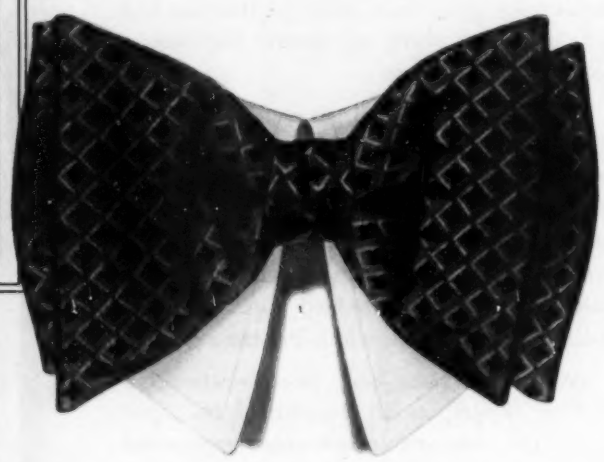
LEWIS AYRES, Universal Star in "All Quiet on the Western Front"

*says*

## OTTO THE TAILOR
*of* HOLLYWOOD

LEWIS AYRES, who has the leading rôle of Paul Baumer in Universal's great hit, "All Quiet on the Western Front," is one of the many moving picture stars among the distinguished clients of Otto the Tailor, of Hollywood.

Note, at the left, Mr. Ayres wears the Club Style of bow tie. Below is shown the Butterfly. Both of these styles, as interpreted by Spur Tie, are popular with smartly-dressed men.



"YOU see bow ties worn very often by some of the best-dressed men on the screen because there is so much personality and variety in this style of tie," says OTTO, tailor to stars, directors, writers, and officials of the most famous studios in Hollywood.

"Spur Ties have long enjoyed popularity with the young men in Hollywood. They look young, jaunty, up-and-coming. I see more of them worn every year, and smartly worn, too."

Spur Ties are all tied for you, with a style and smartness that is fashioned into them by expert fingers. But their individuality is what you put into them yourself by perking up or flattening out the ends just the way that suits you best.

FREE Send for a copy of "Off the Lot," the illustrated "Who's Who" of Hollywood stars, past and present . . . Address Hewes & Potter, Inc., 65-G Bedford Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

HEWES & POTTER, Inc., 65-G Bedford Street, Boston, Mass.
200 Fifth Avenue, New York. 120 Battery Street, San Francisco.
426 So. Spring Street, Los Angeles. 412 So. Wells Street, Chicago.
1604 Arapahoe St., Denver. Made in Canada by Tooke Bros., Ltd., Montreal. In Australia: Wallace, Buck & Goodes, Pty., Ltd., Sydney.

JUNIOR SPUR TIES
for boys are smart — and trim. Mothers like them, too — because they don't have to be tied every day. At haberdashery counters everywhere.

# Spur Tie
50¢ 75¢ $1.00
ALL TIED FOR YOU

*To hold its shape . . . every genuine Spur is tied over a patented H-shaped innerform . . . Insist on this label.*

(Continued from Page 130)

with some men o' business." The captain was slightly embarrassed, and embarrassment richened his accent. At the first sound of his voice Lady Rudward stiffened, stared, and seemed about to laugh. Instead, she sat down and got out her own cigarettes.

"Can't stand dear Marie's elegant Egyptians," she remarked. "My dear sir, do sit down. I wonder why Mrs. Osgood can't get through her business affairs in the morning, like anybody else." Higgins came in and put down the tea, upon which Lady Rudward leaped like a famished tigress. "D'you want some tea?" she inquired. "Oh, I see you have a drink. Strange new customs invade us. Do, for heaven's sake, sit down, Captain Peabody. Your bulk is rather terrifying when you stand over one in that way."

The captain sat down suddenly. With the movement, he seemed to have made up his mind.

"I'm glad Your Ladyship received my message last night, and understood it," he said, speaking in the terms and with the voice of a devoted servant.

She changed color, straightened up, stared.

"Upon my word," she said in a choked voice—"upon my word, I don't know what you're talking about."

"Mrs. Osgood received the emeralds safely this morning and is at present, I believe, turning them over to the jewelers," the captain went on relentlessly.

Lady Rudward looked about the room for a moment, as if in search of an avenue of escape. Then she crumpled into her chair and searched for her handkerchief.

"Are you a detective?" she asked.

"I am, madam," he said.

She moaned faintly into her handkerchief.

"But you need 'ave no fear," said the captain. "Peabody is discretion itself. Mrs. Osgood does not know and never will know who took the emeralds. She thinks the Duke took them, and she called me here yesterday to tell me so. She thinks the Duke returned them to her this morning."

Lady Rudward revived a little at this.

"Then what makes you think the Duke didn't take them?" she asked.

The captain smiled broadly.

"Peabody 'as 'is methods," he said, "of which the chief one is common sense. If 'Is Grace 'ad, as you suggest ——"

"I suggested nothing," said Lady Rudward swiftly.

"If 'Is Grace 'ad," the captain continued, unperturbed, "taken—er—borrowed any of the emeralds, for—let us say—examination, he would have taken the rarest stones. The first thing I perceived, when Mrs. Osgood showed me the insurance papers, was that the best stones 'ad not been taken. The four which disappeared were insured for a 'undred thousand pounds. The four which remained were insured for a 'undred and fifty thousand. Therefore, it was unlikely that the Duke had taken them—even if," the captain added piously—"even if I 'ad for a moment supposed 'e might 'ave, which heaven forbid."

"Well," said Lady Rudward impatiently, "what has all this to do with me?"

"I'm coming to that," said the captain. "The only other possible suspects were yourself and Lady Salfield. It was houtrageously simple. 'Ere you are, a great and powerful London 'ostess, bein' outdone at your own game by a Hamerican hinterloper ——"

Lady Rudward snorted loudly.

"—— and with a weapon at 'and to disturb the hinterloper's game very seriously," the captain went on. His English had by now been completely shattered; he was too absorbed in his story to mind details. "Besides which, Lady Salfield, the other suspect, is a blind old party as don't like jewelry any'ow, bein' a frump."

"I'll tell her your opinion of her," said Lady Rudward. "Charming story, told with great good taste. May I inquire, my good man, if you really are suggesting that you think I stole the four emeralds?"

"Not stole, my lady," said the captain humbly. "Not stole. Just borrowed, like, so that Mrs. Osgood might make a damn fool of herself—beggin' your pardon—by accusin' the Duke."

"You haven't a shred of evidence for that fantastic tale," said Lady Rudward decisively. "It's absurd."

"Right-o, Your Ladyship," said Peabody. "But wot do I want of evidence? I got the hemeralds, didn't I? That's wot was wanted, not hevidence."

"Some women might have done as you suggest," Lady Rudward said, musing. "I must concede that Marie was simply insufferable on that night—surrounded by dukes and duchesses, prime ministers and laureates, beaming on them all with an idiotic expression of triumph which gave one the almost irresistible desire to choke her. Some women might have seized the opportunity when it offered, as you say, merely in harmless pleasantry, for a few days, but," she pointed out, smiling kindly and nobly at the captain, "you don't know me. I'm too soft-hearted, really, to hurt a mosquito." She rose and put out her hand to him. "I really must go, Captain Peabody. I can't wait another moment for that dear, tiresome Mamie. Besides, I suppose she's simply crowing with triumph now, and I don't particularly want to view the spectacle. Do come to see me sometime when you have another fairy tale to tell, captain. We all adore fairy tales—particularly if they are about our friends."

She had completely regained her composure, fortified by tea and the captain's ready humility, and was sailing full away to the door when Mrs. Osgood came in. There was an *embrassade* as of lovers reunited after a long absence; Mrs. Osgood said, "Dearest Adela," and Lady Rudward said, "Darling Marie," and they both came back toward the fireplace.

"But I really must go, my dear," said Lady Rudward. "I've so enjoyed talking to your charming friend, the captain. You must bring him to luncheon one day."

"I should love to," said Mrs. Osgood, beaming. "Dear Adela! And, by the way, you must dine and dance here on the first. I've decided to have a rather large party. I'm asking all the people who dined here the other night."

"Yes," said Lady Rudward sourly, "I dare say you are."

"As well as a number of others," Mrs. Osgood went on. She walked with her friend to the door. "I'm rather counting on the Duke. He was so sweet about that party the other night, and he loved those emeralds. I had a pleasant little note from him this morning. Charming boy, don't you think, darling?"

"Charming," said Lady Rudward savagely, "utterly delightful. Especially when he slobbers on his shirt front."

"Adela!" said Mrs. Osgood, shocked. "Really, dear, sometimes your sense of humor ——"

They embraced again, and when the door was closed, Mrs. Osgood came back to the captain.

"Poor dear Adela!" she said rapturously, turning eyes of innocence upon the bewildered detective. "That last remark of hers, about the dear Duke, sounded positively angry."

She became pensive in the light of the fire, seemed to forget the captain, and spoke into the flames.

"Considering," she said, "what her real feelings must have been, I must say she took it very quietly."

The captain's head was going round.

"Madam!" he exploded. "Do you mean—did you know ——"

"It doesn't matter what I mean," she said swiftly. She gave him her hand with a regal gesture in which he recognized his dismissal.

"Your fee will be paid as soon as your bill is sent, Captain Peabody," she said. "You can make it a large one. I would do a great deal to avoid a quarrel with a friend. One has so few who are really devoted, I always think."

$1.95 BROADCLOTH
A SHIRT as cool
as a trip thru the Clouds

You can't always escape mid-summer's humidity by breezing thru fleecy white clouds. But you can do heaps to make 'ground life' pleasanter with a cool, lightweight Shirtcraft AIRMAN Shirt. And we're not boasting idly, when we say, that its EVERFIT Collar (IT CAN'T SHRINK) actually takes a few notches more off the thermometer.

WHITE and FAST COLORS

For the name of the dealer nearest you featuring the Shirtcraft "AIRMAN" for Men; or featuring the Shirtcraft "AIRMAN, Jr." for Boys, write to: THE SHIRTCRAFT COMPANY, 212 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY; MERCHANDISE MART, CHICAGO; 746 SO. LOS ANGELES ST., LOS ANGELES.

SHIRTCRAFT
AIRMAN
with the EVERFIT Collar (IT CAN'T SHRINK)

# YOUTH

THE DICTIONARY defines youth as "adolescence"—and in a bygone day when a man was as old as he felt and a woman as old as she looked, that synonym may have been true. But today we should define it this way:

**YOUTH**—Young-mindedness

How old is Ann? How old is any woman? Who can tell? There are no gowns for older women. There are no hats, no shoes. For all wear the habiliments of youth. There are no motor cars for middle age, though youngsters have no monopoly of the roads. There is no age limit for cosmetics, newspapers, talking pictures, sports, adventure, romance. » » Today's appeal is to Youth—to those who think young thoughts, who stride along briskly through life, who will never learn what it is to feel old or to look old. » » » » » » » » » »

The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is made for these youthful, young-minded, ageless women! » » » » » » » »

[redacted]

THE LEADING HOME MAGAZINE

# THE PRECARIOUS ATTITUDES OF ROBESON BALLOU

(Continued from Page 9)

The two inches more than six feet of Anthony Hollister drew up angrily. "You're a damned frivolous person, Ballou. You know you expected to be engaged to her. She's well rid of you."

"Profanity in a moral oarsman? Don't let an engagement feed your ego, dear boy. Boston girls must have husbands, or there's a widespread belief that they must. Hence our local overproduction of crew men."

"Well," Anthony Hollister said firmly, "I'm engaged to her now. Draw your own conclusions. It was nauseating to suppose she'd fall for a man who couldn't run a hundred yards without heart failure. You drink too much, Ballou. You ought to ease up on it."

Bob wearily addressed Jim Wick, "If Harvard goes on producing the Yale type of wholesome manhood, we'll perish before an onslaught of bond salesmen. Do go exhort your crew, Hollister. Frivolous persons appreciate privacy."

Hollister went away. Ted picked up his suitcase. "That ought to relieve the sting," he said.

Bob was morose. "To be discarded for an oaf who thinks that distinction consists of good wind!"

Ted moved on toward the comfortable romance of Salem. Twilight approached and darkened, with the remembrance of evenings dearer than they had seemed. Nothing was left him but the unprotesting assent of disenchantment. He would be aloof, unmoved, perfectly defeated.

"The attitude must be preserved," he explained to Jim. "The attitude is everything. One must believe hopefully that an occasional moment may be perfected. The rest is detachment."

"Well, the rout goes on," Jim said gloomily. "We have our job. Let's get dressed."

A cold shower brought a glow to his skin. It reminded him of Anthony Hollister. "Stop yodeling," he called to Jim, who apologized contritely and consulted his authority in studs. As they were leaving, the telephone rang. Jim picked it up.

"Ballou? No. Sorry. He'll probably appear at the Dobrees. . . . Sorry, Sylvia."

Bob flung himself at the telephone as Jim put it back. Jim shoved him away. "Don't be a fool. Is the Yale spirit dead?"

"What did she want?"

"One guess. To run an ad."

"I've lost my grip," he mourned inwardly. "I wanted to talk to her." Yellow and lavender swirled in his mind, odorous with mimosa.

At the curb they whistled two taxis from the stand. An earnest youth, candidacy written large on him, approached them. "Excuse me," he said. "Can you direct me to the Lampoon building?"

Two silk hats slanted upward. Two chins were haughty.

"No," Robeson Ballou said.

"Certainly not," Jim Wick said.

That was better. He entered his taxi with a revival of assurance. He must not, he felt, allow Joana to fall in love with this empty shell. Poor child, she had been so worshipful two years ago.

Jim's sister, shimmering in black and silver, came downstairs on three-inch heels, and the pulse of Robeson Ballou leaped with an old excitement, for, incredibly, nothing whatever need be done for Joana Wick. Gray eyes, hair like dull copper, slimly tall—she was gorgeous! And her frock, descending in geometric angles to the floor, quite backless, was sophisticated far beyond eighteen. He had expected nothing like this—was Jim Wick blind? For a moment the familiar recognition of challenge, the familiar perception of new splendor, warned him. It lapsed. He remembered that he could no longer respond to women.

"Harvard traditions are so reliable," Joana said. "Orchids are the complete expression of a taste, Bob."

He now observed a splash of crimson at her waist. Trust Corcoran! No mauve truisms would be delivered from his shop while it was possible to charge for rarities. He brushed away the ignoble thought.

"Life," he informed Joana, "is one of the decorative arts."

Her breath caught.

"Do many understand the principle in Cambridge?"

"Remember," he said, "no talk about the Dôme or Zelli's. Paris cafés aren't conversation. Neither is the Lido. Nor apses and naves. They're the defensive anæsthesia of the impressible. And if you've been to places off the beaten track, absolutely unspoiled by Americans, my dear, be humbly silent. Only the bores who work their way over on cattle boats are worse."

"Europe isn't my vocation," she said negligently.

Grateful for lightness, he draped a flowered cloak round her. A car and chauffeur were at the curb. The glass showed him a well-dressed man descending steps with a charming girl on his arm.

"You must act as if all this were enthralling," he counseled her. "Life is a succession of moments. It's necessary to make them perfect."

"Life has been two things already," she complained. "Must I try to keep all this straight?"

The car crept noiselessly through lighted streets. Relaxed in the shadows, how could she know that drives to dances had meant Sylvia's head trembling toward his shoulder? Sylvia, Sylvia! But he must not let his drought destroy Joana's young eagerness. He must protect her illusion of joy.

A street sign brushed carmine light across her wrists. He touched one of them. "You mustn't mind if I can't find all this enchanting," he said gently. "It no longer deceives me. I can only stand by and look on, not enter in. I can admire surfaces; I can't explore depths."

There was an ambiguous gasp in the darkness. After a moment Joana asked, "What has burned you out, Bob? Surely, not the wide-eyed Sylvia."

How much, he wondered, had she divined? "She was a myth of mine. I fell victim to my imaginings. Discovering the errors of the imagination may mature one, but it doesn't make one leap with joy."

"It's considerate to explain yourself to me," Joana said.

Brasses and drums were strident and flood lights bathed them in shifting colors at the Maison Bleue, which had gone modern. Marian Bliss, with Jim at a table, began yelling at them. She was skinny in a raspberry frock; like all the Blisses, she had a faint resemblance to a horse.

"I'm dead!" she was screaming. "I'm absolutely dead! I danced till five at the Franklins'. Then it was quaint to drive to Gloucester for breakfast. I'm absolutely dead! I rode all afternoon. For heaven's sake give me a drink! I'm absolutely dead!"

Bob looked away. "This is civilization," he remarked.

Joana said "She's an antique type," and shrugged.

Someone gave Marian a cocktail. She gulped it. "It's being cried about the streets," she shouted—"Sylvia and the beautiful brute ——"

He stood up and startled Joana by pulling her to her feet. "Let's dance."

The light shifted through violet to a deep maroon, in which cigarette smoke made shallow clouds. The black portions of Joana's frock were invisible; silver glimmered below her shoulders and cascaded down the skirt. A muted cornet moaned above the heavier grief of saxophones, and Joana was an awakened rhythm in his arms, light-footed loveliness in superb consonance with him. This was an instant of pleasure. This was a moment that had been perfected.

She glanced at him suddenly. "But you really dance!"

"Did you suppose," he asked, "that I would neglect a detail?"

The light warmed to rose color, darkened to violet again, and finally was a brilliant white. A corner of the room was walled with mirrors. Joana's back was exquisite in them, and her skirt made silver eddies. He had a detached view of the young gentleman with whom Joana was dancing. The public could allege no defect. He resigned himself to a lifetime redeemed only by these perfected moments, these attitudes resolutely maintained.

In the mirrors Joana's eyes caught his and were suddenly amused. "Your dress is charming," he said hastily.

"Of course," he pointed out, "dancing is a marsupial diversion. We look just a bit like well-dressed kangaroos."

But suddenly he saw a table on the edge of the floor. The tanned face of Anthony Hollister seemed unhappy. Sylvia's gaze moved restlessly about the floor. Her eyes met his and held them. His steps went wrong and he said, "Sorry!" Joana looked at him and then out across the floor at Sylvia, gravely observant. The music stopped and, back to the table, he maintained a casual chatter while he watched Sylvia. This, he perceived, was the emptiness of a man grown old, a complete paralysis of emotion. He was very cold, and from a cold detachment he could observe Sylvia devoting her education to the rapture of Tony Hollister. He could note without poignancy how yellow now mingled with light green, in this dress of hers, to suggest spring. He existed in complete ice. Sylvia had done for him.

"The dress," Joana said impartially, "doesn't quite get across."

Looking more carefully, he saw that Joana was right. The suggestion of springlike fragility was just a trifle discordant with Sylvia's athletic design. That was acute of Joana! The black and silver achieved a success beyond comment. He studied its virtues appreciatively.

He danced with Marian Bliss and she screamed happily without pausing. He danced again with Joana, content to experience in silence this complete accord. Then again with Joana, before moving on.

Sylvia, too, was dancing. The crowd bore her near him, then out of sight, then near again. She and Hollister came close.

"I tried to phone you," she whispered tensely. "Dance with me at the Dobrees." Hollister, dancing by numbers which he all but counted aloud, swept her away again.

"Sylvia's charm consists chiefly of intensity, doesn't it?" Joana remarked.

He was watching the way that Sylvia had gone. "You'd never think of her as a hidden reef, would you?"

Joana's gray eyes were raised toward him. "That someone got wrecked on?" She laughed suddenly, delightfully, with a shining mirth. "Bob, is that a confession?"

"Or an anticlimax. Or a catastrophe." Bitterness enveloped him. It was suddenly intolerable to be dancing with a beautiful girl who went expectantly about a world completely drab, confident that joy existed. "My mistake," he said with what he felt was brutal finality, "was to succumb to the illusion of pleasure. I was betrayed into admiration of a mirage. You'd better grow up, Joana. You'd better abandon the idea that a night club is the kingdom of heaven. It's only an unventilated theater for the exhibition of banality. We're vapid lice."

Her lips curved deliciously, and he had a glimpse of laughter in her eyes before she withdrew them from his scrutiny. "Mightn't it be better to embrace the illusion?" she said lightly.

"That's one way. You end by marrying some Tony Hollister."

(Continued on Page 137)


Makes perfect drip coffee without watching « « ARMSTRONG AUTOMATIC PERCOLATOR

YOU cannot fail to make anything but perfect drip coffee—today, tomorrow and every day—with the Armstrong Automatic Percolator. It is the only percolator that does not have to be watched or timed.

Plug in the cord and turn your back. When the coffee is perfectly brewed, the percolator turns itself off. It cannot boil. (Boiling ruins coffee.) It cannot "perc" too long. (Over percolating coffee also spoils the flavor.)

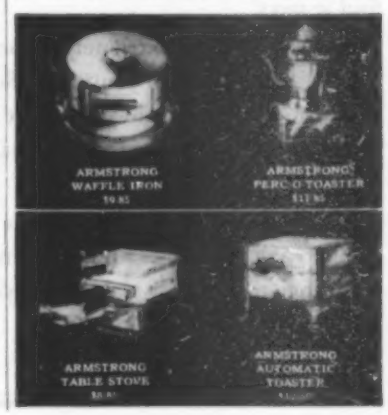
No special coffee required. Use your favorite brand. The percolator brings out the *full* essence of flavor and aroma.

THE Armstrong Automatic Percolator has no electric attachments on the pot. Can be washed as easily as a cup. The percolator is divided into two compartments as illustrated—one for water, the other for finished coffee. The weight of the water tips percolator and turns on current. When water has passed through the coffee into coffee compartment, the weight of the percolated coffee tilts the percolator, turns off the current. Result: Perfect Drip Coffee—and without watching. ***The only appliance of its kind; there is nothing else like it.*** Price complete, in U. S. A., $14.75.

Armstrong Appliances are sold by leading stores or shipped prepaid in U.S.A. on receipt of price.

Armstrong SINCE 1899

ARMSTRONG Electric & Mfg. Corp.
Huntington, West Virginia



# ONE Second *is enough to* "BE SURE IT'S A SCHRADER"

**FOR TROUBLE-FREE MOTORING, SEE THAT EVERY TIRE VALVE IS EQUIPPED WITH FRESH, GENUINE SCHRADER VALVE CORES**

HAVING tire trouble on the road? Maybe it's because you have old or inferior valve cores in your tire valves. Replace all doubtful cores at once, but take one second to look for the name "Schrader" before you buy new ones. You'll find it pays.

Valve cores are extremely important to the life and welfare of your tires. Sooner or later you will have to buy them. It is at this point the danger comes in. Cheapjack cores may give you trouble.

With Schrader Valve Cores you run less risk of road troubles. They offer maximum assurance that the air pressure in your tires —so necessary for longer tire life—will be maintained. That's why Schrader Valve Cores are used in more than 85% of all tubes made in the United States and Canada today.

So, simply to protect yourself, look for the name "Schrader" on the red box. Other valve cores may come in red boxes, but the Schrader box has the name "Schrader" plainly printed on the top.

**Look for the Name "Schrader"**

*Actual Size of Schrader Valve Core*

*Get Schrader protection*

Look at the spare box of valve cores in your tool kit, too. See if they are Schraders. If not, the chances are you have inferior cores that may give you trouble when you least want it. Replace them with genuine Schraders . . . sure protection for you.

A. Schrader's Son, Inc., Brooklyn, Chicago, Toronto, London.

*Be sure it's a Schrader—Look for the name*

**Schrader**

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

**Tire Valves ▾ Tire Gauges**

(Continued from Page 135)

"I think not. Even at sixteen I disliked dancing that maimed my toes." She slipped out of his arms at the edge of the floor. "Don't cry about it, Bob," she said with pleasant impudence. "Let's go on to the Dobrees. Help me succumb to the illusion of pleasure for a while."

He recognized a sort of courageous gallantry. The pathetic eagerness of her youth! He was wrong to tarnish the gloss that would all too soon disappear of its own accord.

"You're right, of course," he agreed somberly. "One must preserve the attitude at any cost. The attitude is everything."

While Joana busied herself with a compact, he saw Sylvia and Hollister walking toward the door. Sylvia turned troubled eyes on him and seemed to pause. At the moment the roving beam of a spotlight picked her out. She stood there in it and he saw her as he had so often seen her—blond hair curling at the perfect forehead, all of her fashioned pleasantly. This was what life had offered him, what he had ignorantly thrown away. She was superb in that light, and slowly he realized that no response whatever had stirred in him. He did not care. Sylvia had done for him; he would never again feel any emotion whatever, not even regret. Let her go!

"Ready," Joana said. "Shall we fling our disenchantment at the Dobrees?"

He liked this gallant flippancy. It meant courage before the drought of life. She was silent as the car sped out along the north shore, toward the yacht club where the Dobree dance was to be. Thinking of Joana, he discovered, amazingly, that he was capable of a kind of tenderness. No doubt, her silence meant that she was rehearsing the tinsel glamour of the Maison Bleue and imagining splendors to be experienced at the yacht club, which would exhaust the last possibility of triteness. She was pathetically defenseless, young, eager. A faint perfume reached his nostrils—not the mimosa that had once troubled his senses but something subtler, reminiscent of rain on hidden flowers. What was it? Apple blossoms? No, lilies of the valley—very appropriate to the shy longings of eighteen. He pictured her standing at a triple mirror the moment before she came downstairs, touching a glass stopper to her ears and throat, industrious for the approval of Robeson Ballou. Yes, distinctly, she had made him capable of tenderness. The very defenselessness of youth had restored to him this slight ability to feel. He must be very grateful to her.

He touched her hand. "I hope it will be very shining for you at the Dobrees."

She laughed, and the contralto mirth was delightful in the darkness. "You've no idea how expert I am at perfecting a moment."

The car fled on across salt flats with the smell of the sea borne on cool winds. It came at last to a winding drive hedged with lilacs, and drew up at the clubhouse. He waited for Joana at the head of the stairs, where she joined him, smiling and expectant. The complete loveliness of that black-and-silver dress, of her eyes, her subtle hair, her memorable ankles, came over him with the force of a breaking wave.

"You're enchanting!" he marveled.

"Let's dance," she commanded.

They forced their way to the floor, where music palpitated through clever lights. They had gone half the length of the balcony when someone tapped his shoulder. He relinquished her and she raised her arms to the newcomer. Bob made his way to the sideline, reaching it in time to see her claimed by another stag. Ten yards farther on, another cut in. Then another. A perceptible vibration ran down the stag line.

Bob watched the progress of a sensation for a few moments; then, pleased, he went in search of refreshment. Joana would do well; she would make good. He had an impersonal satisfaction in her success.

Five minutes later, refreshed, he reached the floor in time to hear two youths marveling together. "By battalions! She's a sell-out, she's a general alarm, she's a front-page spread! She saves the season. Who dragged her here?"

"Bob Ballou."

"He never errs."

"It's a trained instinct. He specializes."

A deserved tribute, he considered. On the floor, the black-and-silver frock was a marked allurement. He could see her head thrown back while she laughed excitedly. Laughter, he decided, gave a strange beauty to her face. He moved to intercept her at a corner, and she was laughing and exalted when she came into his arms. A pleasant glow warmed him.

"You've soared like a rocket," he said. She had time to answer, "It's gorgeous! Paris frocks make a bull market," before someone said, "Sorry, Bob; I'm teeing off," and snatched her away.

The glow remained while he sought a railing above dark water, whence he could watch her continually interrupted passage down the floor. Her skirt made silver parabolas; her back gleamed entrancingly. How exquisite her shoulders were, what a charming pattern her slim legs made! He began to realize that a new clarity had come to his sight. He was seeing a Joana he had not dreamed of seeing.

Ted Harrod approached him. "For Pete's sake, dance with Sylvia. She's going about peering under benches for you, howling like a banshee."

Robeson Ballou was beginning to suspect that new possibilities of interest were opening up before him, and it seemed a little tiresome of Sylvia to be looking for him. She came by, dancing with Tony Hollister, saw him, and made her eyes pleading. Bob bowed aloofly. The music stopped and he went down the balcony toward steps which led to the waterside. There was the sound of haste behind him and Sylvia came up, taking his arm, urging him out into the deep shadow.

"Why wouldn't you dance with me?" she whispered. "I tried to phone you. Bob, I've got to talk to you."

The scent of mimosa assailed him. Her hand, tight on his arm, impelled him forward down a colonnade that led along the water. She exclaimed impatiently as successive nooks proved to be occupied, but halted at last where a bench overlooked the bows of boats moored in the slip. She sat down and turned toward him, her face dim, her fingers nervous at his arm.

"Bob," she said softly, "why did you send me orchids?"

The orchids had touched her, then. He felt, of a sudden, curiously kind toward Sylvia. He must remember that she had once strangely saddened him, had once been the lost, irrevocably dear. A long time ago he had had emotions about Sylvia. And he perceived that life was offering him a chance to round out an incident gracefully, to perfect a moment, to maintain an attitude. It would be kind to let Sylvia go with an illusion confirmed, the illusion of her destructive power, her mad desirability.

"Orchids have always been your symbol," he said. "I thought it was a graceful way to go."

"It was sweet," Sylvia's voice was tremulous. "It was dear. But it made Tony awfully mad."

"I'm sorry if I can't respect Tony's annoyances." He withdrew his arm from her grasp and leaned forward brooding, his head in his hands. "Tony should, perhaps, be a little generous toward me."

Something soft touched his shoulder. Was it her cheek? "Bob, what are you going to do?"

"Do?"

"I mean, it's dreadful if I've—if you're going to be all broken up."

Really, she had begun to say, "If I've ruined your life." That was what you must expect from athletes. And, ignoring its ghastly crudeness, wasn't she a little presumptuous? He quieted an irritation; the essential thing was to develop the moment's possibilities.

"Don't waste pity on me, Sylvia," he said with somber melancholy. "If it was my misfortune to be at hand when you came by, it was my great good fortune too."

"I don't understand."

"No, of course, you don't. Let's try shorter words. I mean," he explained, "it's a multiple tragedy. It's a loss I share with all the world but Tony Hollister." He stood up and thrust out a hand, dimly. "I was the predestined runner-up, the beaten finalist. Perhaps that will console me hereafter, among the also-rans."

"Everybody can't marry me," Sylvia pointed out. "How was I to know I meant so much to you?"

"You should have set a higher value on yourself. You should have learned to see." He abandoned reproach for a finer rhetoric. This was handsomely done, saying a gracious farewell beside the dim sea, in a mood of splendid resignation. "Don't pity me, Sylvia; don't think of me at all. There'll be things to occupy me and interest me—not to interest me very much, but enough. There'll be girls to divert me—not divert me very much, but enough." The phrases were pleasant on the tongue. This was the proper note, beside the ripple of the tide. "There'll be many pleasant moments—occasions when I'll be absorbed, when I'll almost forget you. I'll get used to not seeing you, not kissing your fingers. Sometimes," he said slowly, with a faltering emphasis, "I'll be almost able to forgive some momentary girl for not being you ——"

"Oh, Bobby!"

That cry was the omen of success. When they called you "Bobby" they were at your mercy.

"Go your way and don't bother to think about me," he resumed melodiously. "Share the athletic ecstasies of Tony Hollister. Fulfill your destiny with loving cups and trophies. Sweat rapturously before crowds. I'll be a face sometimes glimpsed in grand stands between rallies, a half-recognized shadow drifting by you when people rush to shake your hand. You'll frown a little, trying to recall my name."

Her voice was now an awed whisper: "I didn't know you felt like that!"

"Did you think I was No. 3 in a crew?" he said superbly. He stopped and kissed her upturned lips. "Good-by, Sylvia," he said with quiet finality, and walked away up the colonnade.

He thought he heard her sob. A perfect close.

Yes, it had been well played; no value had escaped him. Sylvia would always have the illusion of conquest, would always happily remember his secret heartbreak. And he would now have no sense of technic fumbled, as she followed her star with Tony Hollister. What a marriage of true minds; but, to the interests of the state, how appalling!

He quickened his pace. A strange new warmth possessed him. He felt renewed, alert, expectant. Vivid pictures filled his mind—Joana's head thrown back while she laughed up at him, the gay whirling of her skirt, the depths of her eyes, the curve of her shoulders.

The dancers had thinned out. The halls were full of people chattering and eating. He found Joana at the foot of the main stairs, deeply surrounded by young Harvard. At sight of him she stood up, bestowing a plate on one youth and a gay, dismissing smile on the rest, and came forward to him. She took his arm; they strolled out across the lawn and down the winding drive.

"You understand the English language, don't you?" he demanded.

She nodded. "But not the perpetual surprises of Harvard."

He persisted, "It's not necessary to explain one's ideas to you."

"No, Bob. Only oneself."

"I like them to have malice," he said equably.

This was enchantment, strolling down the dark drive with Joana. She had become mysteriously beautiful, unsettling, infinitely desirable. He was aware of the light touch of her fingers on his arm; sometimes her


When You Buy
*More Gas and*
Get *Less Power*

THIS ILLUSTRATES THE EFFECT OF CAMOAH ON YOUR SPARK PLUG WIRES
OLD SPARK PLUG WIRE
LEAK ELECTRICITY
LIKE AN OLD HOSE
LEAKS WATER

*Remember*
**CAMOAH***
*Robs the Plug of its Vital Spark*

* CAMOAH—a word coined by The Packard Electric Company research engineers to express the six causes (Corona, Abrasion, Moisture, Oil, Age and Heat) of failure of spark plug wires on modern engines.

**Is your car using more gas? Getting less mileage? Losing its old-time pickup, pep and power? The chances are that CAMOAH* has been at work . . . attacking spark plug wires..letting electricity leak!**

**Keep vital electrical punch where it belongs; rewire with genuine Packard Lac-kard Spark Plug Wires every 10,000 miles. It will save you money!**

Guard against substitution. Get the genuine Packard . . . standard on 75% of American makes of cars. Ask your garage man.

THE PACKARD ELECTRIC COMPANY
WARREN, OHIO · TORONTO · WINNIPEG

FOR ALL CARS $1.50 TO $4.75

*Strained Vegetables for*

# baby!

*— the Traveller*

The week-end jaunt—or the prolonged Summer vacation away from home need no longer be denied both mother and baby because of the perplexing problem of maintaining the strictest uniformity and regularity in baby's daily feeding schedule. Wherever baby or mother may be—the Gerber Strained Vegetable Products are sure to be available—ready-to-serve on warming and the addition of salt or sugar as taste or baby's doctor directs.

*Baby's Summer Diet*

Of equal importance to the mother at home is the dependable uniformity of the specially prepared Gerber Products—and the ease with which they make it possible to maintain the strictest regularity in providing the important vegetable supplement to baby's milk diet. Prepared from fresh-picked specially selected garden products—the assortment of the Gerber Vegetables provides the variety that is as interesting and important to baby as it is to the adult. Each product is specially prepared, strained through monel metal screens, cooked in vessels from which oxygen is excluded, and steam-sterilized for 60' at 240°.

*Scientifically Prepared*

Vitamin A, Vitamin B, Vitamin C, and rich mineral salt values lost through oxidation and through solution in cooking water in home preparation are conserved in the maximum degree by Gerber methods. Accepted by the American Medical Association Committee on Foods, and approved by leading national domestic science institutes, the Gerber Products are providing wholesome regularity, and saving hours of time and effort in infant feeding in thousands of homes all over the world. Your doctor will gladly explain why the Gerber steam-pressure process is best for baby—and he should be consulted for the specific diet instructions that will enable you to use the Gerber Strained Vegetables to best advantage through the difficult Summer feeding period. Don't accept a substitute for the approved Gerber Products. Look for the Gerber blue and white label with the Vitamin A, Vitamin B, and Vitamin C blocks.

SEND FOR ASSORTMENT

If you have not already used the Gerber Products, ask your doctor about them today. If your own grocer or druggist is unable to supply you—send us his name and $1.00 for the complete introductory assortment offered below—or order such individual products as you wish. Postage prepaid.

*In Canada, Complete Assortment only, $1.10—Canadian Currency or Money Order.*

*Free Samples on Request to Physicians or Hospitals*

**Gerber's**

**STRAINED VEGETABLES**

SEND THE COUPON TODAY—A WEEK'S SUPPLY

Gerber Products Division, *Fremont Canning Co.*, Fremont, Mich. *$1.00 Complete Assortment.* Dept. S-1—Enclosed find money or stamps for assortment or for Gerber Products checked.

| 15c | 15c | 15c | 15c | 15c | 15c | 15c |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Strained Vegetable Soup | Strained Spinach | Strained Carrots | Strained Prunes | Strained Peas | Strained Tomato | Strained Green Beans |

Name .....

Address .....

My dealer is .....


shoulder grazed his, and that was intoxicating. An unpredictable, a dazzling experience. He felt that he was being swept far out to sea.

"Joana!" The exclamation came involuntarily, without grace.

"I've had a gorgeous time," she said inattentively. "I'm afraid I'm going to like this sort of thing a lot. And I've got crates of dresses quite as reliable as this."

"Joana," he repeated; he could not keep his voice steady, "I think we're innocent bystanders at the beginning of something big."

"Yes, adore me a little now and then, Bob. Give me Fridays from nine to eleven, say. Your occasional devotion puts a seal on a successful season."

"No! This is something else—something big."

But there were swift footsteps on the gravel behind them and frantic hands took his arm. "Bobby," Sylvia was crying, "come away! I've got to tell you something."

"One of your clientele, Bob?" Joana inquired. "Oh, the myth, Sylvia. While you were inventing her, why didn't you give her poise?"

"Who is she?" Sylvia demanded. "I can't wait to be polite. I've got to talk to you. Why didn't you wait for me?"

"I'm busy," he pointed out. "Sylvia, you're being hysterical. I'll telephone to you."

"Better listen," Joana coldly advised him. "Remember your public."

Joana turned back up the drive. He took a step in her direction, one hand thrown out, but Sylvia's full weight hung on the other arm.

"Bobby," she whispered—"Bobby, everything is all right. I told Tony it was all a mistake. I told him I'd just lost my head for a moment. I told him I found out the truth tonight. I gave him back his ring."

For the first time in his experience, Robeson Ballou was at a loss for words. He was wholly dumb. This was complete disaster. Lilac branches moved across the glare of an arc light and let curved shadows fall on Sylvia's pale face. Their oppressive perfume yielded to another one—mimosa. Her head was on his shoulder.

"It was the orchids that made me understand," she confided tenderly. "And you were so distressed tonight, Bobby—so resigned and forgiving and hopeless. I couldn't bear it."

Oh, no doubt! He had been resigned and forgiving and so, so hopeless. He had been quite perfect; he had constructed an attitude in which no flaw whatever could be perceived. And he had damn well licked himself. This was intolerable. He could see mirrors giving back Joana's shoulders, her head, her arms, while she smiled at him without illusion. That dazzling possibility, that strange new wonder, was gone forever.

"You mustn't yield to impulses, Sylvia." He had no hope of convincing her. "It isn't fair to Tony."

"He was an impulse. I was a fool to believe anything else."

"He wasn't an impulse!" Desperation leaped in his voice. "The deepest needs of your nature called out to him. In all the world he's the one man who was meant for you. You can't drop Tony Hollister for me."

"Don't be humble, Bobby. Don't be silly!" She all but cooed the words, speaking them from an ineffable sweetness. "Everything's all right now. I won't have any more impulses, ever."

Her arms went behind his head, pulling it down to hers. The scent of mimosa was heavy, stupefying. Here vanished his last chance. This was lights out, taps, the final curtain. He made a despairing effort to break away from her—awkwardly, quite without dignity. But Sylvia's arms were strong. Somewhere beyond the edge of the world, Joana would flicker out of sight. Oh, well, he'd bungled completely. He'd let himself in for it. It was the end; submit to it. He yielded and bent down to her lips.

"The system seems to have miscarried somehow, doesn't it, Don Juan?" a cool voice inquired.

Sylvia started away and Bob's arms dropped. The lilacs admitted enough light to discover a disdainful smile on Joana's lips.

"Go away!" Sylvia said. "Bob, who is she?"

"I'm another entrant," Joana explained. "My eligibility was passed on about ten minutes ago. I'm entered in the Ballou sweepstakes. I may even marry him when he grows up."

"Nobody is going to marry him but me. I'm engaged to him."

Joana shook her head judicially. "Isn't that a little stupid? I think perhaps you'd better run along to your oarsman. He'll begin to feel hurt before long."

"I've given back Tony's ring, if it's any of your business," Sylvia said defiantly. "I'm engaged to Bobby."

Joana sighed. "Sylvia, are you going to insist on being the first girl in history to take an undergraduate Casanova seriously? These Shelleys of Harvard Yard—they're a recognized type, child, and at twenty you're supposed to know the rules. Oh, I know"—Joana's hand went up peremptorily as Sylvia seemed about to break in—"he sent you orchids, he made the most picturesque and devastating love to you, he simply had you swooning with oratory. Don't be dumb, Sylvia! That's his profession, his art, his function. Life is a decorative art—life is a succession of moments that it's necessary to make perfect. You're called on to assist an attitude, Sylvia, not succumb to it. But then you're very stupid."

"Make her go away, Bobby," Sylvia demanded hysterically.

Catalepsy had descended on Robeson Ballou. His head made a spasmodic movement which was probably intended to mean something, but it was unnoticed. Time stood still and he was prey to unimaginable distress. There was no defense against Joana's scourging words, which went serenely on:

"You could use a little primary sophistication, Sylvia. Someone should tell you that a Harvard man masters his eloquence by the time he's a sophomore. Bob Ballou is a little more literary than most, which probably means that he'll write advertising when he matures. You should have seen that he's still frightfully adolescent, Sylvia—a Harvard boy who has picked up something from the behavior of movie stars and the books he reads for English courses. He's a sort of Grade B actor with some good lines."

Sylvia had, at least, loosed her hold on him. She was furiously angry. She stamped one foot, but with no effect beyond an unpleasant scrunching on gravel. She demonstrated the disadvantages of being inexpert in the English language.

"But that doesn't excuse you for being stupid," Joana went on with complete detachment. "You ought to have realized that he was rehearsing against a time when he might meet someone with a less rudimentary mental life. You were very silly to try to change your type. You should be content with intensity and young exuberance and good wholesome out-of-doors conditioning. Frailty and the Pre-Raphaelite nimbus are a little beyond you. . . . Do run along now. You've reached a point where you've got to cry in someone's arms. Make it Tony Hollister's."

The shifting lilacs disclosed Sylvia's face, altogether stunned. Joana added reflectively, "He doesn't think very fast, but before long he'll suspect you were trying to be rude to him. Go reclaim the ring. I'm sure it must be quite pretty." Here, surprisingly, she took Bob's arm and set him in motion down the drive. She called back over her shoulder, "Or, better, let him find you here, in tears. That sort of rapture will leave him helpless."

She drew him through lilacs to the lawn beyond, in the direction of the bay, walking in step with him. Out of chaos came deep gratitude to her for keeping silent. Phrases were seared in his mind, were ruthless edges cutting deep—"undergraduate Casanova"; "Shelley of Harvard Yard"; "adolescent"; "Grade B actor." He was a shuddering juvenile, suffering helplessly, whipped and shamed. No escape was possible. The truth was plain.

Honesty. He was incredibly young—an absurd boy given, his whole life, to ridiculous pretenses. He would be ashamed ever to look into Joana's eyes.

Hundreds of yards across the dark lawn, in silence. They came to bare shingle along the water, where the tide came slowly in. She had said nothing, and he—it was best that he should never talk again.

But at last she said, "Bob, I'm sorry."

"It's true," he muttered with difficulty; "every word of it."

"Oh, it's true enough. But it doesn't matter. Not in the least. And I'm sorry. I needn't have said it. All I meant to do was to get rid of her."

"No." He stopped short and faced her. She was only the faint glimmer of face and shoulders in darkness and the movement of silver. But it was imperative to acknowledge her, to be honest, to accept humiliation. "It's true. I've been God's fool."

"That doesn't matter, Bob."

His very soul writhed. He wanted to groan aloud, to find relief from this intolerable shame. But he dared not. Could he say anything, do anything, ever again, that was not histrionic, not a puerile pose? He fumbled blindly.

"Give me a chance," he said.

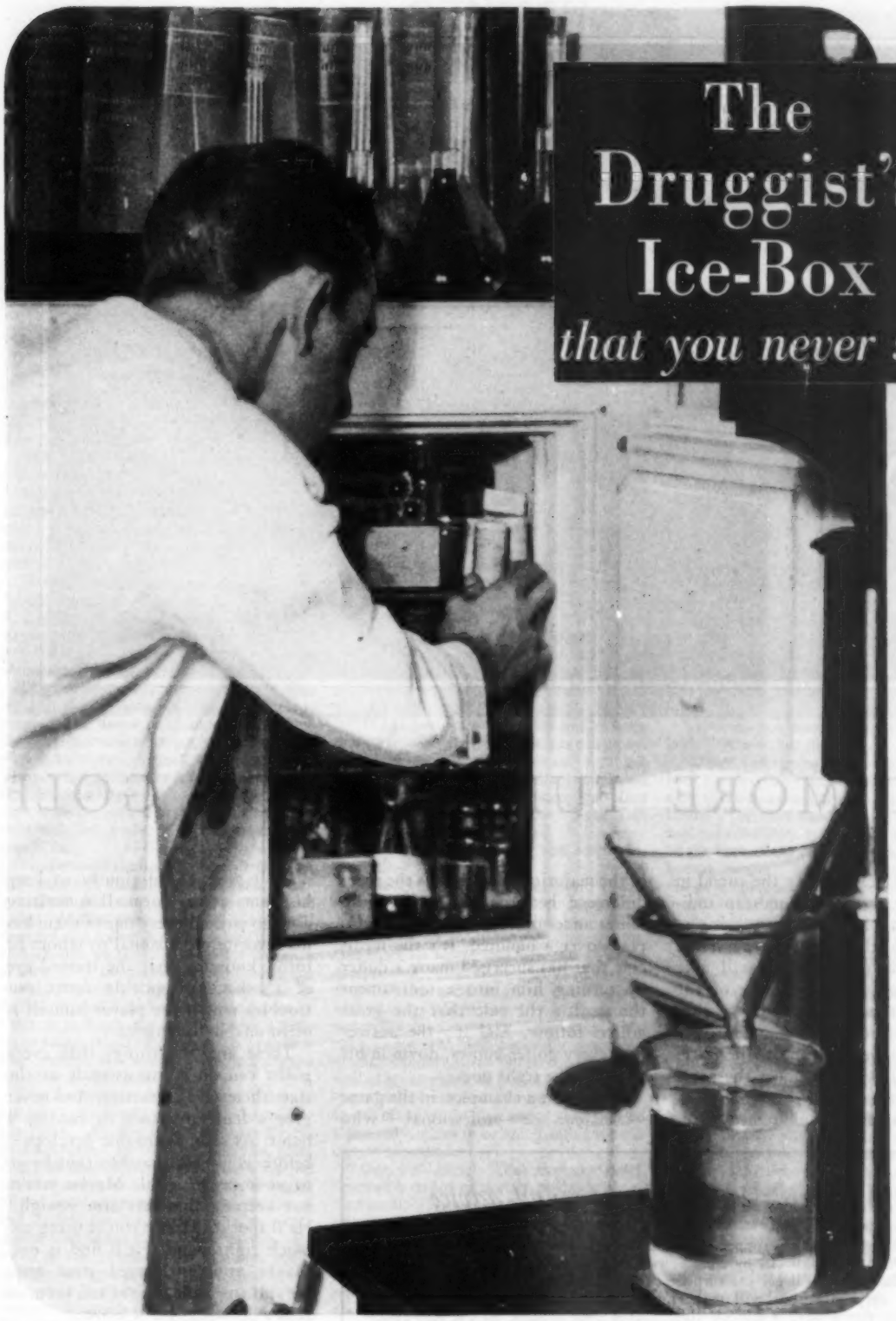
Surprisingly, her hands came to his shoulders. He had not known that a girl's hands could be so infinitely soft, so beyond thought gentle. And then humiliation fell away, and beyond shattered attitudes, beyond boyish degradation and unbearable shame, grew the promise of something new and at last real—something adult and permanent.

For he heard himself saying, "Joana," in a choked, gasping voice, and her hands tightened, and, magically, she said:

"Bobby!"

DRAWN BY G. S. FULLER

***"Oh, Mr. Smith, I Just Know You are Somebody—Tell Me, Who are You?"***



# The Druggist's Ice-Box *that you never see*

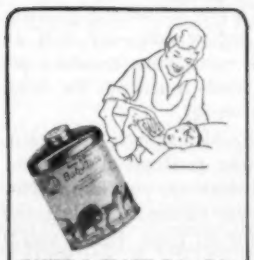
It doesn't hold the "Saturday Specials"—the crisp frozen bricks of Neapolitan and Maple Nut. It doesn't house the buttermilk or ginger ale or keep the lettuce crisp for the sandwich counter.

This Druggist's ice-box that you never see has some odd tenants. Frail glass tubes of mysterious liquids. Strange names and symbols on the labels. Serums, toxins, anti-toxins, vaccines, antigens, prophylactics—for diphtheria, tetanus, scarlet fever, influenza, pneumonia, smallpox, and whooping cough.

Your Druggist calls them "biologicals." And he must have them *all*—ready for the daily needs of the physician; in reserve for the urgent peak demands of diphtheria epidemics and smallpox scares. He must keep them always at freezing temperature; and always fresh, discarding each dated tube when its time is up...

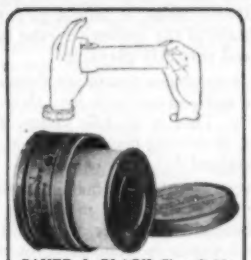
No, Sir, your Druggist can't merely put in the finest soda fountain in town and then "call it a day." His real job—and don't forget that *he* never forgets it—is to run the community's main munitions depot in the never-ending battle for public health and safety.

No small part of his responsibility is to have always on hand the best of first aid supplies—sterile gauze and bandages, absorbent cotton, adhesive plaster, and the like. And the fact that so many Druggists handle the reliable products of Bauer & Black, a name identified for more than a third of a century with highest quality in surgical dressings, shows how seriously this responsibility to the public is accepted.

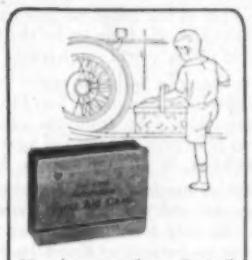


BAUER & BLACK Baby Talc. The perfect talc . . smooth, healing, and moisture-resisting

BAUER & BLACK Pal Athletic Supporters give protection and de luxe comfort at work or play



BAUER & BLACK Zinc Oxide Adhesive Plaster. Buy the five yard spool for greatest economy



More important than a "spare"—slip a BAUER & BLACK First Aid Kit into the pocket of your car

Blue-Jay Protect-O-Pads (new) and Corn Plasters—BAUER & BLACK aids to foot comfort

BAUER & BLACK Sterile Gauze Bandages, in sealed cartons. Frayless edge prevents raveling

**BAUER & BLACK**

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY

*Chicago · New York · Toronto*

© 1930, The Kendall Company

# HOW TO GET MORE FUN OUT OF GOLF

You'll find them on every golf course. Sad-eyed golfers, parading along with heads bent, as if they were chief mourners at a funeral. Swearing by heaven that they will abandon golf and take up some game like marbles. Murmuring the old complaint, "I'm off my game again."

And the worst of it is, that there's no real need for most of the trouble.

Spalding has been keeping an inquisitive eye on the grand old game for the last 38 years, and has a few friendly suggestions that may be of real help to golfers.

The trouble is that most golfers foolishly decide that the way to get the most fun out of golf is to make up a congenial foursome and get right into a red-hot match. There's a lot to be said for that. But if the round is spotted with sliced drives, flubbed iron shots, and atrociously missed putts, just where is the fun?

Of course, not every golfer can be a scratch man, or break course records—nor does every golfer expect to. But there isn't a golfer who can't improve his game to an extent that will amaze him if he will do two simple things.

And when we say improve his game, we don't refer merely to the making of a few low scores—lower than before. We mean something vastly more important than that: the ability to play his best game *most of the time*—to have a consistency of play that he can rely on—to go into a match confident that he will play the round in about the form his handicap indicates. That's fun!

And that is something that every golfer can do if he will take a page from the experience of the greatest stars in the game—that is, if he will devote a comparatively trifling amount of time to practice, both by himself and under the eagle eye of a professional.

This is such a simple remedy. Yet in the majority of cases, it is the main difference between the golfer who scores under ninety, and the one who plays over a hundred. It's the medicine that has surprised many a duffer by turning him into a tournament threat. It's the rule that the great golfers follow. And it's the answer that every golfer knows, down in his heart, is the right one.

There isn't a champion in the game—amateur or professional—who doesn't practice religiously to keep his game at top form. If something does go wrong, every one of them has his favorite professional to whom he turns, knowing that the trained eye of another can quickly ferret out troubles which the player himself is often unable to diagnose.

These are two things that every golfer can do as consistently as the stars themselves. Practice. And never give a fault a chance to become a habit. As soon as trouble develops—before you play another round—go to your professional. Maybe you're not keeping that left arm straight. He'll spot it. Maybe you're using too much right hand. He'll find it out. Maybe you've changed your grip, are shifting your weight too soon, or aren't pivoting. He'll know.

And just a few minutes of practice under his supervision—say half an hour in all—and your troubles are discovered, and ironed out for days, perhaps for weeks.

When trouble shows up again, consult your professional again. Faults will develop, you know. Nobody has ever succeeded in learning the game for all time. But if you'll give your game just a little attention *regularly*, you'll never go far off. You'll keep getting a little better all the time. And most of the time you'll be enjoying the thrill of playing at the peak of your game—and that's a thrill whether your best score is 75, 85, or 100. And, we repeat, *that's* fun!

© 1930, A. G. S. & B.


## *And here's another bit of sound advice*

Unless, in your game, topped shots are rarer than roses in Death Valley, try a Kro-Flite Golf Ball. If, by chance, you raise your head as you swing lustily at the ball, you'll get the surprise of your life. You'll probably expect to find an ugly gash that will make further play with that ball impossible. Actually, you'll have a difficult time finding even a mark on the Kro-Flite.

For Kro-Flite is the toughest golf ball ever made. It cannot be cut. It is the one ball that can come from under the blade of the guillotine—the most brutal golf ball test in the world—unharmed and perfectly playable.

And it is the only ball ever made that combines maximum durability with first-grade distance. Lay into a Kro-Flite and you can look for a drive that will wring admiration, even from the caddy. This is no idle claim. Kro-Flite's distance has been proved time and again, in driving machine tests at Chicopee, Mass., Pinehurst, N. C., and Putney, England.

These driving machines have tested every well-known make of ball—in both the present size and the new 1931 size. The results are invariably the same. Kro-Flite falls only a trifling distance behind its brother, the Spalding ball—which is not so durable as Kro-Flite but which is recognized internationally as the longest ball the game has ever known.

For every golfer who tops his shots occasionally, Kro-Flite is the ideal ball. The low-handicap golfer, however, may prefer to play the Spalding. Both come in present size and in the new 1931 size . . . dimple or mesh . . . plain white or Spalding Multidot Marking, 75c each.

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

# GUNMAN

(Continued from Page 26)

"You fellows didn't have the expenses I did," Castagara argued. "I was always out front where it cost money. You birds laid away enough to take care of you. But I'll tell you this much, Joe," he went on fiercely, "whether you like it or not, you'll be in this thing with me unless, between you two, you scrape up the money for me to take it on the lam. I won't be left in the middle. Not for you or anybody else."

Zatich met this astounding threat with features that might have been chiseled from marble. He regarded Angelo as one might look upon a whining boy. "You're talking just a little too fast, aren't you?" he asked at last.

"Not a bit of it," the lawyer snapped. "I'm just giving it to you straight from the shoulder, Joe. Either you see me through this thing or you won't go through it yourself. You have made money and saved it. You'll pay me for my silence."

"Pay you?" the judge asked calmly. "How much, Angelo?"

"The rock bottom is half a million," Castagara cried. "I'll have to live two or three years under cover, and even after that I'll never be able to practice law again. Half a million is little enough."

The judge pondered at some length. But finally he seemed to soften. "All right, Angie," he said. "There may be something to your angle. I won't commit myself now, but I'll think it over. Drop in and see me tomorrow."

The rest of the afternoon and early evening Castagara spent in one of his apartments. He drank a good deal, but his thoughts were busy making calculations designed to show him just where he stood. With half a million he could make a safe enough get-away. It was by no means the sort of retirement of which he had always dreamed, but under the circumstances it would do.

The fumes of the liquor he had drunk fired his brain and stimulated his courage. He visualized his next conference with the judge. At that time, he planned, he would demand and collect his tribute. Zatich was rich enough to pay top price for Angelo's silence. His imaginings encompassed the world. Should he hide in London or in Paris? Would it be better to find haven in Italy or in South America? Under a fictitious name, could he not spend a year in a trip around the world? He had always dreamed of such a trip.

The conference with Zatich would be a hot one! He would be calm and consider the facts. All the facts undoubtedly favored Angelo. In the final analysis, what could he do but pay him? There was no other course open to him. Some new leader of the bootleggers would rise to eminence and Zatich, for one, would be in the same position he had enjoyed with Scarvak. He stood to lose nothing. No rum king could operate without protection, so Zatich was assured of profitable work. He would pay rather than sacrifice that juicy arrangement. Any way Angelo looked at the matter, his confidence grew. It seemed strange to him to realize that perhaps in a day or two he would leave these familiar surroundings forever. After all, half a million dollars was a lot of money for a single man. Angelo was young too. Right in the prime of life. All the world of pleasure lay open at his feet.

A degree of light-heartedness came to Angelo. Contemplation of his future pleased him. He went to the telephone and called a girl friend. The conversation led to a dinner engagement in a downtown restaurant.

Angelo refreshed himself with splashes of cold water about the head and face. He donned fresh linen and caught himself whistling during the process. When he was ready to go, he took a final drink and muttered to himself a toast to what lay in store for him.

Then he snapped off the lights and went out into the hall. While he waited for the automatic elevator, he lit a cigarette and gently adjusted the brim of his soft hat. On the front steps of the apartment building he paused and breathed deep of the clear fresh air. He squared his shoulders and glanced in either direction for a taxicab. For a moment he considered walking two blocks to the public garage where he had parked his car. However, he decided against this because the night ahead gave promise of riotous pleasures, and during these he did not want the responsibility of driving.

A taxicab which had been waiting moved toward him and the driver hailed him. Squaring his shoulders jauntily, Angelo reached for the grab handle on the door.

"Ziro's Restaurant," he instructed.

The door of the cab flew open against his hand. He caught a hazy glimpse of faces within the shadows of the tonneau. He tried to leap back, but it was too late. A sawed-off shotgun blazed full against his chest, and as he fell backward an automatic pistol hurled four more shots into his crumpled body. Someone near at hand screamed. A window rattled noisily upward. The door of the cab slammed and the vehicle leaped into motion. In a matter of seconds, its tail light had disappeared around the corner and a terrified hallman walked, fascinated, toward the still body on the curbstone.

### XV

THE murder of Angelo Castagara had far-reaching results. In the first place, it brought Lemuel Bekins running to the editor whose efforts had brought him to the city.

"It's all perfectly clear," the quaint little detective insisted. "Scarvak has run away. We know exactly where he is and we'll get him if we want him. His going brought on this murder of the man Castagara. Gee whillikens," he sighed, "they work fast when they do work."

"What's your theory?" the editor inquired.

"Theory?" Bekins disdained. "Sakes alive, I haven't got any theory. I got facts. This morning, Castagara left one of his apartments to go directly to Betzer Hill. Out there he found that Mr. Scarvak had disappeared. Just as soon as he made this discovery he went to see a police officer and then to Judge Zatich. In those few hours the man changed completely. My sakes! He was just naturally scared to death. While he was doing this, Scarvak visited seven different banks and went into the safe-deposit vaults of every one of them. In one of the banks he changed two hundred thousand dollars from small bills into the largest they had.

"Gee whillikens! That explains itself. Scarvak boarded a train yesterday with all that money. He wouldn't even trust drafts, because they leave a trail. Castagara sensed that he had gone, and told Zatich. The answer is simple enough: Castagara wants to run away too. But he can't. He has no money. No man that keeps six or eight apartments, the way he does, could have any money. The rest is easy. If Zatich had refused this lawyer money, he would have killed him. Therefore, he didn't refuse him money. Gracious sakes!"

He peered at the editor through his thick glasses, and the rubber ferrule on his stick tapped a gentle tattoo against the floor. The editor smiled.

"It looks to me, Bekins," he said, "as though you've just about done your job of busting up this gang."

"This one, yes," Bekins nodded. "But gracious sakes, others will come up to take their places. As long as there are millions and millions to steal, there'll be plenty of thieves to steal them."

"What do you advise for the future?" the newspaperman inquired.

"Advice is no good," Bekins sighed. "Gee whillikens, man, nobody'll follow advice. If this Scarvak has really run away, he'll bob up again in some other city and they'll have the same trouble you've had. Others will come right up to take his place here and in six months you'll be back where you were. We've got too many laws. We just can't enforce them all."

"I suppose," the editor admitted resignedly, "it's the same old story. What we've got to get at is the source of the thing."

Bekins laughed softly. "The source?" he parried. "Gracious sakes alive! The source is human nature. The lawyer makes his business good with laws. The trickster who couldn't possibly beat a few laws finds it easy to beat a thousand. He's guilty under one law, but proves himself innocent under another. Two great results will come of my work here: The first is that the gang itself will be broken up to commit murders in some other city. That's a sad picture, but it's true. And in no time at all you'll have another gang here with the same old problem to beat.

"The second big result, if you honest men will help bring it about, will be a national identification bureau and a board to regulate various state laws. Through such a board a crook will be just as much a crook in one end of the country as he is in the other. We'll know who he is and where he is, and pretty well what he's doing. Even that won't do us much good, except that it will show the decent people of America just the kind of folks that handle these murders. Once that is driven home into the public consciousness, the people will recognize the law for what it is and they'll act accordingly."

"How do you mean—they'll act accordingly?" the editor inquired.

"They'll recognize law for what it should be," the detective answered. "They'll realize that human nature is no matter of legislation. On that basis they'll throw out bad laws and keep good ones. As it is now, 80 per cent of our criminal laws affect only honest people. Law itself don't change things or people. If you need any better proof of that than these killers, pass a law that every tenth child born will be an artist. Then try to enforce it. No, my good friend, legislation don't alter human nature!"

The editor smiled.

"There's a lot to what you say, Bekins," he admitted. "But tell me, what would you suggest for the immediate local situation?"

"I'd suggest full publicity on Scarvak's sudden departure, and I'd make it very clear that Castagara was murdered by his old friends. You do that in the next edition of your paper. Point out that the Camorra had nothing to do with the Scarvak attack, and say that the real investigators on this case knew it all the time. That way, the seven precious ducklings we're now holding at the Federal jail will open up like clams on a sunny ledge. After that, the future is in your hands. Gee whillikens, mister, I came out here to do a job, and it's done. The rest of it is up to you. This man Wilton, and Currier, and that queer little windmill called Crabb—they've got something to go on now, and the citizens' committee ought to be able to clean out the present crop of crooks.

"But you keep in close touch with that official in Washington," he admonished earnestly. "See that these fellows are really tried and convicted of perjury. If they can't step out and prove they shouldn't pay those big assessments, then it won't be very difficult, with the bank records I dug up, to prove that they fraudulently avoided tax payment. That's perjury. See to it that they get five years apiece in a Federal penitentiary for that. Try them on one count and indict them on four or five. Let each of the extra indictments serve as a detainer against their parole. In that way they'll serve their full sentence, and by the time they do get out their influence will be gone.

"My sakes," he concluded, "it wouldn't do any harm if, in your publicity, you pointed out that these gangs are born in

SALT-laden air
can't RUST your Bonderized car

● At the seashore—in overseas shipping—in daily use—rust cannot destroy the beauty of fenders and sheet metal parts—*if the metal has been Bonderized before the enamel finish is applied.*

This fact is now recognized by the leading motor car builders. You can have Bonderite protection from rust on the next car you buy.

The "salt spray test" is the most convincing test of rust-resistance.

Not only has Bonderite made sensational changes in automobile finishing methods—but it is being adopted by the manufacturers of refrigerators, metal furniture and other products where protection from rust and the preservation of the final finish is essential to owners' satisfaction.

Insist on knowing *"What's under the enamel."*

PARKER RUST-PROOF COMPANY
2175 Milwaukee Avenue
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
*"Parkerizing is rust-proofing"*
*"Bonderizing holds paint to steel"*

Bonderite
HOLDS PAINT TO STEEL

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

WHEN you buy Sports Shoes for your Summer wardrobe be certain they are FLORSHEIMS. That will assure your getting the newest styles and leathers—comfort with longer wear and shapeliness. . . Your money's worth and more. The GLENDALE, Style M-399 . . . *Most Styles* $10

*The* FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY *Manufacturers* CHICAGO

KEEPS TEETH WHITE

A gleaming smile makes the whole world your friend.

Always be sure your teeth are WHITE . . . for winning smiles are built on the whiteness of your teeth.

Every day chew Dentyne, the gum whose special purpose is to keep teeth clean and white. It has a tempting flavor all its own—and Dentyne's the highest quality gum made today.

*Chew* DENTYNE *. . and smile!*

the bootleg business and the bootleg business is supported by the man who buys liquor. If the buyer don't want to be considered a criminal, he'd better get together enough other buyers to change the law."

Very late that night, just as silently and unostentatiously as he had arrived in town, Lemuel Tobias Bekins left. Riding on the train with him was another operative who had spent that day following Castagara while Bekins himself looked after Scarvak.

*XVI*

ROSE SCARVAK, at her sister's, received a glowing if tragic report from her husband. "Honest, Rosy," the erstwhile gang leader told her, "the joint out home is a wreck. The newspapers kept the thing quiet, but I'm tellin' you the truth. The whole back of the joint's burned off. Most of the roof fell in when that bomb went off. Gee, kid, I should think you'd be so glad I'm alive, you wouldn't worry about the house!"

There ensued hours of bickering. Rose insisted that the home on Betzer Hill was the crystallization of her lifelong and fondest dreams. Therein lay her heart, her hope and her love. Therein she had visualized the children growing to maturity amid the splendors of the red-and-gold brocade.

"You talk like a sick duck," Antonio argued. "I'm tellin' you the truth, Rosy. None of us would live over a month if we went back there. Hell's poppin', can't you see that?"

So, partly through terrorization, but mostly by way of painting a glorious future in the old country, Antonio swung his wife to his own views. He spoke of Naples with its gorgeous sunny hills and its innumerable poor relations, in the eyes of whom Rose would be as a queen. He pictured the children growing up amid rich and quiet surroundings, and then assured Rose that she, and she alone, could select, furnish and decorate the mansion which would be theirs for life. He spoke of the delights of a sea voyage, of the charm in traveling across Europe in the most luxurious manner. In fact, he even suggested that she go by way of Paris and pause in that city long enough to replenish her wardrobe, after which she might take a private car straight through to Rome or Naples. To all of these attractive ideas Rose finally lent a receptive feminine ear. Antonio took her personally to the steamship office and there booked her passage in a suite.

With a great sense of relief he perfected his financial arrangements, and Rose went equipped as a millionairess through the efficiency of a world banking system. Antonio was at the pier to see her off. More than a hundred of their acquaintances and those of her sister joined in a farewell party aboard the ship. After the manner of their kind, the neighborhood doctor, butcher, grocer and barber came, and brought their friends. Much champagne was drunk, and hors d'œuvres were furnished in profusion. The children fussed and cried a good deal in the furor. When finally the hour came for all but passengers to leave the ship, Rose was laden with messages to relatives in the Old World. She was a target for the envious glances of hundreds. But when Antonio turned to say good-by, tears came into her big black eyes and coursed their way slowly over her plump cheeks. Antonio kissed her.

"There's just a few things I want to fix up here, Rosy," he told her. "A few matters of business. Then I'll retire myself and join you and the kids over there. In the meantime, keep happy and take good care of yourself and the babies."

He stood on the pier as the big ship was warped clear of the dock and spun slowly about in midstream. Handkerchiefs and hats were waving. Busy tugs puffed in efficient vociferousness. Whistles blew and bells rang, and slowly the liner pointed her way outward and under her own power surged majestically from view.

Antonio returned to the home of his sister-in-law. There red wine was drunk. The occasion had been a holiday for her husband, who was a bootblack in one of the big hotels, and he made of it a gala affair. The red wine lent garrulity to his tongue and tender sentiment to that of his wife. It was ten o'clock in the evening before Antonio was able to get away. More or less tired out, and tremendously bored, he summoned a taxicab and registered at a hotel. Then he promptly called his friend, the racketeer, and urged that the fellow join him there in the suite.

"Bring along all the friends you want," Antonio urged him. "I just got rid of a load of relatives an' I'm fed up. By the way, ship me up three or four cases of booze too. Mebbe you'd better bring some with you, so we can have a drink. I've run dry."

In the course of an hour, the hotel suite bespoke the indubitable presence of the gangster. Half-smoked cigarettes left their ineradicable design on carpet and furniture. The tops of bottles littered the floor and the dresser. The rooms were thick with smoke. But for the different furniture and faces in the room, Antonio might have been back in the mansion on Betzer Hill.

There was, as usual, a motive back of his open-handed generosity. More than a quarter of a million dollars still lay to his credit in local banks. This he intended to utilize for two purposes. First, it was an emergency fund to offset pursuit from his own city and bribe his way through the possible nuisance thereof. Second, it was to make for him a contact with local gangsters and rum runners.

Once he accomplished this, he knew he would be in touch with protection and legal trickery which, besides making him another fortune, would quickly wrap him in a blanket of oblivion.

The more Antonio thought about it, the better he liked this idea of making new contacts which would be both productive and profitable. He was too young a man to retire. He found himself imbued with an American spirit of achievement and a typical New World energy. He had reached that point where the greatest charm in life was to outsmart the established order. He was content to measure his brilliance and his influence solely on the scale of income.

So, in the course of the early morning revels, he got his friend aside. "I've been knockin' 'em dead out in the old territory," he explained. "Made millions out there, kid. But you know how it is. You get just so far an' then the strong-arm boys want to cut in so deep they take all the profits. I got plenty of jack laid away for my old age an' nobody's goin' to get that. I sent my wife an' kids back to the old country this very day. They're goin' to buy or build a real joint over there an', mebbe, after a year or two, I'll fade out of the picture an' live the life of Riley on the side of an olive mountain."

The eyes of his auditor narrowed. A gleam of suspicion flashed across his face. Deliberately he removed a cigarette from a diamond-studded case and puffed it into life.

"I knew you was doin' good out there," he nodded.

"Sure," Antonio went on. "The way I figure, kid, I took the cream and left only the skim milk. A guy's a sucker to stay in a racket where the risks grow steadily bigger an' the profits always smaller."

"You an' Karfola had quite a jam, didn't you?" the other asked narrowly.

Antonio grinned expressively. "Red started to get rough," he explained, "an' we put him in his place." There was a conclusive grandeur in his brief summary of the internationally infamous gang war.

"Yeah," the other nodded, "that thing ain't over yet, is it? I see Castagara got the bump last night."

Antonio straightened as though he had been slapped in the face. "Castagara?" he gasped. "Angelo Castagara?"

"Sure," the other nodded. "Didn't you read the papers today?"

Antonio was fighting for control. "No," he muttered. "All I done all day was listen to a lot of people sayin' good-by to my wife.

*(Continued on Page 145)*

# HOW CAN A FEW SQUARE MILES SUPPORT SO MANY BILLIONS OF TONS?

EVERY YEAR more skyscrapers are piled upon Manhattan—and the world marvels. How can a few square miles of island support so many billions of tons of weight?

The answer is that New York is built upon solid rock. It has the firmest foundation of any city in the world.

There are motor oils, too, that can carry a bigger lubricating load than others without ever faltering. And the reason is the same—their foundation. For, while careful refining is an important factor in determining the quality of finished motor oil, you must have a sound foundation to build on. Good oils can be made only from good material—the finest oils can be made only from the finest crude! From Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude!

## PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE

*—the world's best foundation for motor oils*

Experts know that Pennsylvania Crude is better—they call it "The highest grade crude oil in the world." But only Mother Nature knows why Pennsylvania is so superior. She made it better than other crudes—just as she made some kinds of cotton, and some kinds of rubber, finer than others.

Nature gave to Pennsylvania Grade a degree of "oiliness" found in no other crude. She made it remarkably free from impurities.

Add proper refining to this natural high quality—you get finished oils that are longer-lived and are more resistant to heat. Throughout the world, these oils are used for the hardest lubricating tasks—in automobile, airplane, tractor and motor boat engines, in locomotive, turbine and stationary machinery. Because they give better service, longer service.

Try one of these oils in your automobile! See how smoothly your engine purrs, how powerful it is on hills—how many more miles of super-lubrication you get to a filling. For these oils effect a better piston seal, give greater power, reduce dilution, minimize gasoline consumption. They make a motor last thousands of miles longer.

The emblem shown below appears on many different brands of oil. It signifies that the oil is made entirely from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Every brand sold under this emblem is bonded to protect *you*. The individual brand or trade-mark is your assurance of careful refining. Ask for these oils—see how much finer they are than oils made from other crudes!

© 1930, P. G. C. O. A.

## THE HIGHEST GRADE CRUDE OIL IN THE WORLD

*THIS EMBLEM GUARANTEES THE QUALITY OF THE CRUDE OIL . . . THE MAKER'S INDIVIDUAL BRAND GUARANTEES THE QUALITY OF THE FINISHED PRODUCT*

Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION S. E. P. 7-30
114 Center Street, Oil City, Pa.
Please send me the booklet, "$1,000 Worth of Information on Motor Oil."
*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

QUICK RELIEF FOR
SUNBURN, too!
Absorbine Jr. soothes and cools instantly; takes out soreness and inflammation; not greasy; won't stain; leaves a healthy tan.

SHE'S ONLY A SUNSHINE BATHER . . .

# Yet she has "Athlete's Foot"

SHE paddles around only in the sand. She makes a "splash" in the social swim, but could hardly be called the mermaid of her beach club.

Yet, for all her lack of swimming prowess, this popular member of the younger set has an unmistakable case of the ringworm infection now commonly known as "Athlete's Foot."

Dainty, petite and always correct, she nevertheless is bothered and vaguely puzzled by the red, rash-like eruption between the toes of her shapely little feet.

### *Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—so Easily Tracked into the Home

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton,* is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness.

In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath houses—even on hotel bath-mats. It thrives on damp floors everywhere.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere.* It is so easily overlooked at first that it has stolen up on the entire nation until now the United States Public Health Service finds *"it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time."*

And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton,* has made itself a nuisance in America.

### It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, by bacteria counts and by photo-micrographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ, *tinea trichophyton.*

This will be good news to many thousands of people who have worried over a threatening foot condition without knowing how to get rid of it.

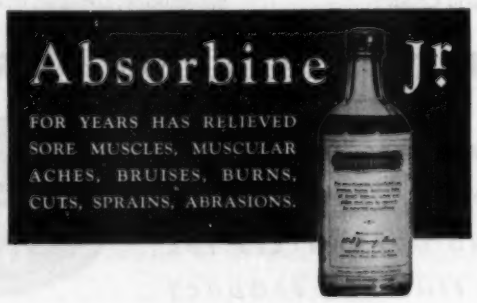
It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent.* The person who is seriously afflicted with it today may have had these same mild symptoms like yours a short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed below at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write

W. F. YOUNG, INC.
217 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.




*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

(Continued from Page 142)

I ain't seen a paper. Is Angie dead? Did they really knock him off?"

The other laughed harshly. "Did they knock him off?" he grunted. "Nothin' but a sawed-off full in the chest an' half a dozen shots from an automatic as a chaser!" He looked up suddenly at Antonio. "What's the matter, Tony?" he grinned. "Don't tell me you didn't expect that."

"I swear I didn't," Tony protested. "In some ways Angelo's a sap, but I never thought he'd get himself in a spot like that. What's the story? Do they know who slipped him the bump?"

"Accordin' to the papers," the kid explained, "the bulls figure that you took it on the lam and there was a fight on to see who'd step into your shoes. Somebody bumped Castagara just to get him out of the way."

"No," Tony said slowly. "No, it ain't that. We ran into a funny rap out there, kid. On some fool income-tax trick, they locked up seven of my best men. All seven of those guys are still in the can. Nobody else would have fought with Angelo for my job. There's somethin' else," he went on thoughtfully—"somethin' that happened since I left. Mebbe Angelo talked too much."

"Well," the kid grunted, "you won't lose any sleep over it, will you?"

"No," Antonio admitted quite frankly. "No, I guess I won't, at that. In this racket it's every man for himself."

"Say, listen," the kid asked pointedly; "just what are you doin' in town? Have you really beat it for good?"

"Yes," Scarvak admitted. "I'm not goin' back to the old territory. I got plenty of dough an' I'm goin' to call it a day. To be right open an' on the level with you, kid, I was hopin' that you and me might work together for a while. I don't need the money, but I love the excitement. I know all the angles an' I got plenty ready cash to finance a deal," he went on by way of alluring explanation.

"Oh," the kid returned quietly, "you're goin' to stick around here, eh?"

"Why not?" Antonio queried. "We're pals, ain't we? You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours. Mebbe a few of the things I know might be good for you to learn. You give me the in, kid, an' I'll make money for both of us faster'n you can spend it."

The kid nodded. "That's right, Tony," he muttered. "You're a smart guy all right. They can't take that away from you."

"Well," Antonio smiled confidently, "why not cut me in? I'm smart, I'm game, and I got big dough to play with. That covers it all, don't it?"

The kid seemed to be thinking with all the speed he could muster. It was evident that his mind was alertly turning over a dozen different possibilities. "You know how them things are, Tony," he said guardedly. "They got to be done right. You got a big name, an' everybody knows you're a big shot. But those things have got to be handled right. You know, I ain't alone in this thing. We ain't doin' any too bad ourselves. If I was runnin' the racket by myself, I'd throw my arms around your neck and cry welcome with both feet." He paused a moment. "As it is," he continued then, "I gotta talk with the others. Leave this thing with me for a few hours. I'll get in touch with you tomorrow."

"Okay," Antonio answered wholesomely. "I'll leave the thing with you, kid. Talk with your pals. Tell 'em I'm here fair, open and aboveboard. I got plenty dough an' plenty guts. I just as soon hide away here for a year and help you guys while I'm doin' it."

They shook hands to seal the understanding, and the kid left to talk with his friends.

Antonio was much elated by this conference. He assured himself that he had presented his case most attractively. Who could possibly deny his skill in the affairs of the netherworld? What group of gangsters or crooked politicians could conceivably forgo an opportunity to enlist the services he had to offer? The thing was an open-and-shut proposition.

Just as soon as the kid talked with his pals, there would be another meeting. Under another name he could associate himself with the local gang. And then who was there big enough or powerful enough to find and punish him?

So he mingled freely with the stragglers in the suite. He drank to their health, to their luck, to their prosperity, and to their future. He drank a response to innumerable toasts given himself. In the course of this drinking, an exultation came upon him and he was able to dismiss with a shrug the passing of his old friend Angelo Castagara.

Antonio chuckled to himself at the realization that he had fled in time. His was a judgment superior to that of Castagara's and the others. He was sure of it.

And now, why should he bother about Pino or Mouse or Gyp? They were more than twenty-one and could look out for themselves. In the racket it was every man for himself. If they had his brains, they'd be in the position he now enjoyed. They would have had the sense to step out at the right time in one place, and in at the right time in another. This was exactly what he was doing.

After another year or two of excitement in playing the game, he would have another million. This he would take to Italy and there find peace and comfort and luxury for a sedentary old age.

When the last man had left, dawn was graying the windows of the suite. Antonio stood before a full-length mirror in the door as he removed his cravat. He regarded himself, and the process gave him nothing but comfort. The well-tailored clothes, the silk shirt and cravat, the lovely diamond on his finger—all these things bespoke success. The black eyes that peered back at him, the broad shoulders and thick neck, the slight tendency toward paunchiness at the belt—all these things bespoke power and the ability to impress.

He smiled and the mirror smiled back at him. He weaved uncertainly on his feet and the mirror laughed at him. Antonio joined in the merriment, and he and his image enjoyed each other tremendously.

"I'm half shot," he said to the reflection. Then he added through a silly smile: "An' so are you. You're just as drunk as I am. But why not? We're a coupla big shots, you an' I. We shipped the wife an' kids today, so we don't have to worry about them." He pulled the tie free and unbuttoned the slightly wilted collar.

"We'll dive into the plumage," he said to his image. "All we need is a little sleep an' we'll be ready for the kid an' his pals." He leered at the mirror and laughed again. "Just between you an' me," he muttered, "in three months' time we'll be as big here as we were back there."

Then he turned away slowly; fumblingly got into his silk pajamas. A half-empty bottle of champagne caught his eye and he went to it and drank deep from its neck. Then he opened a brief case and from it removed an automatic pistol. This he slid under his pillow. After that, he snapped on the bed light and turned it so its rays played full upon the door and did not shine in his eyes. All the other lights he extinguished. Shortly after he had dropped onto the bed, his breathing became deep and sonorous with the fumes of alcohol.

It was half-past two in the afternoon when the ringing of his telephone roused him. He sat up in bed and ran his finger tips briskly through his hair.

"Boy, what a skull!" he muttered. "Some party!"

The telephone rang again, and he realized what it was that had awakened him. He slid his feet into slippers by the bedside and went to the telephone.

The kid spoke to him. "You sound like I woke you up, Tony," he laughed.

"Darned if you didn't," Scarvak muttered. "Boy, I got a head like a shanghaied sailor's. What was that stuff you brought up here last night—gasoline?"

"That was darn good barn paint." The kid laughed. "Don't start tellin' me about liquor, Tony. You never drank no better."

"I think I'm gettin' old," Tony laughed deprecatingly. "Anyway, how's things, kid?"

"Everythin's okay," the kid answered. "I had a talk with those people an' it looks as good to them as it does to me."

"I thought it would," Scarvak admitted modestly. "Where are you now—downstairs?"

"No, I'm downtown a ways," the kid answered. "I'll tell you what you do, Tony. Get yourself a shower and some breakfast in your room. I'll bring a couple of the fellows up an' we'll have a gab fest."

"Okay, kid," Antonio answered in high satisfaction. "Come a-runnin'. Can I order anythin' for you?"

"I should say not," the kid laughed. "We're just workin' people, Tony. I've already had two meals today. We'll see you in about half an hour."

"Okay," Antonio assured him. Then he hung up the receiver, shook his head violently and rubbed it some more, pondered a moment, after which he called room service and asked that a waiter be sent to him.

While he waited for the servant's appearance he snapped off the bed light, rubbed his head some more, took a drink of cold water and finally lit a cigarette. He walked to a window and leaned against the wall looking downward toward the street and slowly puffing his cigarette.

When the waiter arrived, Antonio promptly placed his order. "Bring me," he said, "a glass of orange juice an' an order of olive oil." The waiter smiled and glanced about the room. "You're right," Antonio grunted. "I got a swell hang-over. If ever you get one, boy, always start the next day with orange juice an' olive oil. The oil settles your stomach an' the orange juice kills the taste."

The waiter nodded and smiled.

"There's somethin' else I want," Antonio went on. "Get a nice big soup plate"—he indicated the size with his hands—"put a big chunk of ice in the center of it an' pour a can of cold stewed tomatoes on the ice." The waiter looked at him wonderingly. "You never heard of that before?" Antonio grinned. "That takes all the acid out of your stomach. Just as soon as I get a load of that breakfast, I'll be a new man. Now make it snappy, kid, so's you won't find me dead when you get back."

While the waiter was gone Antonio stood under a cold shower and let the water play over his glistening body. Once again he rubbed his head briskly with his finger tips.

He sat at his breakfast in underwear and house slippers. The food picked him up so that when he had finished it, he took two drinks of straight whisky, lit another cigarette and once more regarded himself in the long mirror.

"What did I tell you?" he grinned at his reflection. "Here we are, two new men!"

He set about dressing, and when he stood again before the mirror to adjust his cravat he was whistling softly. The maid came to the room and Antonio gave her five dollars.

"We had a little party here last night," he told her. "See that the joint's cleaned up pretty, will you?"

The woman accepted the money with thanks and set about her task. Scarcely had she begun when the kid and his two friends arrived. They talked at no purpose till the maid had completed her work and left them. Then the kid repeated to his friends in Antonio's presence his conception of the newcomer's plan.

"That's about it, boys," Antonio nodded when the kid had completed his statement.

"I don't see nothin' the matter with that," one of them said. "I call it a good break for us."

Antonio accepted this comment with his customary modesty. "It is a good break for you," he admitted. "I know the racket, fellas. I been a big shot in it for three years, an' I've made plenty."

"All you need," the kid remarked, "is a connection here. We got that. What I was

YOU'LL ENJOY *a Job Like This!*

SURELY you'd like a job that pays you well in ready cash. A job where you are your own boss, where you set your own hours. That's just the opportunity offered you here!

We have many part-time representatives such as Gordon F. Bertholf, of Ohio (above), who is using his spare-time earnings to help pay for his home. Mr. Bertholf has earned as much as $5.00 extra in one day.

We also have full-time workers like Alexander Heath of Massachusetts, who has raised a family, bought a fine home and taken three trips abroad on his Curtis profits!

***Can You Use Extra Cash?***

Will you have an hour to spare, sometime in the next two weeks? If so, send for our offer today. If it looks attractive, follow the easy plan it will bring you and make your spare time pay dividends!

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
882 Independence Sq., Philadelphia, Penna.

Please show me how to earn extra cash.

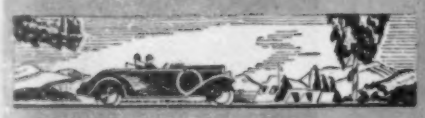
Name .....
(Please Print Name and Address)

Street .....

City .....

State ..... Age .....

A RECOGNIZED LEADER
where Fine Cars predominate



IN the face of the severest competition WOLF'S HEAD OIL has steadily increased its leadership among high-grade motor oils. This preference for WOLF'S HEAD in the critical New York market and in exclusive resorts where fine cars predominate is a convincing demonstration of its superior lubricating efficiency. Ask your dealer for it.

WOLVERINE LUBRICANTS CO., Inc., N. Y. City

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

WOLF'S HEAD OIL

WOLVERINE · LUBRICANTS · COMPANY · INC. N.Y.

PENNA. GRADE CRUDE OIL ASS'N. — PERMIT NO. 19

A REVELATION IN LUBRICATION

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION TORONTO

Aug. 22 to Sept. 6 - 1930

AN inspiring world exposition which satisfies the desire to see the unusual and the extraordinary—an accomplishment unparalleled in entertainment and educational features.

"Les Voyageurs," gorgeous grandstand pageant depicting the picturesque romance of North American development, presented nightly by 1500 performers on the world's largest stage.

International seaplane races, an entirely new and thrilling sport spectacle.

Fifth annual Marathon swim for world-championship and rich cash prizes.

Thirty bands, including the All-Canada Permanent Force Band of seventy-six instrumentalists (by special permission Dep't of Militia and Defence).

Four concerts by the internationally famous 2000-voice Exhibition Chorus. Aug. 23 and 28, Sept. 2 and 6.

Manufacturers' exhibits from almost every country—Art in two galleries—Agriculture in all branches—Canadian National Motor Show—Engineering and Electrical displays—interest for everyone—and only a few hours ride through delightful countryside for sixty million United States citizens. Come this year; an inexpensive vacation.

Send the coupon for interesting descriptive literature. Reduced rates by rail, bus, airway and steamboat. Motor highways de luxe in Canada.

SAM HARRIS, President — H. W. WATERS, General Manager

Department of Publicity, Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto 2, Ontario, Canada

Please send me, free, Canadian National Exhibition road map and booklets.

Name .....

Address .....

..... P


thinkin'," he went on to the others, "was that Tony might buy that Fletcher Street warehouse. We can get that outright for a hundred grand, an' it's just what we need for storin' alcohol. We could easy enough make a deal with Tony to pay him a flat rent plus a cut on the booze handled, or he could handle it for us at so much a barrel."

The conference lasted more than two hours, and Antonio, anxious to make this new protective contact, agreed to many small items which he knew time would change. As they talked, dusk fell and Antonio snapped on the lights of the room.

"It's dark enough now," the kid said, "to ride out an' look over the warehouse. We figured it was just as well, Tony, if we weren't seen out there in daytime. You know, why take chances?"

"Sure," Antonio nodded. "I'm game for this thing, boys. A hundred grand don't mean nothin' to me when I can make some new pals like you guys. Already I feel like I knew you ten years. Have you got a car, or shall I call up and rent one?"

"Sure we got a car," the kid grinned. "You're in society now. We even got a chauffeur."

They laughed and put on their hats and coats. The car was waiting for them outside the hotel, and the four lit cigars which they had purchased at the stand in the lobby. They argued about which should take the extra seats and Antonio magnanimously insisted that he must occupy one of them. They rode through the busy streets of the city and then into a second-grade residential section. Thence they came toward the water front, and the streets became ill-lit and the pavements rough.

"You see, Tony," the kid was saying, "if we buy this warehouse outright, we can charge it off in six months just on profits. One end of it banks on the river, an' there are two truck levels for loadin'. It's the cat's whiskers for our racket."

"I'll know how good it is the minute I see it," Antonio prophesied. "Nobody can tell me nothin' about runnin' booze." His voice trailed off in a laugh.

Suddenly the man at his side leaned close and something hard pressed against Antonio's chest. "Listen to me, you big punk!" he growled ominously. "What do you think we are—a lot of fools?"

"Wh-wh-what do you mean?" Antonio gasped, for the thing against his chest was an automatic.

"You was just goin' to walk right in here, wasn't you?" the kid sneered. "Well, you did. You walked right into a ride, see? You're the kind of a guy that'd double-cross his mother. An' it won't do you no harm to know that you've fell for a sweet little frame-up. It'll take some of the conceit outa you."

"Why waste time?" the third man snapped.

"Just to let him know why he's gettin' it," the kid snarled. "Give it to him, Pokey."

Antonio whirled in his seat and began pleading for his life. He offered his millions; swore he would leave town and never return; pleaded as a craven pleads.

He didn't hear any shots. There came only a terrific heat against his side and a sort of delicious lassitude which crept over his limbs and numbed his arms. He knew that he was shot, and was terrified in the knowledge, but it seemed to him that he quickly became accustomed to the heat, and the pain in his side wasn't exactly a pain. He knew that he was talking, but he didn't know what he said. There came another pain, and that time he heard, like the roar of distant thunder, the voice of the pistol. He wondered then if they were shooting him.

There came suddenly before his eyes the house on Betzer Hill. Red Karfola was out there, creeping closer. He was hidden somewhere in the shrubbery, and Antonio knew it, and stood ready with his hand on the light switch. Karfola was helpless, and Antonio chuckled to himself and delayed the lighting of the grounds as a cat delays the death stroke to a mouse. Suddenly he wondered if Karfola and the kid had been friends.

Then that vision faded and in its place came quickly a great steamship slowly wheeling to its course in mid-river. Handkerchiefs were waving, and hats. Whistles blew and bells rang. While Antonio looked upon this scene there was a terrific explosion exactly at his ear. It was followed by a blinding flash and a stupendous rumbling in his head.

He was talking again, but it didn't make any difference. Sleep was coming to him. He could not fight it off. Voices were all around him, and among them was that of the kid. Suddenly he hated the kid. But it made no difference. Nothing made any difference. The world grew gray, and a deeper gray, and a still deeper gray; and finally it became black. Then the pain in Antonio's body and head subsided. All the world was gone from him and he was alone. For a moment he drifted in air—drifted, twisted gently—then sank into he knew not what.

(THE END)

"Well, if the Last Car of a Railroad Train is the Dangerous One, Why Don't They Take it Off?"

# Mark these modern minutes with Electricity!

WHEN you forget to wind the family alarm clock—and you all oversleep. When no two other clocks agree—and breakfasts are bolted—and trains are missed. . . . Then it's time to invest in a Telechron* Electric Timekeeper!

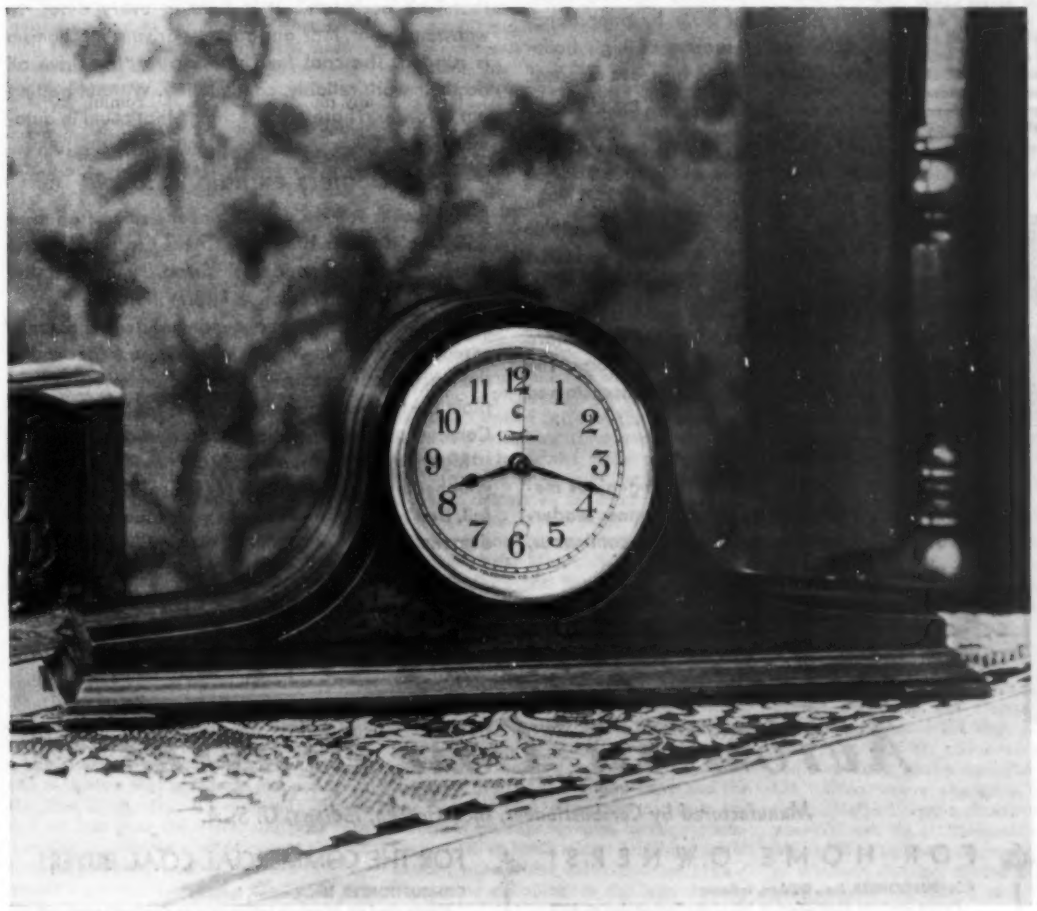
A Telechron Clock never forgets! It tells time of day correctly, and quietly. Just plug it into the electric outlet. It is driven directly by impulses of alternating current which are controlled, in turn, by means of a Telechron Master Clock in the power house. You know your Telechron Clock is right! It ends all uncertainty about time. It requires no winding, oiling, cleaning, or regulating. It costs less than a street-car fare a month to operate.

Telechron Timekeepers, in beauty of design, will agree with your own good taste. Cases are made of fine woods and metals and leathers. See the newest period and modern models. For wall or mantel, desk or dressing-table. For every room in the home. With alarms, with illuminated dials.

You'll find Telechron Clocks attractively displayed by a dealer near you. He's listed under "Telechron" in your classified telephone directory. His prices range from $9.75 to $55. Warren Telechron Company, Ashland, Massachusetts. In Canada, Canadian General Electric Company, Toronto.

The Revere Clock Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, manufactures grandfather's clocks and chiming clocks of all kinds, equipped with Telechron motors, at prices ranging up to $1200.

★ Telechron is the trade-mark, registered in the United States Patent Office, of the Warren Telechron Company



No. 553—Honduras Mahogany case. Maple burl panels. Silvered dial, $25

No. 356—Moulded case. Walnut color, $9.75

No. 324—Mahogany case. Maple panel, $16

Telechron

# Now COAL is the cheapest automatic fuel

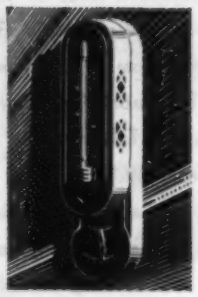
## $195 and $295

## Buys two great bargains in Automatic Heat!

*Everything you've been promised in automatic heat is now supplied with coal...the safest and cheapest fuel of all. Now Combustioneer coal burners make this fuel even cheaper by making it automatic. So much cheaper that thousands pay monthly with what they save in fuel. Home owners, commercial buyers, dealers, send us the coupon below for complete details.*

Here are two great bargains that make smokeless, clean, cheap automatic heat available to every home and small building. Take this step now to modernize your heating system. Learn what it is to delight in the luxury of carefree automotic warmth.

These are new additions to a complete line of automatic coal burners designed to serve any plant from domestic furnace to 200 H.P. boilers.



**Can't Be More Automatic**

Upstairs in your home or apartment, heat is heat. The controls that govern Combustioneer are exactly the same controls used in oil or gas-burning plants. So why pay a premium for 72° of warmth when Combustioneer coal burning provides those identical 72° cheaper than even hand-fired coal?

### Easy time payments

A small first payment covers installation. The balance is distributed over a year or more in equal monthly installments. You can't afford to pass up a chance like this. Not to install now means another year of smoke, soot and ash. Another year of getting little more than half the heat value of coal. Another season of fouling the sky with smoke. Of ruining drapes, rugs, clothes, interior decorations. Another season in which human carelessness may depreciate your boiler equipment 30% by poor hand-firing. Another season of high boiler repairs, flue cleaning bills, ash disposal.

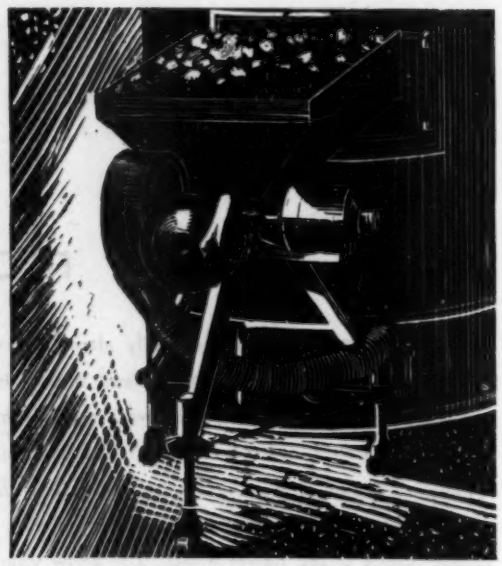
### Be modern!

With one stroke of the pen rid your whole life of these annoyances. Install Combustioneer. It handles a fire better than a human being ever could. It burns up all the combustibles in coal and leaves nothing to make smoke in the sky, soot in the flue, or black on the walls. It improves the value of property.

You can't call your home modern until you have automatic heat. Here it is in its cheapest form. The cheapest fuel in the world. One you are accustomed to buying. A fuel absolutely safe.

### If you ask why

Thousands of owners don't know the ingenious mechanical principles that gave Combustioneer leadership so quickly. All they realize is its continuous, unbroken, reliable service, year in and year out. But that isn't accidental. It is built in every detail to withstand wear, tear and rust. Its driving mechanism is rugged. The coal feed, the blower, the drive all do their work reliably, continuously. Without getting out of order. Those are the things that count in automatic heat.



**THE FURNASTENDER $195 f. o. b. factory**

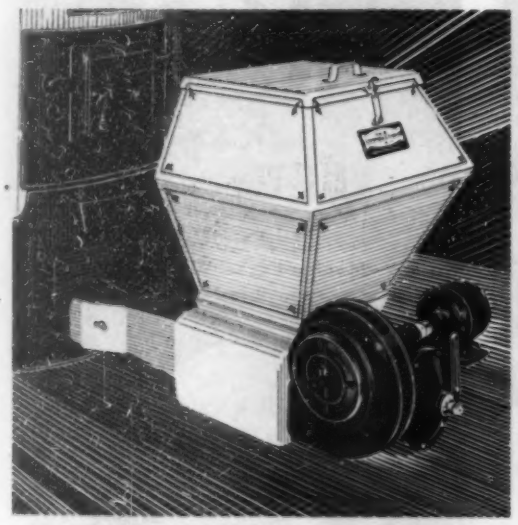
A splendidly made device that automatically feeds coal and forced draft to the domestic hot air furnace. Handles either bituminous or anthracite coal. Completely controlled by automatic time thermostats

### Dealers explain details

By all means see a Combustioneer demonstration at your local dealer's. His name is in the Classified phone book. If there is no dealer listed, then send the coupon below for complete information.

When you see Combustioneer demonstrated, our representative will answer any question you ask concerning the mechanical makeup of Combustioneer. He will explain the twelve genuinely exclusive features found in Combustioneer automatic coal burners and no others.

Right now, in mid-summer, is the time to modernize your heating plant. Be ready for the cold days of early fall. Don't wait. Our dealer in your town is ready to demonstrate. Phone him now. Or mail us the coupon.



**THE FURNASTOKER $295 f. o. b. factory**

Here is a small edition of forced-draft underfeed stoker, for homes and small apartment buildings. Handles easily 1100 feet of radiation. Burns mine screenings without smoke, soot or ash. Will save from 15% to 30% of your present fuel bill under average conditions

# COMBUSTIONEER

## AUTOMATIC COAL BURNERS

*Manufactured by Combustioneer, Inc., Goshen, Indiana, U. S. A.*

**DEALERS USE THIS!**

COMBUSTIONEER, Inc., Goshen, Indiana

Send me your proposition for representing Combustioneer automatic coal burners in my town.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

My present business is.....

**FOR HOME OWNERS!**

COMBUSTIONEER, Inc., Goshen, Indiana

Please send me description in full of the Furnastoker at $295 and the Furnastender at $195, f. o. b. factory. Also let me know the nearest dealer's name or how I may order by mail.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Type of heating plant.....No. of rooms.....
(hot air, hot water, vapor, etc.)

**FOR THE COMMERCIAL COAL BUYER!**

COMBUSTIONEER, Inc., Goshen, Indiana

Please send me complete information on Combustioneer and what economies we may expect it to effect.

Name of Firm.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Individuals requesting.....

Type of business.....Boiler for heat or power?.....

# BEFORE THE BARRIER

(Continued from Page 11)

faster in his workouts than he was ever allowed to run in his races.

"There was a great stallion named John P. Grier along with Upset in the Whitney stables. If it hadn't been for Red they'd still be talking about that Grier horse. He was as game as a bulldog, and how he could run! Well, they groomed him and kept him under wraps and trained him just to beat Red. Maybe you recall what happened when they met in the Dwyer Stakes at Aqueduct. John P. Grier was just a wee bit ahead at three-quarters, at seven-eighths and at one mile, with a couple of world's records smashed and Red's jock fighting to hold him in. As they passed the mile post, Eddie Ambrose, the jock on John P. Grier, felt him beginning to stagger. He knew it was all over. Grier couldn't hold it. He knew, also, how old Red would come at the finish when the jock let him have his head. He figured the one chance he had was to trap Clarence Kummer, the jock on Man o' War, by pulling Grier out just a shade from the fence, so Kummer on Man o' War would try to come through on the inside. Then he'd throw Grier in close to the rail, pinch off Man o' War, throw him off his stride and the race would be over before Man o' War could swing to the outside and get going again.

"It was a great plan, but he was only figuring on the other jock. He wasn't figuring on Man o' War. He pulled that Grier horse out just a little bit from the rail. Before he could make another move, a red flash went through the opening and the race was over. The jock on Man o' War never had a chance to see that opening or do anything about it. Old Red saw it himself and shot through it to win. Grier almost collapsed at the finish. Great horse that he was, he knew he'd met his master. His heart was broken and he was never the same afterward.

"Dream of the Valley might have been a real horse, too, but Dream of the Valley tried to pass Red one day in practice. They had it out, and you never heard of Dream of the Valley, did you? Red made a coward out of him same as he did lots of others. Donnaconna ran against him three times and wouldn't face the barrier after that.

"They used to let Red go for only one furlong in each race. You folks that read about race horses never knew that, but it's a fact. The jock would have to fight with him all through the race or there wouldn't have been any race. Somewhere along the line the jock would loosen up for just one furlong and let old Red have his head. He'd go that furlong in ten or eleven seconds, according to how bad he wanted to run. That was the race. After that he'd usually be so far ahead he'd let the jock pull him up. The rest of the field never came back to make a fight of it. They were just run dead off their feet."

### *How He Loved an Orange*

"Even when he was only a two-year-old they put 130 pounds up on him nine times. That's the most they're allowed to put on a two-year-old race horse. Red just picked it up and galloped away with it like it was a bag of salt. He didn't mind, and he was one of the few that could run just as well in the mud as the dry. Give him an orange and let him hear the band, and your race was won, no matter what they sent against him, or how they tried to box him in so he couldn't get out in front, or what they put up for him to carry. And how he loved an orange!"

Coulton Utz stopped in passing.

"Harry, I'll bet you're talking about Man o' War," he said. "That's about the only time you do any talking—when somebody mentions him."

Vititoe grinned a bit sheepishly, like a young swain who realizes he has been waxing a bit loquacious.

"Been breaking them for thirty-five years and never saw anything close to him," he said. "If I'm breaking them thirty-five more, I don't expect I'll ever see another like him neither."

Vititoe went over to the stall occupied by War Eagle, a magnificent son of Man o' War, and stood resting against the grating across the entrance, looking in and purring unintelligible words in a soft voice. The great red stallion, almost as handsome as his far-more-famous sire, came and nuzzled the man's coat sleeve. They seemed to understand each other.

I interrupted their little tête-à-tête to ask the man whether he can still break these fiery creatures as well as he could a generation back. There is a legend that the man who breaks horses to the saddle, especially the spirited type of horses, rarely lasts long.

Vititoe laughed at the idea.

### *Big Blaze Doubling for Red*

"I am a better breaker now than I was twenty years back," he said. "Now I excuse what I used to think was plain devilry, because I understand the nervousness of these Thoroughbred colts. I never had a colt really run away with me. Old Red came as close to it as any of them. You must never try to match strength with a horse. It can't be done. You can't stop him from running away by plain force when you're up in that saddle. You've got to turn them quickly when they go blind crazy, the way all horses do when they run away. Either that or you must lift the head. That's a trick of the real horse breaker. He reaches far out and pulls the head high up by lifting on the bridle. A horse can't run away then. He won't even try it. He can't see where he's going and he thinks his front feet won't reach the ground. As for bucking—well, I just sit tight and let 'em buck. When they find I'm still there, I talk to 'em quiet and soft, like I would to a scared child. I used to think it was plain devilishness that made 'em buck and fight. Now I realize it's mostly because they're frightened terribly."

Just as the race-track fan sees only the glory of victory, the pageantry and the color of the track, without giving thought to what has gone before in the breaking of a great race horse, he also rarely hears those inside stories of the paddock, the hidden dramas that go with racing. There are many of them connected with Man o' War.

Ultimately the might of the red stallion had so impressed turfdom that other owners would withdraw their horses when he was entered in a stake, rather than run the risk of having their spirit broken by such crushing defeats as he administered. Finally it reached the stage where, in the running of the Stuyvesant Handicap at the Jamaica track, Man o' War was the only entry, all the others having been scratched. In order to make it a race, the track stewards had to dig up another horse, and Yellow Hand, a fairish sort of selling plater, was sent to the post to challenge Man o' War. The betting odds were 100 to 1, with Man o' War the favorite. Chicago O'Brien, a rather picturesque figure of the track, wagered $100,000 on Man o' War. He gambled on the chance that nothing would happen; Man o' War might have had the one bad day that sometimes comes in the careers of the super-greats; he might stumble and fall or break a leg. Anything might happen, but nothing did except that Man o' War came galloping to the wire twenty lengths in front and merely breezing along in a good workout, and Chicago O'Brien won $1000 on his $100,000 bet.

A certain group of very influential men will learn here for the first time what really took place up at the Saratoga track one night when they decided to pay a visit to Man o' War. The great colt was to race the next day, but that meant little in the lives of these gentlemen, most of whom knew nothing about how temperamental and how easily upset a Thoroughbred is when it is in racing condition. Some of the party had looked at the bottom of the cup so often during the evening that they were a happy bunch when they went calling to be introduced to Man o' War at three o'clock in the morning.

George Conway, the famous colt's almost equally famous trainer, was routed out of bed by a groom who gave him the names of the callers. Conway realized these men were so important that they might wake the President at three o'clock in the morning if they chose. He scratched his head, sighed, went to the stables and told the grooms he personally would entertain the visitors. They stood outside while he brought out the handsome horse, stripped off its blankets and walked it up and down for them to admire.

Next morning Mr. Riddle appeared on the scene and was told of the incident. He was worried. Undisturbed rest is as important to the race horse as it is to the athlete.

"Well," said Riddle, "I guess you couldn't help yourself, Conway. How did Red behave? Was he nervous?"

"Oh," said Conway, "Red never knew anything about it."

"What do you mean?" asked Riddle.

"Why, I took them to the other end of the stable and showed them Big Blaze," Conway explained. "They didn't know the difference."

One of the reasons for Man o' War's tremendous speed lay in the fact that in top flight he ran, not like other horses but in great leaps almost like a kangaroo, propelled by those tremendously powerful thighs. At Havre de Grace they measured his stride and discovered the rather interesting fact that the faster he went the longer his stride became. At the start of the race his stride from where his left hind foot left the ground to where it touched again was twenty-five feet. In the back stretch, where the jockey turned on the juice by letting him out, this was increased to twenty-nine feet.

### *Matched With Sir Barton*

Perhaps the most fascinating inside story of the turf has never been told. It centers around Man o' War's farewell to the race track. Riddle had determined to retire him. Lovers of the Thoroughbred had always regretted that the mighty colt was not permitted to run in the Kentucky Derby. Riddle had entered him in the Preakness, at the Pimlico track at Baltimore, an older stake than the Derby and with as valuable a purse. He decided that it would be asking too much to run the colt in the Derby at Louisville, then ship him East and run him in the Preakness a week later.

When he determined to retire Man o' War to the stud, a clamor went up. But Riddle was adamant, except for one challenge that he could not ignore. It came from the Canadian stable of Com. J. K. L. Ross, of Montreal. Commander Ross owned the great Sir Barton, the best handicap horse of his day, a year older than Man o' War, and a winner of both the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness. Sir Barton was a champion in his own right. He had been a champion as a two-year-old and as a three-year-old, just as Man o' War had been after him. The track at Windsor, Ontario, offered $75,000 and a gold cup for the match race, and Riddle accepted.

Strategy plays its part in every big race. The great trainers plan their races as a military chieftain plans his campaign and the actual battle before sending the troops into it. Guy Bedwell, trainer of Sir Barton, is one of the keenest students in turfdom, more than a great trainer, a master whose methods have brought triumph after triumph in the outstanding events of the race


FREE OFFER TO DOG LOVERS!
A BRAND NEW DOG BOOK

JUST OFF THE PRESS! A new 54-page book, "Hints on the Care and Feeding of Dogs." A valuable treatise on canines.

Written by authorities and published expressly for you by SPRATT'S . . . world-famous makers of SPRATT'S DOG FOODS . . . the foods recommended and preferred by professional dog men, veterinarians and breeders of champions the globe over! This book contains valuable feeding chart telling how to correctly feed every dog of every age and breed. Samples of SPRATT'S DOG FOODS sent gratis with book. Keep your dog fit and well. Send today for this free offer! Dept. S. 5, SPRATT'S PATENT, LTD., Newark, N.J. and San Francisco, Cal.

SPRATT'S DOG BISCUITS

SPECIAL OFFER FOR CANARY OWNERS!

A 35c tin of Song Restorer and a copy of "Canaries, Their Varieties and Management" priced at 25c will be sent post free to any address in U. S. A. in return for 35c in stamps and name of nearest dealer. SPRATT'S PATENT, LTD., Dept. S. 5, Newark, N.J. and San Francisco, Cal.

SPRATT'S SONG RESTORER

It's worth $5.50 for One Day's Trip

FITS ANY CAR

LOCKS UP or DOWN

TO travel with any dignity or real comfort, luggage must be **behind** your car—no blocked running boards or doors, no cramped passengers in the back seat. That's why you'll see thousands of PAR-RAK Baggage Masters on the road, the good looking, welded steel luggage carrier that installs in 5 minutes on any bumper or bumperettes, pulls down for loading and to give access to spare tire, and never rattles. Carries 300 lbs. nicely.

Costs only $5.50 ($5.75 for Fords) (Denver and West $6.50—$6.25) at your dealer's, in handsome black enamel. If dealer can't supply you, just send make of your car and we'll ship C. O. D. Absolute money-back guarantee. Catalog on request. Send to

PETERS & RUSSELL, Inc., Springfield, Ohio
Dealers, Write for Our Proposition.

PAR-RAKS FIT ANY CAR

A WRENCH WITH *DOZENS* OF USES
*Goes in the Pocket of Your Car*

Don't disturb guests by rummaging under seats. Keep "Multisocket" in front door pocket. 8 different openings in swivel heads. Tightens rim bolts, trunk racks, tire holders, fenders, bumpers, cylinder heads, etc. See your dealer, or send this ad with $2.75—stamps or money order. Refunded in 10 days if unsatisfactory.

J. H. WILLIAMS & CO.
271 Vulcan St., Buffalo, N. Y.
*Dealers write for details*

8 Wrenches IN ONE $2.75

WILLIAMS "MULTISOCKET"

VACATION TIME
*is* PAINTING TIME

Everywhere subjects for your canvas and everywhere dealers to supply you with Weber Artists' Colors for imperishable expression with your brush.

REPLENISH NOW WITH

WEBER
*Artists' Colors*
OIL—WATER—TEMPERA—PASTEL
*THE COLORS THE OLD MASTERS WOULD HAVE USED*
F. WEBER CO., INC., Philadelphia
*Manufacturing Artists' Colormen Since 1854*

*Silver King*
THE KING O' THEM ALL

85¢

Do Your Golf Clubs "Fit" You?

If they are not of the right length and weight for your height and build, your game is bound to be off. You can quickly improve your game with a set of Ste. Claire Matched and Balanced Golf Clubs, made to your measure—clubs of the proper length, weight and balance to fit you exactly. Sets of 3 to 13 clubs, all balanced and matched with each other, Steel or hickory shafts. Stainless steel or chromium plated heads. The equal of any golf clubs made. Custom-made clubs direct to you at money-saving prices. Unconditionally guaranteed. Write today for details of FREE TRIAL OFFER. —nothing to pay until you receive the clubs and actually try them out.

Ste. Claire Golf Products Co.
231 N. Riverside, St. Clair, Mich.

SEND FOR FREE TRIAL OFFER

For Well Brushed Hair All the Time, & a Healthy Scalp You Need

GLO-CO
Unscented LIQUID HAIR-Dressing

# 80—or 18?

## Here's Cash for YOU!

V. N. Braman, above, was the first merchant in his city to install a telephone and cash register in his line of business. Although he has now retired, he still enjoys running a business in his spare time—his Curtis business.

Regardless of *your* age, with no capital or experience, you can earn up to $1.50 or more an hour, forwarding Curtis subscriptions from your neighborhood.

Invest 2c in a stamp to mail this coupon for our generous offer!

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
883 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please send me your offer.

*Name*..... *Age*.....
(Please Print Name and Address)
*Street*.....
*City*..... *State*.....

It's GLOVER *time* for Your dog

Dog lovers know well the high quality of GLOVER'S, having relied upon them over fifty years.

GLOVER'S *Nerve Sedative, for fits and convulsions* in dogs and cats. Give at the first sign of an attack and repeat as needed. . . . . 65c

GLOVER'S *Mange Medicine for treating Sarcoptic Mange.* Kills mange mites and is a stimulating antiseptic to the inflamed skin. . 75c

GLOVER'S *Flea and Insect Powder, kills fleas and lice* on dogs, cats, farm animals, poultry; also roaches and bugs in household. Non-poisonous. The powdered insecticide recommended by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. . 50c

GLOVER'S *Round Worm Capsules or liquid Vermifuge.* Tape Worm Capsules. Tetrachlorethylene Capsules expel hook and round worms. Each 65c

If dealer cannot supply, sent direct on receipt of price.

FREE: ADVICE BY OUR VETERINARIAN.

119 Fifth Avenue, New York, U. S. A.

GLOVER'S IMPERIAL DOG MEDICINES

"No! not newly painted...

AUTOSHYNE
KOLORTONE
HAS PRESERVED THAT SHOWROOM COMPLEXION"

It preserves "showroom complexion" of new cars—restores it to old cars. 10 colors to match any car. A little of this paste polish on a damp cloth—an easy rub—protects or restores original finish. Excellent for FURNITURE. At accessory dealers, garages, service stations or send 50c for full size can AUTOSHYNE. Mention color desired. (On Pacific Coast 60c).

THE AMERICAN POLISH COMPANY
Dept. 22, 230 N. Desplaines St., Chicago, U. S. A.
*Makers of Eagle Brand Polishes for over a generation.*

Clark's Famous Cruises
Select clientele; most and best for your money.
MEDITERRANEAN Cruise, Jan. 31 $600-$1500
Frank C. Clark, Times Building, N. Y.


track. Probably as soon as the bid of the Windsor track was accepted, Bedwell knew that Sir Barton had been overmatched and faced certain defeat. Behind the story of the actual race is the story of the strategy Bedwell brought into play in a vain effort to save his valiant horse from the inevitable.

Rumors of every sort began to circulate about trickery and the track and the jockeys, but the Man o' War forces paid no attention to any of them. Riddle trusted Clarence Kummer, the jock who was to ride Man o' War, and that ended it. When Man o' War was shipped to Windsor, a complete retinue went with him. No risks of any kind were taken. Even the food for the retinue was taken along and cooks established on the train. The water the great colt drank and his fodder were shipped with him. Private detectives were with him constantly day and night. Their instructions were to remain perfectly quiet and not let anyone approach near enough to his stable to disturb his rest. Major Trent, an old steeplechase horse of which Man o' War was particularly fond, was taken along as his companion. The great stallion was always quiet and contented when the veteran jumper was about.

In the meantime, over in the Ross stable, Bedwell was planning his race for Sir Barton, knowing full well that on a straight matching of speed and power his champion must be vanquished. Sir Barton inherited a quality common to all the colts by Star Shoot, famous English stallion. He possessed a great burst of sprinting speed and could go a furlong at a terrific clip. It is a strange truth of the track that if a horse is once run off his feet—that is, carried along at such a pace that he overdoes his own speed and breaks his stride, he can rarely get going again in the race. He may be the best horse in that race, but he is almost certain to be beaten.

### *Playing Psychology to the Limit*

Bedwell had that thought in mind and trained Sir Barton accordingly, developing all his great sprinting speed to run one furlong at the top, in the hope of running Man o' War off his feet and beating him before he could recover. It was keen strategy, such as all the great trainers use in their efforts to make the most of whatever strong qualities their horses possess. On the day of the race Bedwell played what may seem to have been a far-fetched card. Perhaps he knew that the rumors which still persisted had the Riddle stable worried. He came over to visit them. He came not once but frequently, merely walking in, greeting everybody and casually strolling about. All those connected with the Riddle stable were tense, on the raw edge. One groom told another that Bedwell was a chemist before he took to training race horses. The grooms and swipes didn't know much about chemistry, but it undoubtedly had something to do with the black arts. The power of suggestion is great in a racing stable. There were veiled hints of gas bombs, of poisonous vapors that a man couldn't smell, but a horse could. Each time Bedwell entered, the nerves of everybody in the Riddle stable tightened a little more. They watched him, exchanged glances and whispers, but he merely smiled, chatted affably a few moments and then went out and returned to the Ross stable; perhaps content that he had played psychology to the limit. The atmosphere of an irritated stable often conveys itself to a race horse.

At the last minute before the race, Bedwell decided not to let the famous Earl Sande ride Sir Barton, and put Frank Keogh up instead. The only explanation ever offered was that Bedwell and Sande had a difference of opinion over how to plan the race for Sir Barton; it being rumored that Sande wanted to save Sir Barton's burst of speed, while Bedwell wanted the attempt to run Man o' War off his feet to be made at the start.

Whatever the case, the strategy was played right at the beginning of that mile and a quarter. Sir Barton went off like a mad thing at the rise of the barrier, with Keogh using the whip to lift him into extreme speed. Kummer, on Man o' War, knowing no horse could hold such a pace, restrained the great horse slightly through that first furlong. Then the realization came that if Sir Barton could live under this pace, so could old Red. But what he thought about it mattered little. Man o' War had trailed that first furlong. Man o' War would trail no horse if he could help it. Suddenly he shook his head and lunged against the bit, the way he always let the jockey know he was pleading for a free head and a chance to run. But that burning pace Sir Barton had set could mean only one thing. They wanted to run Man o' War dizzy at the start in one short, wild dash instead of matching speed and stamina with him over the full route. They thought Sir Barton was the better sprinter, possessed of the most dazzling burst of speed. Kummer knew. He also knew that for sustained speed or for explosive bursts he rode the supreme horse of the age. But before he could decide anything for himself, Man o' War helped him make the decision. There was a furious tug, and at the turn Man o' War leaped past his challenger to wrest a lead of two lengths.

Sir Barton was fast, a gallant sprinter with enormous speed. He had run that first furlong as a true champion. Only a super-horse could have held him without being run into the ground, or off his feet, as they call it in the parlance of the track. But the huge red beast had gathered at his flank and bounded past him. The tumult in the stands became a swelling roar—a roar for Man o' War. The red stallion was in his glory, he was allowed to have his head and run to suit himself, permitted to let out the full play of those magnificent thighs instead of being tugged back and held in until the race was half run.

That was a race, that first quarter mile—a race to break the heart of an ordinary horse, a race in which Man o' War went faster and faster, gathering distance with each mighty leap as Sir Barton fought gamely to hold him.

At the quarter post, with a mile to go, it was ended. Sir Barton had failed, had met his master, and must have known it, though he fought on. Kummer, on Man o' War, gathered in the bridle with slight restraint and came riding down the stretch to victory, waving at the grand stand, while, eight lengths behind, gallant Sir Barton gave his all like a true champion, bowing to the unconquerable, as the mighty red stallion smashed the Canadian record by more than six seconds.

### *Colts Worthy of Their Sire*

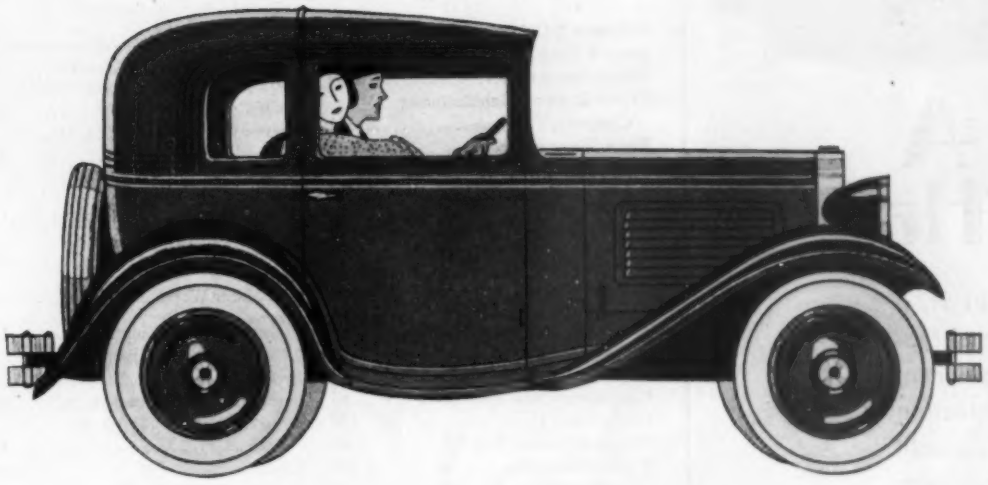
Today the great stallion wanders in the fields of blue grass on the farm of Miss Elizabeth Daingerfield, in Kentucky, where Riddle sent him to be looked after by this woman whose father was a famous horseman and who is following in her father's footsteps as a noted authority on the Thoroughbred. Each year he is bred to a few mares chosen as carefully as a Washington hostess chooses her dinner guests. The fee charged for this breeding to Man o' War is not great. Money is not the object. The important thing is to produce colts worthy of so noble a sire.

There have been many famous ones—Crusader, the only horse ever to win the Suburban Handicap twice; Mars, Scapa Flow, Bateau, Maid-at-Arms, Taps, Son of Battle, Edith Cavell, Florence Nightingale, American Flag, War Eagle—a long list of gallant conquerors, but none like the sire who gave them their speed and stamina.

I asked Samuel Riddle how long it might be before the turf would see another the equal of Man o' War, or whether he expected the great stallion to produce a colt as mighty as himself.

"The Mongols have been waiting for a few centuries in the hope of seeing another Jenghiz Khan," he answered, "and Napoleon never gave the world his own equal."

# ...at less than a penny a mile!!



TO MARKET

TO SCHOOL

TO DEPOT

TO TOWN

TO WORK

TO PLAY

## *Here is the bantam Austin*

• • •

**40 miles on a gallon of gas!**

**20,000 to 40,000 miles on a set of tires**

**1,000 miles for $5.75 worth of gas and oil**

**¾¢ a mile for gas, oil & tires**

• • •

The facts set down above are bringing a second car within the immediate reach of thousands of American families.

The bantam Austin is a car to run around in . . . sensible, fast, light, penny-a-mile transportation. It is a thrifty mate for cars that squander gasoline. Save the five-passenger car for five-passenger duty. Turn the two-passenger duties over to the American Austin. Cut the family motor-overhead . . . raise the family motor-range.

More facts: — 50 miles per hour in high . . . 40 miles per hour in second . . . the wheel base is 75 inches . . . the tread width is 40 inches . . . It darts through traffic easily . . . a twist of the wrist and it's parked, in the most impossible places.

The Austin is small outside but large and roomy inside . . . magic? . . . not a bit of it . . . simply that the seat is set well back to allow plenty of leg-room . . . even for stalwart, robust folk.

It comes to America well endorsed by the high hills and speedways of the old world . . . it holds over 500 medals and cups from eight years of record breaking in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia. Yet every part of the American Austin is made in America, to American standards, by American workmen.

The American Austin is showing now. Go look at it. Slip behind the wheel and decide for yourself whether it's worth its tiny keep. It is $445 at the factory.

Mail the coupon and we will send you name and address of dealer nearest you.

Egyptian Royal Automobile Club Race: 1st.

France. Montlhery 24 hr. race: Won 64.75 m. p. h.

India. Bombay Speed Trials: 1st. Record broken

Borneo. Serambau Hill Climb: 1st—2nd—3rd.

Spain. Urquiola Hill Climb: Broke all records

THE AMERICAN *Austin*

AMERICAN AUSTIN CAR COMPANY, INC., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

**Where to see it?** Coupon will bring you the answer.

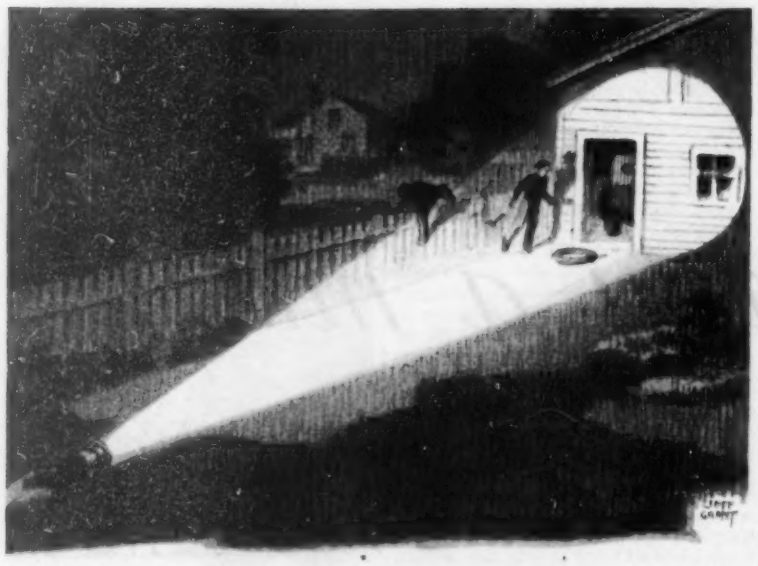
S.E.P. 730

AMERICAN AUSTIN CAR CO., Inc., Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen: Let me know name and address of Austin dealer nearest me.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____



# Keep A Flashlight Handy

NO two ways about it, a flashlight is really a necessity. It offers more convenience, comfort, safety and protection than most of us realize .... until we get one. Burgess Flashlights .... focusing and non-focusing types .... are available in many sizes, colors and styles. They are good, dependable flashlights .... the kind you'd expect an organization like Burgess to make. Get one today.

**BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY**
General Offices: CHICAGO
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
IN CANADA:
NIAGARA FALLS AND WINNIPEG

BURGESS


# Index of Advertisers

## July 26, 1930


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| Ætna Life Insurance Company and Affiliated Companies | 80 |
| American Austin Car Co., Inc. | 151 |
| American Chicle Company | 142 |
| American Polish Company, The | 150 |
| American Telephone & Telegraph Co. | 70 |
| Armstrong Electric and Manufacturing Corporation | 135 |
| Auburn Automobile Company | 35 |
| AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc. | 69 |
| Baltimore & Ohio Railroad | 101 |
| Bauer & Black | 139 |
| Bristol-Myers Co. | 72, 89 |
| Bryant Heater & Manufacturing Company, The | 111 |
| Buick Motor Company | 44, 45 |
| Burgess Battery Company | 152 |
| Burroughs Adding Machine Company | 114 |
| California Crushed Fruit Corporation | 127 |
| Campbell Soup Company | 23 |
| Canada Dry Ginger Ale | 120 |
| Canadian National Exhibition | 146 |
| Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, The | 131 |
| Caterpillar Tractor Co. | 98 |
| Chesebrough Mfg. Co. | 85 |
| Clark, Frank C. | 150 |
| Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co. | 63 |
| Combustioneer, Inc. | 148 |
| Congoleum-Nairn, Inc. | 28 |
| Cudahy Packing Co., The | IV Cover |
| Davis Company, R. B. | 96 |
| Dill Company, J. G. | 81 |
| Dodge Brothers Corporation | 39 |
| Duke Power Company | 154 |
| Durham-Duplex Razor Co. | 125 |
| Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc. | 109 |
| Fisher Body Corp. | 30 |
| Fisk Tire Company, Inc., The | 90, 91 |
| Florsheim Shoe Company, The | 142 |
| Forhan Company, Inc. | 156 |
| Frigidaire Corporation | 84 |
| General Electric Company | 43 |
| General Foods Corporation: Maxwell House Products Co., Inc. | 76 |
| General Tire & Rubber Co. | 118, 119 |
| Gerber Products Division, Fremont Canning Co | 138 |
| Glo-Co Company | 150 |
| Glover Co., Inc., H. Clay | 150 |
| Goodrich Rubber Company, The B. F. | 66, 67 |
| Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc., The | 78, 79 |
| Graham-Paige Motors Corporation | 37 |
| Grand Rapids Store Equipment Corporation | 56 |
| Graybar Electric Co. | 155 |
| Heinz Co., H. J. | 107 |
| Hewes & Potter, Inc. | 132 |
| Hires Company, The Charles E. | 108 |
| Holland Furnace Company | 102 |
| Hoover Company, The | 92 |
| Hormel & Co., Geo. A. | 83 |
| Hudson Motor Car Company | 50 |
| Hupp Motor Car Corp. | 41 |
| Indemnity Insurance Company of North America | 110 |
| Johns-Manville Corp. | 61 |
| Johnston Company, Robert A. | III Cover |
| Klein & Sons, Mathias | 100 |
| Ladies' Home Journal | 134 |
| Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company | 65 |
| Lloyd Loom Products Company | 112 |
| Lorillard Co., P. | 60 |
| Masonite Corporation | 62 |
| Maxwell House Coffee | 76 |
| Metropolitan Life Insurance Company | 82 |
| Mollé Company, The | 105 |
| Monroe Calculating Machine Co., Inc. | 153 |
| National Carbon Co., Inc. | 47 |
| New Departure Manufacturing Co., The | 33 |
| Norwich Pharmacal Co., The | 128 |
| Olds Motor Works | 48 |
| Packard Electric Company, The | 137 |
| Paramount Publix Corporation | 59 |
| Parker Pen Company, The | II Cover |
| Parker Rust-Proof Company | 141 |
| Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association | 143 |
| Peters & Russell, Inc. | 149 |
| Philadelphia Bulletin, The | 124 |
| Philadelphia Business Progress Association | 123 |
| Philco | 53 |
| Plymouth Motor Corporation | 27 |
| Pompeian Company, Inc., The | 103 |
| Pratt & Lambert-Inc. | 95 |
| Probak Corporation | 69 |
| Procter & Gamble Co., The | 2 |
| RCA Victor Company, Inc. | 71 |
| Reynolds Tobacco Company, R. J. | 68 |
| Sargent & Company | 122 |
| Schrader's Son, Inc., A. | 136 |
| Sears, Roebuck & Co. | 86 |
| Shirtcraft Company, The | 133 |
| Simoniz Co., The | 74 |
| Sinclair Refining Company, Inc. | 104 |
| Smith-Lee Co., Inc., The | 106 |
| Spalding & Bros., A. G. | 140 |
| Spratt's Patent, Ltd. | 149 |
| Squibb & Sons, E. R. | 99 |
| Ste. Claire Golf Products Co. | 150 |
| Studebaker Corp. of America, The | 116 |
| Swift & Company | 25 |
| Switzerland Cheese Association, Inc. | 129 |
| Technicolor Inc. | 73 |
| Tennessee Copper & Chemical Corporation | 75 |
| Toledo Scale Company | 130 |
| United States Gauge Co. | 126 |
| Vacuum Oil Company | 54, 55 |
| Wanamaker, John | 150 |
| Warren Telechron Co. | 147 |
| Weber Co., Inc., F. | 150 |
| Western Clock Co. | 1 |
| Williams & Co., J. H. | 149 |
| Wolverine Lubricants Co., Inc. | 146 |
| Young, Inc., W. F. | 144 |


**While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.**

# Stalemated!

No wonder the White King looks depressed. It's White's turn and he can't make a move. Wouldn't any executive feel depressed who, with ample forces, found himself like a chess player in a stalemate position?

Late figures, insufficient figures, as typified by the Black King, may be keeping you from making important business moves.

Monroe methods and Monroe machines will give you promptly the routine figures—plus the *extra* figures which are so essential to plan intelligently for the future.

You don't need extra help to get these figures—your own office force, trained in your own business, can quickly be shown how simple and easy it is to apply Monroe short-cuts without upsetting your present system.

The combined knowledge and experience of the Monroe organization gained through constant contact with a thousand and one businesses is at your call. Telephone your local Monroe representative or mail the coupon.

SERIES 3
MONROE ADDING-CALCULATOR
*with full automatic division*

MONROE
HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR
*The Machine for Every Desk*

Monroe Calculating Machine Co., Inc.
Orange, New Jersey.
We would like further information about the Monroe Adding-Calculator.

Name_____

Firm_____

Address_____

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF BONUS

A NEW INDUSTRY EVERY THREE DAYS LOCATES IN

PIEDMONT CAROLINAS

MANUFACTURERS who build plants in Piedmont Carolinas bring them here because of basic and PERMANENT advantages. Last year 127 new factories were located in this section—one every three days—and it is doubtful if a single one of them received any bonus, tax exemption, free site or similar incentive.

In the region's leading industry, 40% more new capital was invested in this handful of Carolina counties than in the rest of the entire South. Obviously no artificial—and temporary—stimulants are needed to assure the continued development of this wealth-producing region.

So marked are the obvious benefits of Piedmont Carolinas that in the coldest of engineering reports they stand out in striking contrast:

1. HERE IS A REGION that for a decade has been developing industrially—a fact that testifies to the soundness of its underlying foundations.

2. RAW MATERIAL sources are well developed, on a production basis. Yet in almost every line the available supplies are practically untouched.

3. A RESERVOIR of ambitious, productive labor is still working on small Piedmont farms. These men and women are neither the extreme individualists that inhabit inaccessible and thinly settled sections of the country nor the unambitious types found where things are stagnant. They are upstanding and energetic, and welcome the greater stability and larger future offered by industry.

4. ABUNDANT ELECTRICAL ENERGY, largely developed from water power and amply reinforced by steam-generating reserves, is available, even in many undeveloped sections.

5. GROWTH, development and progress of the territory offer apparently limitless opportunities for continued enhancement of values.

WHAT UNDERLIES THESE ADVANTAGES?

Other sections offer raw material supplies, labor awaiting industrial employment, and available power. The unique advantages that Piedmont Carolinas offers are greater and more fundamental:

1. A BRACING, dry, healthful and invigorating upland climate. Summer temperatures equal those of southern New York and Pennsylvania, but with 10 to 15% less humidity. Midsummer nights are almost invariably cool and comfortable. Winter temperatures are mild and equable.

2. A POPULATION predominantly white, drawn from the racial stocks that settled the Nation, reinforced by heavy migrations from northern and eastern sections of the U. S. A number of Carolina towns and even counties bear the names of places these groups left "up North".

3. A STRATEGIC LOCATION within economical marketing reach of the largest consuming centers of the country. Piedmont Carolinas is overnight from New York City and within an equal radius of over 66% of the total national buying power. (An identical circle, centered on the chief Atlantic seaports, reaches only 44% of the nation's purchasing power.)

These are PERMANENT advantages. They will not be offset in a few years.

Until nature makes more southerly regions cooler and less enervating—until vast and unforeseen economic changes deprive the East and Middle West of their tremendous purchasing power—and until twice as many of its men and women are employed in industry as at present, Piedmont Carolinas will continue to offer large incentives and attractive rewards to the manufacturer who would procure for his business a monopoly of advantage not obtainable elsewhere.

FACTS—the facts, detailed and complete, are in this book—PIEDMONT CAROLINAS, WHERE WEALTH AWAITS YOU. Sent on request to business executives, it is good reading for those to whom competition and constantly rising costs are an ever-present nightmare. Address, please, Industrial Department, Room 505, Power Building, Charlotte, N.C. Your request will receive prompt and courteous attention.

DUKE POWER COMPANY
SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES CO.
AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

PIEDMONT INDUSTRY CAROLINAS


# TRANSPORT

**By L. O. Welcome**

*SAID the Mississippi steamboat to the early locomotive,*
*In the days of covered wagons and of ships around the Horn:*
*"I was good enough for congressmen, for cattle kings and gamblers,*
*And all their kith and kindred, ere ever you were born!"*

*Said the early locomotive to the modern superheater,*
*Biding in the siding for the Limited to pass:*
*"I took the mail to Frisco—the first across to Frisco—*
*And opened up the right o' way for engines of your class!"*

*Said the great mikado engine to the automobile lorry,*
*Racing down the state roads all across the nation:*
*"I bequeath a transit problem for a motor age to conquer,*
*And I'm glad to pass the burden to the rising generation!"*

*"It is over!" said the chauffeur to the Dawn of Aviation—*
*To eastward, to westward, the planes have hid the sky—*
*"Here's a million miles o' stone road goes back to cultivation.*
*And a million auto drivers that'll kiss their jobs good-by!"*

*"Now, don't you be too hasty!" said the God of Transportation;*
*His eyes upon the future—but the vapors hid the view:*
*"Railways and highways, waterways and skyways,*
*When comes the end of Traffic, there will come an end to you!"*


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

*(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)*



IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.


## Table of Contents


July 26, 1930

Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker



SHORT STORIES — PAGE

The Precarious Attitudes of Robeson Ballou—*Bernard De Voto* — *Illustrated by Arthur William Brown* — 8
There Ought to be a Law—*Nunnally Johnson* — *Illustrated by Tony Sarg* — 12
Detectives in the House—*Vincent Sheean* — *Illustrated by Will Grefé* — 14
Cotton Honor—*Kenneth Foree, Jr.* — *Illustrated by Lu Kimmel* — 18
The Red Flag—In the Year of Revolutions—*F. Britten Austin* — *Illustrated by Henry J. Soulen* — 38
Investments in Matrimonies—*Oma Almona Davies* — *Illustrated by Lu Kimmel* — 46

ARTICLES

The Golden Littoral—*Joseph Hergesheimer* — *Photographs* — 3
Before the Barrier—*Theodore Von Ziekursch* — *Photographs* — 10
England's War on Ugliness—*Kenneth L. Roberts* — *Photographs* — 16
They Told Barron—*Edited by Arthur Pound and Samuel Taylor Moore* — *Photographs* — 21
Why the Society Page?—*Elinor P. R. Fergusson* — 29
The Business of the Golf Game—*Alex Pirie* — *Photographs* — 36

SERIALS

The Bell Bird (In four parts)—*Henry C. Rowland* — *Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers* — 6
Gunman (Conclusion)—*Charles Francis Coe* — *Illustrated by H. J. Mowat* — 24
The Miracles at Hornby Corners (Conclusion)—*Susan Ertz* — *Illustrated by James M. Preston* — 31

MISCELLANY

Editorials — 20
Post Scripts — 22
American Business and Business Men—*David Lawrence* — 34
Out-of-Doors — 94
Getting On in the World — 97
Contrary to Rule—*As Told to George Biggs* — 121
No "Thank You" (Poem)—*Berton Braley* — 126



A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy. Persons canceling their subscriptions will receive a proportionate refund.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

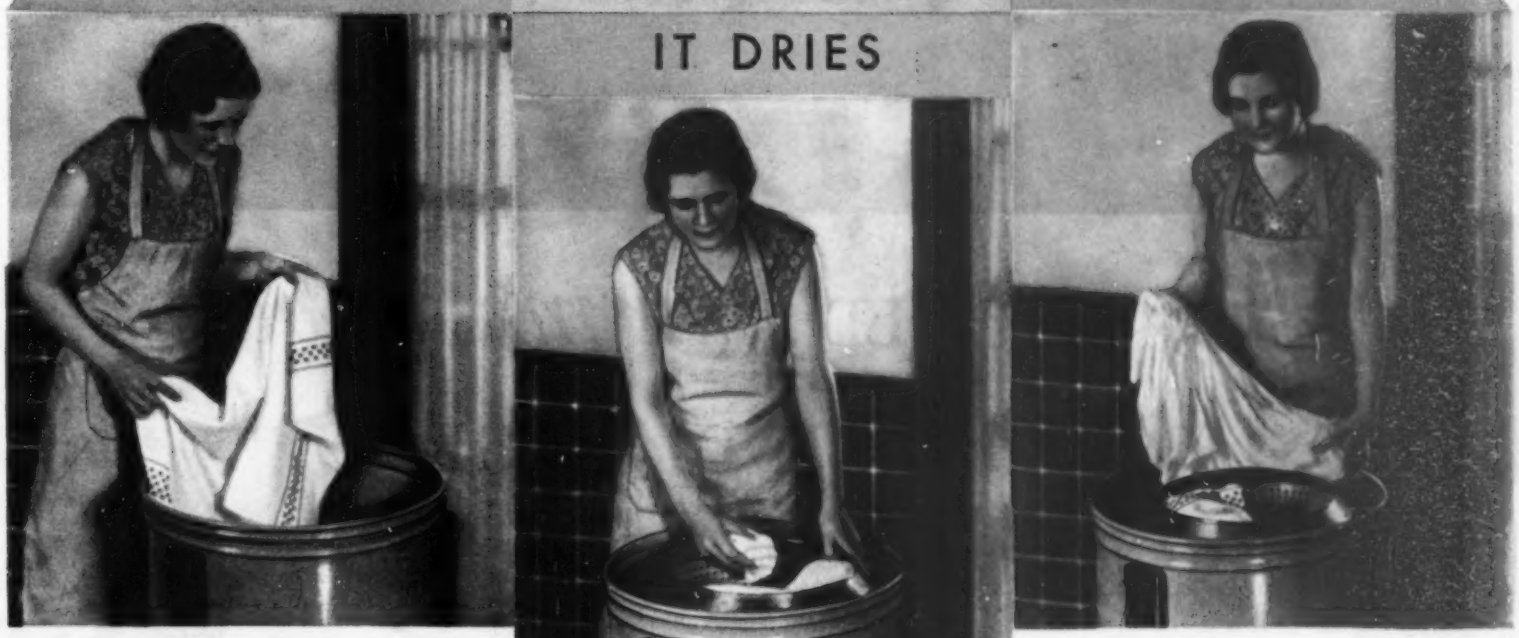
Publishers also of the *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 10c the copy, $1.00 the year, 2 years for $1.50, 3 years for $2.00; and of *The Country Gentleman* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00. Foreign prices on editorial or title page, or quoted on request.

# Graybar

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

## THE ONLY WASHER OF ITS KIND!

IT WASHES — IT DRIES — IT RINSES



Never before was there a clothes washer like this. To begin with:

***It has no wringer!***

And it *washes,* it *rinses,* it *dries.* It does it all in *one* tank. It does *two* operations *at once.* And everything is controlled by *one* switch! (And costs only $94.50 — please note that!)

***All of which means:***

You don't need any tubs. You can wash in your clean, sunny, dry kitchen.

You don't need to play the part of a washing machine. The Graybar does the work, whatever method of washing you may favor.

***Furthermore:***

There are no complicated controls to "engineer." There's no stooping. One handy waist-high control does everything. There's no oiling. All gears are packed in grease.

You simply put the clothes in the washer. It does all the work—washes, rinses, dries—all in the same tank! And it washes and dries at the same time.

***Washes everything***

No matter how dirty the clothes are, they come out all snowy white. No matter how dainty they are, they're "safe"—because of the gentle action.

For here is a thorough washer and a gentle one. An easy washer to clean, because of its one-piece seamless porcelain tank. A washer that has sixty years of electrical experience back of it . . . an experience which has produced a complete line of electrical appliances for the home.

No wonder, then, that thousands of people are looking into the new Graybar Washer. Why don't you? Send the coupon below—now. Or see your dealer. Or both! You'll be very glad you did . . .

$94.50

*Price slightly higher west of the Rockies.*

*To dealers: The opportunity to sell this marvelous new Graybar Washer may be open in your territory; write for details!*

*Tune in on the Graybar Program at 10 P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time, every Tuesday . . . Columbia Broadcasting System.*

GRAYBAR ELECTRIC CO. S.E.P.-34
GRAYBAR BUILDING, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Send me the story of the new Simplified Graybar Washer. Tell me the name of the nearest dealer.

Name _____

Address _____

# Why SHOULD *your mouth become too soon* MIDDLE AGED?

AS millions of people know, Forhan's was developed by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., who specialized in the treatment of pyorrhea for years.

And as any dentist will tell you, this ailment of the gums is more prevalent in people over forty.

But these facts do not mean that you should passively let your gums develop the weakness of middle age, before you adopt Forhan's as your dentifrice.

It is first of all the dentifrice for the mouth of youth—to help you keep the teeth and gums young. There is no safer, milder dentifrice than Forhan's for children, because there is no dentifrice of greater purity—no dentifrice which cleans the teeth more gently and safely. As a dentifrice, Forhan's provides the benefits of cleansing ingredients which any dentist would thoroughly approve.

In addition, it serves another valuable purpose. It tones up the gums. Used as recommended, with thorough massage at the time of brushing, it firms them up—brings a tingling vigor and freshened circulation—helps to keep them in the glow of health.

That is why the use of Forhan's is recommended before pyorrhea develops.

If you suspect that you have this common ailment, if your gums are tender, by all means see your dentist immediately and let him prescribe proper care.

But as a matter of simple precaution, anyone who values firm teeth and a healthy mouth should adopt Forhan's as his dentifrice, or hers.

Forhan's comes in two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢—just a few cents a tube more than ordinary toothpaste and exceedingly well worth it. Forhan Company, Inc., New York. Forhan's Limited, Montreal.

# Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

# etiquette for the guest

GRATIFYING . . . the invitation to country or seashore with amusing people . . . a courtesy the perfect guest acknowledges gracefully . . . with Johnston's Town and Country package. A brisk array of sweets of lightsome nature . . . some chocolate . . . more not . . . all entirely delicious. A dollar the pound in one and two-pound sizes. Other Johnston assortments, two dollars to seventy cents the pound. There are Johnston agencies in all good neighbourhoods.

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

© 1930

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

# *the modern way*

## *to keep floors clean and beautiful*

After all, lovely things stay lovely only with proper care. So it is with the beautiful floors in your home. They need cleaning, and their beauty demands that the method be modern.

Old Dutch fulfills this need completely. For floors, it is the perfect modern cleanser. It preserves beauty as it cleans, and it works so easily, so safely, so well, that housewives often wonder why they haven't long since put Old Dutch to looking after this task.

The modern Old Dutch way is simple. Just sprinkle a little Old Dutch on the floor, rub lightly with a damp mop, cloth or brush, then wipe dry. All dirt spots disappear, all impurities are removed, including hidden, health-menacing impurities tracked in with dirt. The floor will sparkle with *Healthful Cleanliness*. That means good housekeeping; furthermore, it's a health asset, particularly in homes where there are children.

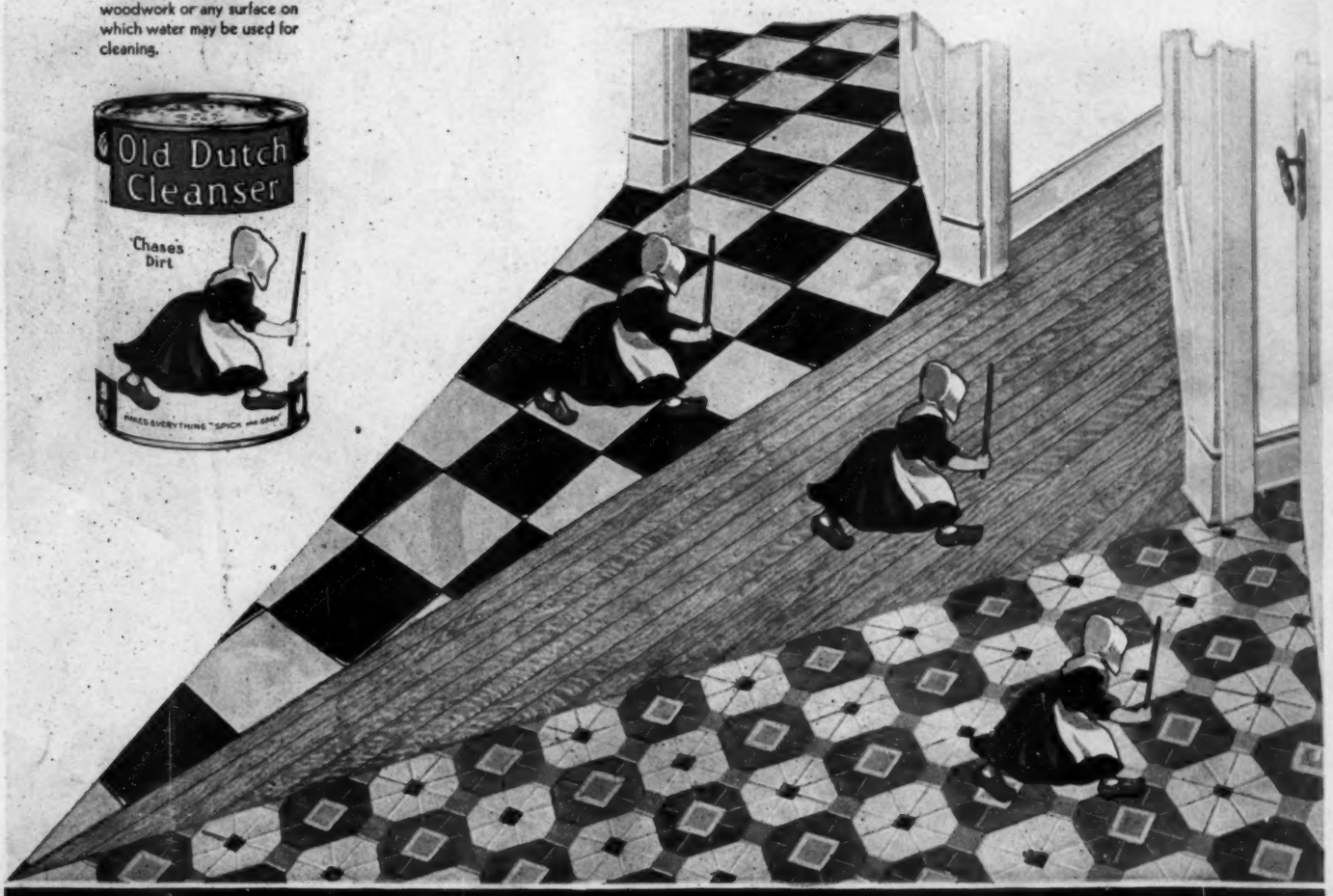
Old Dutch obtains its remarkable cleaning efficiency from the unique, flaky, flat-shaped particles of "Seismotite"—a natural cleanser. Free from harsh grit, caustic and acid. Old Dutch doesn't scratch, neither will it mar the surface. In this safety element is protection for smooth surfaces. The Old Dutch way is the safe, modern way. It is economy to use Old Dutch because it goes further and lasts longer. Save yourself time and steps; keep a package of Old Dutch in the kitchen, bathroom and laundry.

*Old Dutch Cleanser in your home is a distinction of good housekeeping*

***Old Dutch has no equal***

For cleaning and polishing white and colored porcelain, enamel, tile, marble, kitchen utensils, pantries, floors, refrigerators, woodenware, crockery, metal fixtures, glassware, windows, painted walls, woodwork or any surface on which water may be used for cleaning.



1905 Old Dutch Cleanser on its 25th Anniversary celebrates the greatest achievement in modern cleaning efficiency - Healthful Cleanliness 1930

© 1930 The C. P. Co.